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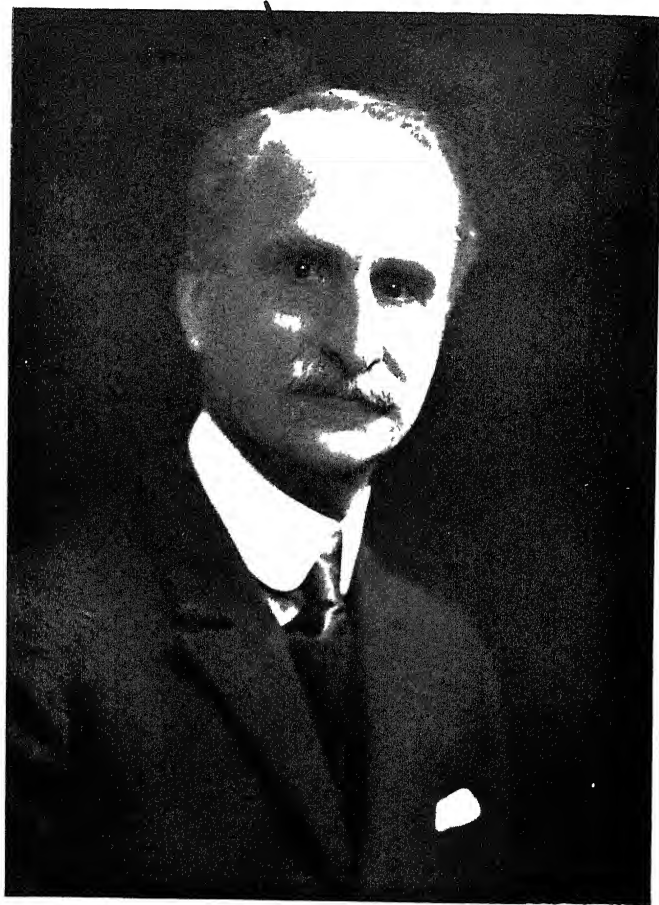
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GEBHARD LEBRECHT, FOURTH PRINCE BLÜCHER OF
WAHLSTATT 1865-1931

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE BLÜCHER

Edited by

EVELYN PRINCESS BLÜCHER

AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISH WIFE IN BERLIN"

and

MAJOR DESMOND CHAPMAN-HUSTON

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INTRODUCTION

By

LIEUT.-COLONEL ROWLAND FEILDING, D.S.O.

THE Memoirs of Gebhard Blücher, 4th Prince Blücher of Wahlstatt in Silesia, enlist the interest of English readers for many reasons, but mostly perhaps on account of the writer's intense love and admiration for England. For many years he made England his home. From England he chose his wife.

Though first, foremost and always a German, he might easily have passed as an Englishman, since he spoke English without a trace of a foreign accent, and wrote it clearly and well. The unemotional English and their fondness for sport appealed to his mentality. "Every Englishman, of every class," he would say, "goes in for some kind of sport, and sportsmanship is one of the few binding forces left in the modern world."

He was the eldest great-great-grandson to the famous Prussian General-Field-Marshal who, at the age of seventy-three, after being trampled over in the cavalry charges at Ligny, where but for the devotion of his aide-de-camp he would have been killed, still managed two days later to arrive on the field of Waterloo in time to turn the tide of battle.

Gebhard Blücher was educated at Stonyhurst School in Lancashire and at the Universities of Prague and Strasburg. In 1894 a longing for adventure urged him to seek a new existence, as he put it. The free-

dom of the wild expanses of the earth allured him. As a pioneer traveller and hunter in South Africa he acquired a sympathy with and an understanding of Great Britain's Imperial responsibilities. He loved sport, not for the lust of killing, but because of the opportunities it gave of knowing foreign countries and peoples ; of seeing nature in all her aspects ; and of gaining an insight into the mentality of primitive races.

In the rough world he chose, where men are judged solely upon their merits, Blücher was in his element. Always a great mixer, endowed with the capacity to inspire affection, he made friends wherever he went. The hunters and guides with whom he came in contact were his special friends. And with him always, attending him then, as he did until his dying day, was Karl, his faithful and admiring servant, an outstanding and touching exemplification of lifelong loyalty and devotion.

I first met Gebhard Blücher while staying with Mr. Gervase and Lady Winefride Elwes at their house at Brigg, and then and there we formed a close friendship, which never once relaxed, and was broken only by his death.

In August 1907, he married Miss Evelyn Stapleton-Bretherton, daughter of Mr. Frederick Stapleton-Bretherton, of Rainhill, and the Hon. Isabella Stapleton-Bretherton, a daughter of the 12th Lord Petre. There are few things more boring, as a rule, to the world at large than the story of a happy marriage, but this, though ideal, was fated to be an exceptional one, and the experiences of Prince and Princess Blücher in Germany during the terrible days of the Great War, as told in the Princess's book, *An English Wife in Berlin*, make fascinating reading. It needs an imaginative mind to picture the cruel strain to which

those in the belligerent countries who happened to be internationally married were subjected. It is indeed no exaggeration to say that in nearly every instance the consequences were piteous. Not so with the Blüchers. Throughout those bitter years, though both persisted in a firm loyalty to the countries of their birth, the husband and wife remained united.

The saddest day of Blücher's life I judge to have been August 4, 1914, when England declared war upon Germany. A few hours later I met him on the pavement outside his house in Queensgate Terrace. I shall never forget the look of horror that was on his face. He did not speak, but just passed on his way, as I entered the house to have a last word with his wife before joining my regiment. I found her getting ready to leave for Germany. Bitterly though she felt the parting from her native country at such a time she showed no hesitation. "My duty," she said, "is to be with my husband."

On reaching Germany one of the first things that struck Blücher, after the calm comprehension of the people of the country he had left, was the loud enthusiasm of his own countrymen. How little they understood the English! How few Germans, even among those who had been much in close contact with Englishmen, correctly estimated the English character! He must, however, be circumspect, since his affection for and his understanding of England were naturally being criticized.

Until the Autumn of 1915 he commanded a Hospital train, equipped by the Silesian Knights of Malta, of which Order he had been a lifelong member. This was a connection of which he was always proud, not only because of the ancient and very noble traditions of the Order, but because, being an international organization, he felt that, even in war, it constituted

a tie between the two countries he loved. Since he was tending the wounded without distinction, whether friend or foe, was he not rendering a humane service to both countries ?

After the War he returned to England, and devoted himself to an endeavour to reunite the broken ties of friendship between the two countries. He wrote : " No, not Anglo-mania, but intimate knowledge of national character has brought me to the opinion that England and Germany are the only countries of Europe the co-operation of which can bring an everlasting peace."

Just as he had been criticized in Germany for his love of England, so did he meet with some coldness in England. He had suffered greatly through the War, of which he was in a real sense a victim. His house in England was sequestered by our Government. He was forced by circumstances to sell his palace in Berlin—the palace which was given by the German Nation to Marshal *Vorwärts* after Waterloo—for German Marks which became worthless.

But he was an idealist by nature, a quality which perhaps he had inherited from his mother, the Austrian Princess Marie Lobkowitz. He never showed by word or gesture that he resented his ill-fortune. Self-pity, that abominably despicable trait of human nature, was unknown to him.

In appearance Blücher closely resembled his famous ancestor. In the big picture in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords ; in the Siegesallee in Berlin ; in the portrait reproduced in this volume ; wherever, in fact, the old Marshal is memorialized, whether it be in paint or stone, the likeness is clearly recognizable.

The room at Krieblowitz where the old man died on September 12, 1819, is still kept as he left it. On the wall there is a picture depicting the last death-bed

scene. The face and figure of the dying man might be those of Gebhard Blücher as he too lay dying.

“Character is developed in the storm of the world and life.” So says a German proverb. “If I were afraid of death,” said Gebhard Blücher towards the end, “I should belie the whole of the principles by which I have lived.”

Patiently, for eighteen months, he lay, waiting for the end. He died at Bournemouth on the afternoon of August 19, 1931. And so, without fear, in a manner which inspired those who were privileged to be present, after a life in which sorrow and happiness had been closely blended, he yielded up his spirit, with a firm assurance of a future state, where there would be no more trouble, but only peace and rest.

R. F.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

IT is not easy to say in a few words how much my husband and I owe to the innumerable kind friends who have so generously assisted us in preparing this volume for publication : Nor is it possible to name them all individually, but I would like each one of them to know that, after my husband's death, on August 19, 1931, but for the continuation of their unfailing help and sympathy, I could never have finished alone this last joint task of twenty-four years of supremely happy and united married life.

E. B.

KRIEBLOWITZ,

SILESIA.

August 19, 1932.

CHAPTER ONE

“THE JOHNNIE WHO WAS LATE AT WATERLOO ”

I

TO be born to wear a great historic name has its disadvantages. Marlborough, Wellington, Napoleon—their very echo casts gigantic shadows from which succeeding wearers can never quite escape, arouses expectations impossible to fulfil, entails obligations perhaps not altogether fair. My own name, which I have always borne with pride, has often helped and, perhaps just as often, hindered me. Yet, in spite of this borrowed glamour, inheritors of famous names or titles must at times feel somewhat chagrined when they realize how little their average acquaintance knows about what is to themselves a source of legitimate gratification. This, I think, is specially noticeable concerning the achievements of the famous Prussian Field-Marshal to whom, in England at all events, I suppose I must not refer to as “the hero of Waterloo !”

In 1891 during my first visit to South Africa I was at a social gathering of some importance in the present capital of Southern Rhodesia (known in those early days as Fort Salisbury) : during a discussion about famous battles a prominent British officer who, without clearly catching my name, had realized that I was a German, turned to me and said :

“ Perhaps you can tell us the name of the German Johnnie who arrived late at Waterloo ? ”

I was only twenty-five, so replied with becoming modesty that I could easily do so :

“ His name was Blücher, the same as my own, and I am his quite undistinguished great-great-grand-son.”

What part, exactly, did Gebhard Lebrecht von Blücher play at Waterloo? Oddly enough it is in dispute to this very moment !

The chief difficulty is that there were no official war correspondents in those days and we have to a great extent to rely on accounts given by self-constituted historians such as Creevey. According to this famous gossip he met the Duke of Wellington walking in the Park in Brussels, “ a fortnight, perhaps, or three weeks ” before Waterloo and, always greedy for news, said to him :

“ Duke, what do you think you will make of it ? ”

“ By God ! I think Blücher and myself can do the thing.”

At the outset of the battle Blücher, commanding superior numbers, was of course soundly defeated at Ligny by Napoleon.¹ The Field-Marshal himself was nearly killed, being twice ridden over by the French cavalry and only saved from death by the fine courage and resource of his great friend and aide-de-camp Count Nostitz. When Wellington afterwards discussed this bit of bad news Creevey reports him as having said :

“ It has been a damned serious business. Blücher and I have lost thirty thousand men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. Blücher lost fourteen thousand men on Friday night, and got so damnably licked that I

¹ Friday, June 16, 1815 : Blücher had 84,000 men, Napoleon 60,000 ; the Prussian losses on that day were 12,000, the French 8,000.

could not find him on Saturday morning ; so I was obliged to fall back to keep up my communications."

Of course it was the set-back at Ligny on the Friday that made "the German Johnnie" late at Waterloo on the following Sunday : at the same time Ligny canonized him by his famous *kosenamen* : in the afternoon, seeing that things were going badly he, as he had done scores of times before, addressed his troops : "Now lads, behave well ! Forward ! In God's name, forward !" His listeners, as they had done scores of times before, caught up the cry and challenged the air with shouts of *Vorwärts* : thus at Waterloo the Prussian Army enthroned their hero in history by the deathless title of Marshal *Vorwärts*.

As the day wore on things got worse and twice Blücher, instinctively the old Hussar, had personally rallied his now divided Army and himself led its scattered sections into action. The French pushed them back. Blücher was riding his splendid grey charger, a present from the Prince Regent ; in the retreat it was shot under him ; Blücher spurred hard but the horse after a gallant effort fell with his owner underneath : to his Adjutant Nostitz who, as always, was close beside him, Blücher characteristically shouted :

"Nostitz, I am lost ; save yourself."

Nostitz dismounted, threw his cloak over his General, and took what care he could to conceal him while the French Cuirassiers twice galloped over them. In successfully doing so he was greatly aided by the plainness of their head-dress and uniform and the failing light that was the aftermath of a most severe thunderstorm. Presently, the Prussians having rallied somewhat, Nostitz seized the bridle of a non-commissioned officer of the 6th Uhlans named Schneider and ordered him to dismount half a dozen of his men ;

they removed the dead horse, lifted their now insensible General, laid him across one of their own chargers and bore him to a peasant's cottage at Mélioreaux where his headquarters were established for the night.

Such medical remedies as were available were made use of, one of them being that the Field-Marshal's bruises were rubbed with brandy ! He asked what the stinging liniment was and, on being told, suggested that it would be equally effective and much more pleasant if swallowed ; however, because of the concussion, the Doctor wisely would not allow brandy, but authorized champagne.

Thus exhilarated by enemy wine Blücher wrote his dispatch to the King and directed the bearer personally to assure his Sovereign, Frederick William III, that, set-backs apart, all would yet end well.

If Wellington was blunt and outspoken, Blücher was even more so and never failed to call a spade a spade. Lord Stanhope ¹ tells that after his misfortune at Ligny Blücher, who never thought much of doctors, decided that he needed a cooling draught and dosed himself well with a horrid concoction of rhubarb and gin. Next morning, embracing Henry Hardinge ² he apologized characteristically by saying, “ *Ich stinke etwas* ”— I stink a little.

Wellington would have had a fellow-feeling for Blücher's somewhat undignified misfortune at Ligny inasmuch as that same afternoon at Quatre Bras he was himself almost caught by an onrush of the dashing French cavalry. In the circumstances Blücher, unluckier than Wellington, was unable to resume command for some twenty-four hours. Meanwhile,

¹ Philip Henry, 5th Earl (1805-1875), historian and politician.

² Lieut.-Colonel Sir Henry, afterwards 1st Viscount (1785-1856), British Commissioner at the Prussian Headquarters.

General Gneisenau, his brilliant Chief-of-Staff, extricated the defeated Prussians.

But what a howling success for Napoleon if his magnificent cavalry had captured the two chief Allied Commanders !

On the Sunday, Blücher, more or less fit again, marched to Wellington's assistance and arrived in time to enable the Duke finally to defeat Napoleon. The Prussian recovery was rapid and brilliant ; their march to Waterloo of the utmost severity, and the decision to undertake it amongst the finest things of its kind in military history. Had "the German Johnnie" been just a little later Waterloo would not have been won.

Stanhope also tells how, when it was won and the Napoleonic dream finally shattered, Blücher and the Duke met late at night at La Belle Alliance ; Blücher clasped Wellington to him and muttered "*Mein lieber Kamerad*" ; then, as France was prominent in the matter, added in his meagre French, "*Quelle affaire !*" Wellington would not have cared much for the embrace, but would have approved of Blücher's paucity of language.

Of the respective shares of Wellington, Blücher, and Gneisenau in the victory that changed the whole course of modern history the last word has not yet been said, and assuredly I am not the person to try to say it. If English historians have showed a disinclination to place Blücher's contribution to victory sufficiently high, German historians have perhaps been inclined to place it too high, and so things even out. I must just add that Wellington himself never belittled the importance of the part played by Blücher in the achievement of victory.

Personally, I am fascinated by the somewhat baffling personality of Blücher, and have observed with great

interest how again and again it has appeared in varying aspects in his descendants.

II

Marshal *Vorwärts* has often been hailed as a typical Prussian—and perhaps he was. Typical of what is best in a stalwart people ; and perhaps not entirely without some of their less engaging qualities. The Blücher family, like that of Marlborough, Napoleon and Wellington came from the lesser nobility or country gentry and, like them, by the possession of military genius, a cadet of the house raised it to princely rank and it became a power in the land. The Blüchers belonged to Mecklenburg-Schwerin in North Prussia and, to the end of his life, Blücher thought and spoke of little Mecklenburg as his *Vaterland* ; their home was Gross-Renzow near Rostock on the river Warnow looking northwards over the Baltic to Sweden. Its University, large shipping trade and manufactures brought all sorts of people to the port ; consequently the Blüchers were enterprising wanderers, and had a more cosmopolitan outlook than most contemporary Prussians of the land-owning classes. Blücher's father was a Hauptmann (Infantry Captain) in the service of Hesse-Cassel, and his mother was a von Zülow. The future Field-Marshal was the youngest ¹ but one of nine sons and, as a youth, was sent with Ulrich, an elder brother, to learn farming on the estate of his brother-in-law Rittmeister (Cavalry Captain) von Krackwitz in the Island of Rügen in Pomeranian Bay, then belonging to Sweden. As a German writer puts it, young Blücher had already “ heard the call of the trumpet ” and, in view of his youth, his parents had, as they thought, safely tucked him away from military influences. But this was altogether too much for the

¹ Born in Mecklenburg December 16, 1742.

boy. Seven of his brothers were soldiers—why not he? In 1757 at the age of fifteen he and his brother Ulrich ran away from the house of their brother-in-law and enlisted as volunteers in the Mörner Hussars, a Swedish Regiment quartered on the island.

Circumstances compelled Blücher to spend many years farming for which he had some natural inclination; but, first and last, he was a born soldier, and was always restless and discontented when he was not on active service: in the Mörner Hussars everything went well with him until Sweden declared war on Prussia. At the battle of Kabelpass¹ near Friedland in his native Mecklenburg, Blücher, now aged eighteen, lost his horse. Was it a foreshadow of Ligny? In those days most cavalymen who were captured were first unhorsed and, as then equipped, fought on foot under grave disadvantages. While on the ground Blücher was seized by one Sergeant Gottfried Landeck, a Silesian serving Prussia in the Belling Hussars, with the words:

“You dam’d little tenderfoot (*gelb schnabel*), you come along and fight for us!”

As a result of this small and comparatively commonplace incident Frederick the Great gained a magnificent soldier, the Prussian people a notable and devoted servant, and history was given a twist that remains to this day.

Gebhard was brought before the famous Colonel Belling² who not only prayed regularly “for a nice little war” but who well knew how to gratify and win

¹ August 29, 1760.

² Lieut.-General Wilhelm Sebastian von Belling, b. about 1735 of a Prussian noble family, d. at Stolpe 1799. In 1758, while Belling was a Major in the Werner Hussars, Prince Henry, b. of Frederick the Great, named him Commandant of the newly formed Hussar Regiment that afterwards bore his name.

the heart of a young soldier. Always keen to secure promising recruits for his newly formed regiment, Belling was immediately attracted by Gebhard and became as the records say "a second father to him"; divining the lad's soldierly possibilities he next day presented him with a sword, a fur-lined cloak and the glittering uniform of a subaltern in the Belling Hussars, in which he offered him a Cornetcy. But Gebhard was bound by his oath of allegiance to the King of Sweden, and his family could do nothing in the matter. However, in those days soldiers changed their allegiance with comparative ease; his elder brother was in the Prussian service, but he had a brother in the Russian and another in the Danish; things were somehow arranged and in less than a month ¹ Frederick the Great signed the commission of Gebhard Lebrecht von Blücher as a Cornet in the dashing Belling Hussars.

All mettlesome lads cherish high visions.

Did Gebhard dream that before he was fifty he would himself command this distinguished Regiment, and that in his honour it would one day be re-named the Blücher Hussars!

Gebhard went through the Seven Years' War ² and, when it ended, Prussia had become a first-class Power, but Blücher after ten years' service was a mere Lieutenant. His success as a soldier was by no means early or easy. He served a long and, on the whole, a dull apprenticeship.

Except on active service Blücher was not in his earlier years a shining example of discipline. He liked to go his own way, fight duels, please himself, say what he wanted to say. Above all he hated inactivity. After the end of the Seven Years' War he found garrison life as a Captain stationed on the Polish borders intolerably dull and it was at this time he first showed a love

¹ September 20, 1760.

² 1756-1763.

of gambling that never left him. He was hasty and impulsive and, like most soldiers in every country, was resentful of the orders of anonymous Staff Officers and seniors tucked away safely in snug billets. In 1772 a First Lieutenant von Jägersfeld, a son of the Markgraf von Schwedt, was promoted Captain, as Blücher conceived it, by favouritism, and over his head. He could hardly have been correct because, after all, von Jägersfeld was forty-four and his ambitious rival only twenty-nine ! Blücher, fearless and blunt, wrote direct to Frederick the Great stating that Jägersfeld had no other claim to distinction beyond being the son of his father, and begged His Majesty to allow him to resign. Frederick made the Prussian Army, and, as a small example will show, its discipline even then was good : a junior officer of that time was met by " an Excellency " walking in the town with his head-dress back to front ; of course he could not salute properly. The " Excellency " reported him as " looking like a student or a drunken tramp." General von Tauentzien promptly gave him twenty-four hours in the Guardroom. This was as it should be. Frederick knew that to make Prussia he had first to make a disciplined homogeneous Army and people—and he made them. Consequently he did not like junior officers who had the temerity to write him direct.

Nine months passed without Blücher getting an answer from the King, so he wrote again and this time received a reply which said : " Rittmeister von Blücher can go to the devil ! "

He went back to farming which, to him at that moment, must have seemed more or less the same thing. At the age of thirty his career as a soldier seemed ended ; he must begin life again in a profession of which he knew nothing and from which as a boy he had run away.

The year was 1773.

At discouraging moments in my own life I have often been cheered by recalling this and other tedious and disheartening phases in my great-great-grandfather's extraordinary career. Born to save Prussia from Napoleon he met repeatedly every sort of delay and discouragement in fighting to perform the task for which he was so manifestly intended by destiny.

III

After his dismissal by Frederick the Great the very first thing Blücher did was to get married. His first wife, Karolina von Mehling,¹ was a member of an East Prussian noble family, now extinct. His wife's father was a man of property and rich, so Blücher began married life by renting one of his farms called Gerissunde at Stargard in Pomerania, some twenty miles east of Stettin. In due course Karolina bore him seven children, four of whom died in youth; the survivors were his eldest son Franz, my great-grandfather; Gebhard who married, but died childless²; and a daughter named Friederika who married first a Count Schulenburg with whom she appears to have been unhappy; after Schulenburg's death Fritze, as the family called her, married, somewhat precipitately, Count Asseburg.

Blücher was a successful farmer. In four years' time he bought for the sum of fourteen thousand five hundred *Reichstaler*³ the neighbouring estate of Gross Raddow in the Regenwalde district.

In 1778 Prussia declared war upon Austria and, in June, Blücher again wrote to Frederick the Great, reciting all his services, and begging to be taken back into the Army as a Major in the Cavalry. There is

¹ He married her June 21, 1773; she died June 17, 1791.

² 1787-1834.

³ Then equal to about £2,175.

no record of any answer. Blücher kept silence for two and a half years, and then he could bear it no longer. In January 1782 he wrote a third letter and got no answer; in May he wrote again and this time the King replied asking: "Why did you not remain in the Service—it is your own fault." Between January 1782 and November 1785 Blücher bombarded Frederick with no less than ten letters. In all of them he recited his services, more than once at considerable length. The letters were correct and courteous, but the writer was obviously determined not to be shaken off. Several times he signed himself "Blücher who has been Rittmeister!" To the seventh very long epistle the King merely answered: "That is nothing." He was adamant and, although there is no record of their ever having met, Frederick obviously disliked Blücher. One reason for this has already been suggested: another probable one was this: during his service as a First Lieutenant on garrison duty in Poland with Podszcharly's squadron of the Belling Hussars it happened that again and again troopers on outpost or guard duty were treacherously shot. Blücher, for some unknown reason, suspected the Catholics, and sent for and examined a priest whom he thought was responsible for the whole thing. Without referring the matter to higher authority for approval, he had the priest shot and, as a result, was himself promptly put under arrest.¹ There can be little doubt that Frederick strongly disapproved of Blücher's assumption of authority. He would have only one master in Prussia.

Blücher's tenth letter to the King was dated November 16, 1785; by August 1786 the Great King was dead, and was succeeded by his nephew Frederick

¹ von Schöning, Kurd Wolfgang: *Geschichte des Königlich Preussischen Fünften Husaren Regiments*; Berlin, Verlag von C. G. Lüderitz, 1843.

William II. Almost at once Blücher sought and obtained an audience with the new Sovereign and, as a result, obtained permission to rejoin the Army with the long-coveted rank of Major. Just about this time Wellington entered the British Army.

In June 1788 Blücher became a Lieutenant-Colonel.¹ A year later he sold his Gross Raddow estate for twenty-four thousand *Talers*—having increased its value by nearly ten thousand *Taler* in ten years, which was by no means bad farming. About the same time as the sale he received the Order of Merit; a year later he was a full Colonel. Farming, and every other side issue had been put aside, and, at the age of forty-eight, something like success as a soldier seemed to be at last assured.

IV

As I have already said, this is not a full record of the military achievements of old *Vorwärts*. It is sufficient to recall that Marengo, in retrospect a great victory, was within an ace of being a French defeat; but this aspect of that battle, although interesting, is unimportant; later on Waterloo itself was a very close shave for the Allies!

The Peace of Amiens was signed in 1802 and—before the ink on the signatures was dry—was broken by England. A little more than three years passed. The Prussians were soundly beaten at Jena: twenty-three days later Blücher was forced to take refuge behind the ramparts of Lübeck, eventually retired towards Schwarzen, and was compelled by Murat to surrender.²

¹ His promotions are of interest: 1760, Cornet; 1761 (January) 2nd Lieutenant; (June) 1st Lieutenant; 1771, Captain; 1786, Major; 1788, Lieut.-Colonel; 1790, Colonel; 1794, Major-General; 1801, Lieut.-General; 1813, General; 1814, General-Field-Marshal.

² November 7, 1806.

He remained for some months a prisoner in French hands being in due course exchanged for General Victor.¹ Did Napoleon by any chance realize that his prisoner was worth far more to him than one Marshal of France ! Defeating an enemy can be a dangerous thing : possibly, at Waterloo, the memory of Lübeck caused Napoleon to underestimate the importance of Blücher. Did not the great Frederick himself say that success often gives a harmful confidence.

After Lübeck the French occupied Berlin : Prussia licked the dust : a year later, at Friedland,² Prussia, and Russia her ally, were absolutely routed by the French : by the Treaty of Tilsit Napoleon and Alexander combined to dominate, not only Prussia, but Europe.

There was no light anywhere—or rather there was but a gleam.

Some two years earlier Trafalgar had been fought. A signal victory, it had been overshadowed by the blazing splendour of Austerlitz at which three Emperors were present ; the new one from Paris, the Russian, and the Austrian, successor to the Holy Roman Emperors themselves : at the end of the battle twenty thousand Russians and Austrians lay dead—conquered by five thousand Frenchmen—plus one Italian, born, almost by accident, a French citizen in Corsica.

Did Napoleon, or Blücher—did anyone—realize that ultimately Trafalgar was vastly more important than Austerlitz ?

Blinded with tears for Nelson the English could not envisage the fact that by one great victory at sea they had won the world : as for the Mediterranean nations, they have never understood the significance of the sea ;

¹ Claude Perrin Victor, Duc de Bellune, Marshal of France (1764–1841) ; refused to rejoin Napoleon's standard in 1815 ; afterwards served Louis XVIII.

² June 14, 1807.

no, not even Spain although she was the first to adventure westward across the great Atlantic.

Napoleon then began to wander—a foolish thing for a conqueror, who should always sit tight on his conquests. Ignoring Trafalgar, and completely ignorant of Spanish mentality, he went to Spain; worse still, he went to Moscow; he forgot Nelson; underestimated Wellington; ignored Blücher and the battle of Katzbach; fought at Leipzig¹; learned there who Blücher really was, and what he stood for; was soundly defeated and, as a result, had time at Elba to ponder on the meaning of it all.

V

1813, 1814, and 1815 were fate-filled years: not for one hundred and one years was such a critical period in world history to occur again.

When Blücher perforce retired from the Prussian Army in 1772 Napoleon, a child of three, was toddling about his mother's doorstep in a narrow street in Ajaccio; when Frederick William II recalled Blücher in Prussia's hour of need in 1786 Napoleon, aged seventeen, was voraciously learning the trade of war. During the following twenty years both Napoleon and Blücher perfected their knowledge of that grim business, almost day by day preparing, perhaps not all unknowingly, to meet each other.

It is significant that those who ripen slowly often last longest; in 1813 Napoleon was aged forty-five; Blücher seventy-two. Except for that astonishing sunset burst known as the hundred days, Napoleon

¹ October 16–19, 1813: Napoleon with 180,000 men was defeated by the Allied Powers, Russia, Austria, Prussia and Sweden with 300,000 men commanded by Schwartzemberg, Blücher and Bernadotte the brand-new Crown Prince of Sweden.

was finished : Blücher, on the other hand, was not yet fully extended. At the age of forty-six Napoleon had lost Europe and was in St. Helena ; at the same age Blücher had just, almost by a miracle, become a Lieutenant-Colonel.

It has been said that Blücher despised Napoleon, but I doubt if this was really so. Blücher's use of disparaging expressions about Napoleon was simply a bit of war propaganda and may be dismissed as such. Blücher was a great man, and greatness always appreciates greatness ; he was a student of war and, as such, could never for a moment have belittled the stupendous accomplishments of Napoleon : eight ¹ times the Emperor defeated Blücher and a soldier does not forget his defeats, though he may choose to forget his victories. True, Blücher was prepared to consider having Napoleon shot ; but that was not because he despised him !

VI

Faced with the task of writing some account of my great ancestor, I discover that very little has been published about him in English. I find, above all, that his Letters to his wife have never been translated into the English language, and have therefore decided that I cannot do better than let a selection from them tell the story of the years 1813, 1814 and 1815 in his own words. They are vivid, direct to the verge of bluntness, and they show us clearly both the man and the soldier. They begin in March 1813 and are all addressed to his second wife Katharina Amalie von Colomb.

¹ Jena, Oct. 14, 1806 ; Friedland, June 14, 1807 ; Craonne, March 7, 1813 ; Lützen, May 2, 1813 ; Bautzen, May 21, 1813 ; Brienne, January 29, 1814 ; Vauchamps, February 14, 1814 ; and Ligny, June 16, 1815.

Her father was Governor or Lord Lieutenant of East Friesland, and in the Spring of 1795 after the Peace of Basle he gave a banquet in honour of the occasion. Blücher sat next to the youngest daughter of the President. She was always called by her second name Amalie, and she greatly attracted Blücher: although a Major-General, Commandant of the Belling Hussars, fifty-three years of age, the father of three children the eldest of whom was seventeen, and not very tall, he was a fine figure of a man and looked extremely well in uniform. Indeed, all his life Blücher never looked his age—as the English say. At first Amalie was provokingly coy, but Blücher liked, and usually got, his own way; in less than two months they were married.¹ She was thirty years younger than her husband, and only six years older than his elder well-beloved son Franz. The marriage was a very happy one. Thirteen years after it took place Amalie bore him a son who only lived sixteen weeks. In his letters to her Blücher nearly always uses a *kosenamen*: she was *Malchen* (a contraction of Amalie) *Liebes Malchen*, *Liebe Male*, Dear Wife of my heart, and, when feeling particularly paternal, *Liebes Kind*—dear child.

VII

On February 26, 1813, Prussia entered into an alliance with Russia and declared war on France. Saxony, however, held off not daring as yet to desert Napoleon. In March Frederick William III gave Blücher command of an Army Corps. His eldest son, Franz, was commanding the *Braunen* Hussars.

On March 21, Blücher wrote to his wife saying that his troops were crossing the Elbe; he hoped soon to

¹ July 17, 1795.

establish contact with the French and was overborne with compliments from the Saxons, which "seemed to be all he would get."¹ On April 15, Napoleon left Paris, his objective being Dresden where the King of Prussia and the Tsar held the Allied fort. On the 22nd Blücher wrote his wife that the *Blücherschen* corps had not been doing much because he had been ill with a high temperature, and the Russians were tardy in moving. He was "facing the Prince of Elchingen" (Marshal Ney)—who was only five miles away—and hoped soon to meet him. On May 2, Napoleon won at Lützen, which restored his capital Dresden to the King of Saxony, and two days later Blücher wrote to his wife saying she was not to worry, whatever she heard. He had got three bullet wounds and his horse was shot. Only the wound in the back was painful, and he would bring her the bullet. Twelve days later he reported that he had remained on horseback daily for six days after receiving his wounds, which made them worse, and had not seen a Doctor until compelled to do so by his Sovereign. His bad wound would take two to three weeks to heal; but he felt well. He did not, however, tell her that following his success at Lützen Napoleon had again beaten the Prussians badly at Bautzen, and forced them to retire into Silesia.²

On June 4, an Armistice was signed at Poischwitz: the first phase of the last long campaign against Napoleon closed with a French victory.

In the beginning of the following August the Armistice was declared at an end. In spite of Napoleon's efforts to win his father-in-law to his side, Austria had now joined the Alliance against him, and

¹ The Saxons did not actually join Prussia and Russia till October 18, 1813.

² Lützen, May 2; Bautzen, May 20-21, 1813.

her troops were commanded by the great Schwarzenberg; Bernadotte, once Napoleon's Marshal, now Crown Prince of Sweden, and fighting his former friend and master, was in Brandenburg commanding nearly half a million Prussians and covering Berlin; Blücher commanding a Prussian-Russian Army was in Silesia. At Katzbach Blücher soundly defeated the French under Macdonald: writing to his wife he dismissed it as "a small battle" whereas it was in reality the turning-point of the whole campaign: Blücher was blunt, self-willed, apparently truculent, but, essentially, he was modest.

About this time Blücher complained in a letter to his friend Hardenberg about his pay. As a General commanding a hundred thousand men he only got eleven hundred *Taler*¹ a month, his immediate subordinate General Yorck² got a hundred *Taler* less, whereas Herr von Kalkreuth, an official, got two thousand *Taler* more! Blücher, always tenacious of his pay and allowances, and jealous of civilians and officials, ended with:

Now that I am my own master the King shall know how we are treated and that I won't let things remain as they are. All the same I won't act rashly about anything.

Now, having reached the fate-filled August of 1813, I shall let old *Vorwärts* take up the tale in his own way in the Letters to his wife. In them—as after Katzbach—he is sometimes a little economical of the truth; he tells *Malchen* what he wants others to know—and no more—and now and again tactfully slips in some useful

¹ Equal to about £165.

² Count Hans David Yorck von Wartenburg, 1759-1830; descended from an English family; commanded the Prussian corps which invaded Russia under Napoleon in 1812, but on his own responsibility withdrew his forces from the French, after the Retreat from Moscow.

propaganda. We gather that the *Frau Generalfeldmarschallin* is not above a bit of gossip, and anything she says will naturally be accepted in Breslau or Berlin as gospel truth.

I have often wondered why August is such a baleful month in the relationships between Germany and France : August 1813 ; August 1814 ; August 1870 ; August 1914.

CHAPTER TWO
LETTERS OF MARSHAL VORWARTS

I

THE CAMPAIGN IN GERMANY

AUGUST 25 TO DECEMBER 23, 1813

THE Field-Marshal to his wife.¹

JAUER,² *August 25, 1813.*

The tide has turned. The Emperor Napoleon, with his entire forces, for three days provoked me to battle, but I refused, thus defeating his plans. Yesterday evening he retreated. I shall follow him at once and hope that Silesia is now safe. I have made Berlin secure by holding the French Emperor here for seven days.

The Crown Prince of Sweden has marched out of Berlin for Saxony, and has been joined by the Grand Army which marched through Bohemia. Both big Armies are now behind the enemy.

In Berlin they bless us. I am well, and very happy that I have led the great man by the nose. He will be very angry that he could not force me to fight. It has cost men on both sides. The enemy lost three times as many men as we did. We took one thousand

¹ The Letters from April 16, 1815 to June 22, 1815 were translated by T.R.H. Major Prince Adalbert, and Princess Pilar of Bavaria; the remaining Letters by Major Desmond Chapman-Huston and Herr Hans Gerl.

² Silesia, some 35 m. W. of Breslau.

five hundred prisoners and the French not quite a hundred. . . .

KROITSCH,¹ *August 26, 1813.*

This is the day I have long wished for. We have the enemy completely beaten; many cannons captured, and prisoners taken. To-morrow I expect we shall make many more prisoners. I follow the enemy with all my Cavalry. It rained all day so that I could not find a dry spot for myself. I am well, also my entourage. . . .

LÖWENBERG,² *September 1, 1813.*

Silesia is now free. Yesterday I chased the last French over the frontier into Saxony. The fruits of our victory you will learn from the enclosed. . . . This evening at six we celebrate Mass. To-morrow morning the bridges across the Queiss, which the enemy destroyed, will be re-built. Then I shall follow them. . . . Yesterday I was very ill, but to-day I am better. . . .

GÖRLITZ,³ *September 4, 1813.*

I have not been well for two days, but am better now. At this moment a courier arrives and brings me from the Russian Emperor the Order of St. Andrew, which he himself wore for a long time. The King's courier has not yet arrived. I am still pursuing the enemy. In two days I expect to be near Dresden. Our Grand Army in Bohemia has won a victory and all goes well. . . . Your brother and Franz are now with the Army in Bohemia. Both well. . . .

LÖBAU,⁴ *September 6, 1813.*

I really don't know where I shall hang all the

¹ Silesia, 10 m. NW. of Jauer. ² Silesia, 60 m. W. of Breslau.

³ Silesia, 85 m. W. of Breslau. ⁴ Saxony, 100 m. W. of Breslau.

Orders and Crosses. The situation has changed again. Napoleon is very angry that we have finished his Army. Now he takes his main Army and marches against me, and for two days did his utmost to make me fight. He is twice as strong as I am. All his manœuvres availed him nothing ; I always step aside. . . . Write soon and often. With God's help happy days will come. . . .

HERRNHUT,¹ *September 15, 1813.*

To-day I march to Bautzen and, in a few days, shall be before Dresden, or I shall cross the Elbe between Torgau and Dresden. I have been here three days. Not once in my life have I had better quarters. They are wonderful people ; they carried me in their hands and cried, because I leave them. My entourage also felt like crying.

My Goltz, Katzeler, and Franz, have got the Order of St. George from the Russian Kaiser. The King has given me the Grand Cross of the Iron Cross—I have told you this already.

BAUTZEN, *September 20, 1813.*

I am still before Dresden . . . the rain has made the advance difficult and delayed us. Yesterday I got bad news from the Grand Army that my good Franz was again wounded, and was taken prisoner. It is a sword wound in the head, not dangerous : the Russian Kaiser at once sent a messenger to the enemy to inquire. Napoleon wished to see Franz, and did so ; he talked with him quite nicely and sent him a Doctor. He is well looked after. I hope he will soon be exchanged. He is probably in Dresden. . . . Poor Franz is very unlucky, and his fever is very great. Yesterday, to the general astonishment, and my own, Prince Auersperg brought me from the Austrian

¹ Saxony, about 10 m. S. of Löbau.

Kaiser the Cross of a Commander of the Order of Maria Theresa. I know nothing of your brother except that he is well. What worries me is this that I have no letters from you. None of you are to worry about Franz as I have just got confirmation from General Knesebeck that he is only slightly wounded and is well looked after.

WARTENBURG,¹ *October 3, 1813.*

To-day I crossed the Elbe near Listerferde by Elster and beat the French very badly. . . . To-morrow I pursue the enemy. I and my entourage are well. I have rather good news from Franz. He is in Dresden. It is night and I am very tired. Your lifelong faithful

BLÜCHER.

DÜDEN,² *October 7, 1813.*

. . . You will know by now about Franz. I hope to God he will pull through. Although he has four wounds only the one on the back is dangerous. Now I am working to get him exchanged. . . .

LÜTZEN,³ *October 20, 1813.*

Yesterday I could not write. I was too tired, but my friend Gneisenau wrote and told you I am well. On the 16th I again fought a battle before Leipzig near the village of Möckern ; I made four thousand prisoners, captured forty-five cannon, an Eagle and different flags. On the 18th I pushed the enemy into Leipzig. . . . On the 19th ⁴ and 20th we fought the greatest battle, the whole earth has never seen a

¹ Prussian Saxony, 40 m. NE. of Leipzig.

² Prussian Saxony, 60 m. NW. of Dresden.

³ Prussian Saxony, about 10 m. SW. of Leipzig.

⁴ Should be 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th (of October) : the battle lasted four days and (before 1914-1918) was the most prolonged and sanguinary battle on record.

greater . . . in all six hundred thousand men fought. About two o'clock in the afternoon I took Leipzig by storm. The King of Saxony ¹ and many French Generals are prisoners. The Polish Prince Poniatowski was drowned. One hundred and seventy cannon were captured and about forty thousand men taken prisoners. Napoleon escaped but he is not yet safe. This moment my cavalry has brought in another two thousand prisoners. The enemy's whole army is lost. The Emperor of Russia kissed me in public in the market-place and called me the *Befreier Deutschlands*—Deliverer of Germany. The Austrian Kaiser heaped praises upon me, and my King thanked me with tears in his eyes. The Kaiser has no honours left to bestow on me, so I am to get from him a golden sword set with brilliants, worth a great deal. . . . I go with my Army through Thuringia to Westphalia, and my troops will soon be in Münster. God be with you ! Your lifelong

BLÜCHER.

WEISSENFELS,² October 25, 1813.

This time I cannot write anything important, but we go forward successfully. I hope that in twelve days, at the longest, the Grand Army will be in Frankfurt-on-Main. I shall probably march to Kassel and, via Paderborn, to Münster. . . . Franz, I believe, is still a prisoner in Dresden. Probably it will soon fall, and then we get Franz again. God grant that he gets well again. But he will hardly be able to continue soldiering. Your brother did splendid things and he will surely be promoted and rewarded by the King. At this moment he is pursuing the fleeing enemy. . . .

¹ Frederick Augustus I, 1750–1827 : he had assumed the title of King on making a treaty of peace with Napoleon in 1806.

² Prussian Saxony, 20 m. SW. of Leipzig.



MARSHAL VORWÄRTS
1742-1819

From a picture by ADOLF MENZEL in the Royal National Gallery, Berlin

As *Frau Feldmarschallin* ¹ you must live suitably, and don't be too careful about money. I get quite good pay now but we have not had any for two months because nothing could reach us from Berlin. Write soon. I have four beautiful white horses for you, also two beautiful *maulesel* (mules), if I could only get them to you. All here are well and send their homage.

. . .

PHILIPPSTHAL, *October 30, 1813.*

. . . Every Order which one can get I have on my breast. I daily hunt the Emperor. There will not be serious fighting this side of the Rhine, and in seven days' time I shall be in Frankfurt or Koblenz, it depends on when the enemy turns.² I and my whole entourage are well. I have no further news of Franz, but that he recovers well and is out of danger. . . . To-day my troops enter Kassel. Enclosed is a letter from the Austrian Kaiser. They want to erect a monument to me in Vienna. You will have to send my portrait to Prague. . . . Always your

BLÜCHER.

GIESSEN,³ *November 3, 1813.*

Now the great enterprise is finished. All the French have been driven over the Rhine. For eight consecutive nights I have occupied the quarters vacated by Napoleon, and slept where he slept. He has lost the greatest part of his Army, especially his Artillery, and if we had not made a great mistake, he himself and all his Army would have been captured. He will not soon come back to Germany because the remnant he has saved is in a very bad condition. The day after

¹ He had just been promoted Field-Marshal by Cabinet Order : see footnote p. 12.

² (*je*) *nach dem sich mein Gegner wenden wird.*

³ Upper-Hesse, 20 m. N. of Frankfurt.

to-morrow I go to Wetzlar and on to the Rhine, and perhaps across. The jubilations with which I am everywhere received are very great. It will not fall to me to go to Münster, but another part of the Army will soon appear, and forthwith your beloved Fatherland will be free. . . . I shall very soon order Merskel to pay you three to four thousand *Taler*. Take care of it, but give yourself a good time. . . . I know nothing of Franz, but that it goes well with his wound. I think that with God's help he will soon be free. I shall try to find out about his boys. . . .¹ The roads and weather are miserable. Write soon to your
BLÜCHER.

ALTENKIRCHEN-AM-RHEIN, *November 11, 1813.*

I write and write but get no answer from you. I am sure that you have written, but God knows where the letters are. I suffered some days from cold and coughing, but I am well again. Now I am on the Rhine, and engaged crossing this proud river. The first letter I write to you will be dated from the other bank. What do you say now you unbelieving infidel? I still hope to write you from Paris, and send you beautiful things. Write me that you are well and contented, that will give me more happiness than anything. . . . I must close because my horse is standing by the door. I have written to Münster and reclaimed my property. I hope Vincke² will become *Oberpräsident* again. . . . Keep loving your

BLÜCHER.

FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN, *November 19, 1813.*

Yesterday I received your letter of the 3rd November and to-day one of the 17th October. They both lie in

¹ Gebhard, b. July 14, 1799; and Gustav, b. August 3, 1800.

² Governor of the Province of Münster; Blücher himself had been appointed to that office in May 1801.

front of my nose for the purpose of answering them. I am glad that you are well. Everything else is a secondary matter. From your letters I can see that you have not received many of mine. . . . Now I shall answer your last. First of all I tell you that your brother is very well and that I shall take him again into my Corps. He did splendid things and at last he took a great quantity of wine from the French. I have not the least news of Franz. I believe he has recovered, and that Dresden must fall one of these days, and we get him back again. Yesterday I arrived here and was overwhelmed with goodness and favour from the Emperors of Austria and Russia, from the King of Bavaria¹ and my own Master, and by the Frankfurters I have been received with jubilation. I am glad that the people of Breslau treat you so nicely. You can have as much money monthly as you want. . . . I leave it to you either to stay in Breslau or to go to Berlin. . . . My whole entourage, Goltz, Rauch, Gneisenau, Nostitz, Brünneck, are well and send their respects. Nostitz and Colonel Müffling have, like myself, written regularly to their families. We are now halting on the Rhine. I think with God's help we shall soon cross. . . . Münster is already occupied by our troops, and General Bülow occupies Ham. Our troops will immediately march into East Friesland. . . . Always your loving

BLÜCHER.

HÖCHST, *December 23, 1813.*

You can imagine how glad I was yesterday when Franz stepped unexpectedly into my room—quite sound and well. He looked better than ever. He will stay here a few days and then go to Erfurt where his Regiment is. God has freed me from this anxiety !

¹ Maximalian Joseph I (1756–1825).

. . . Your brother will be in or near Amsterdam. . . . With such a large force one cannot stay long in one place without getting trouble. . . . I don't believe it will come to another big battle. All the Forts give us trouble. However, I believe that we shall soon make peace. . . . Our King is still here, but will leave in a few days. . . . What I don't like is all the great men I get to serve under me. . . . Of all the Princes I like best Prince William of Prussia.¹ . . . I have greetings for you from Minister von Humboldt.² . . . Good-bye, keep well and write soon to your
BLÜCHER.

II

THE CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE : JANUARY 1—JUNE 22, 1814

BACHARACH, *January 1, 1814.*

The early morning of New Year's Day was for me delightful because I crossed the proud Rhine. The banks echoed to shouts of joy, and my brave troops received me with jubilation. The resistance of the enemy was inconsiderable. I now surround the whole fort of Mainz. As for me I go forward at once with the Army. . . . The acclamations of my brave comrades are so great that I have to hide myself in order to let it subside ; the German inhabitants of this side of the Rhine receive us with tears of joy. . . .

NANCY, *January 18, 1814.*

Here I am in Nancy, one of the most beautiful cities in France. To-morrow I march to Toul, and so

¹ 1783–1851, son of Frederick William II by his second wife, and brother of Frederick William III.

² 1767–1835, diplomatist, philologist, and classical critic. Represented Prussia at Conference of Prague in July 1813 ; signed, with Hardenberg, the Treaty of Paris, April 1814.

always nearer to Paris. . . . The Emperor Napoleon is now broken and cannot resist longer. It is indescribable how discontented the nation is. They received us joyfully, for they look upon us as bestowers of freedom. Your brother is I believe not far from Paris. His wife has written to me and I answered her to-day. . . . I expect Franz in a few days. . . . I wish you could eat oysters with me to-day, which are very good here. This is the anniversary of the coronation of our Monarch which we celebrate with festivities. The Silesian Army is again very lucky in their operations and will probably be the first one to see the towers of Paris. The people here are poor and are broken down by taxes. They bless me because I hunted all the *Octroi* officials and gendarmes to the devil and allowed them free trade and traffic. The weather here is terrible, since yesterday it rains continuously. . . . I shall buy here beautiful rugs. I cannot tell you what beautiful mirrors one may see here—but how to get them away?

BRIENNE, *January 28, 1814.*

I am again without any news from you and it disgusts me very much. Of course the distance is now very great. I think that with God's help the war will soon end. We are now again close to the enemy, and one main battle must decide everything. I and my Army are quite ready for it. If we smash the enemy we shall be in Paris in eight days. In the event of an armistice I shall leave the Army at once and come back to you. Once we stop fighting there is nothing for me to do any more. Napoleon wants peace, but there are many things to be arranged, and we must not lay down our arms one hour before the biggest fortresses are surrendered by him. The whole French nation is against the Emperor and one is well received

everywhere. It is a pity that our people and the Russians cannot speak with the inhabitants, as it leads to misunderstandings. . . . Franz is well and is still with General von Kleist. . . .

I must close because I have just received a report that the Emperor Napoleon has arrived in Vitry not far from me. Therefore we must get into the saddle. My people are full of anxiety to meet the tyrant. . . .

BRIENNE, *February 2, 1814.*

The great blow is over. Yesterday I met Napoleon.¹ The Emperor of Russia and our King arrived as the battle began. Both Monarchs handed over everything to me and remained as spectators of the combat. At one o'clock midday I engaged the enemy. The battle lasted into the night and, about ten o'clock, I had driven the Emperor Napoleon out of all his positions. Sixty cannon and over three thousand prisoners fell into my hands. The number of dead is very great, and the exasperation [of the French people] has reached its height. You can imagine how much thanks I have earned from the Monarchs. Alexander gripped my hand and said: "Blücher, to-day you have set the crown on all your victories, mankind will bless you!" I was so tired that I slept five hours without waking. This morning I had to engage the enemy again and drive them away entirely. Now he [Napoleon] is retreating on Paris. We follow him on foot. It is doubtful if he will remain Emperor of France. If he keeps the Crown he must look upon it as a present from the hands of our Monarchs. My

¹ On January 29, Napoleon drove the Prussians from Brienne; Blücher retreating to Bar-sur-Aube to join Schwarzenberg; on February 1 he surprised Napoleon and drove the French out of La Rothière; Napoleon left Brienne early on the 2nd and took the road for Troyes.

entourage send their respects. To their astonishment they are all unhurt. You may now with certainty hope for an early peace, and I watch with longing till we meet again. Let all my friends and the good Breslauers know of this great event. I tremble so that I cannot write more. But I am well and always your

BLÜCHER.

LAON, *March* 10, 1814.

DEAR WIFE,

The reason I have not written for so long is that our communications were interrupted, and nothing out of the way has happened. I was already near Paris when the Emperor turned and attacked me with all his force. I retired some distance, but yesterday the tyrant attacked me again at five in the morning, and the battle lasted the whole day. I retained all my positions. Everything ended at dark. I let the enemy attack and in half an hour he was defeated. Forty cannons, some thousands of prisoners and a great deal of ammunition fell into my hands. Napoleon retired rapidly on Paris. My troops are still pursuing him. Franz has distinguished himself, also Katzeler. I should be sorry if you heard I was wounded. Four days ¹ before this battle I was wounded in my right leg; the bullet passed through my breeches, but my strong boots ² saved me and I got off with a contusion. Yesterday I halted under a windmill; a cannon ball passed through the mill, a Count Czernitscheff, the young Prince of Orange and Nostitz were wounded slightly by pieces of wood, but I escaped. The battle

¹ It should be sixteen days; he got the wound in the fighting near Mery on February 22.

² A strong leather half-boot, in honour of the Field-Marshal long known in England as "bloochers."

is notable in that it lasted all day. My losses are not so great, the enemy has lost many men, as he wanted to capture my position. . . .

*[The end is missing : Also the beginning, date,
and place of origin of the next.]*

. . . You can see from the foregoing that I am well. Surely I withstood a lot, but I am on horseback day and night, and without fever.¹ I am hung with Crosses from top to toe. Peter leaves me at this moment. I send him and Franz on a secret mission. He is well and greets you. We shall soon, probably we must soon, fight another battle. Greetings to Heine and Stössel ; tell the latter that his son is well. I hope you are not ill, if you are turn to Heine. I have money with me, but where shall I send it to for you ? Greetings to the Girodz, kiss Fritze and both girls for me. Your lifelong

BLÜCHER.

III

THE SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND AND SOME ENGLISH OBSERVERS : JUNE 7-JULY 11, 1814

Blücher paid two visits to England. The first, in 1810, was semi-private ; the second in June 1814, after Napoleon's exile to Elba, was semi-state, and he was received everywhere as a conquering hero.

It is said that during his first visit he met Wellington, discussed future campaigns with him, and that some of the discussions took place at Coombe Lodge, Kingston-on-Thames. It was during this visit that while he was being shown the sights he

¹ Blücher is referring to the pain in his eyes from which he suffered very severely for many years.

climbed the Monument and looked over London from its top. An Englishman accompanying him was expatiating on the magnificence of the vista when Blücher the outspoken, who could hardly see the muddy Thames a few dozen yards away, impatiently muttered, "*Was für plunder*," the literal translation of which is "What rubbish," and referred to the Englishman's vapourings about the roofs, smoke and fog which were all that was visible! People standing by partly overheard the remark and, as people will about famous persons, distorted it into a statement that Blücher had said "What a place to plunder": thus is history so often made. It was also during this visit that he became friendly with the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV), who subsequently gave him the grey chargers, one of which was killed at Ligny.

Blücher's second visit to England took place in 1814 after the victorious Allies had entered Paris and exiled Napoleon to Elba. It is a bit of history I want deliberately to recall in order that its meaning and consequences may not be entirely forgotten in Germany, in England, or in Belgium. He arrived at Dover on Monday, June 6, three days after his title of Prince had been gazetted. When the King offered him the title—for life only—he said he would not accept it unless it was accompanied by a suitable grant of money or a pension with which to keep it up. "I have no desire," he wrote, "to join the crowd of hungry German Princes; without the money I will refuse the title and tell all newspapers why I am doing so!"

Blücher, by command, came on the *Impregnable* from Boulogne in the suite of his Sovereign Frederick William III, who told him that if he did not come the Tsar Alexander I,¹ who had showered favours on him, would be angry. Blücher did not much care about

¹ 1777-1825.

the Tsar, had been bored to death in Paris during the occupation, but was unwilling to do anything that might seem discourteous to England. Frederick William III seems to have brought an imposing suite and as many members of his family as he could get hold of, including his eldest son the Prince Royal, his second son William, his brother, his nephew and his cousin : in fact it was made a family gathering because the King of Prussia was a brother of the Duchess of York. Immediately after the Royal party in precedence and importance, and far ahead of them in popular interest and esteem, came Blücher : Count Hardenberg was in attendance on the Prussian Monarch and Count Nesselrode on the Tsar who, by the way, does not seem to have aroused much popular interest. Metternich represented the Emperor of Austria. The Sovereigns stayed the night at Dover, some of the suites remaining on board the *Impregnable*, the flagship of the Duke of Clarence,¹ which flew his flag at the main, the Russian eagle at the fore, and the Prussian eagle at the mizen.

London was illuminated for three nights, and Blücher stayed at St. James's Palace. At six o'clock on the evening of June 7, escorted by cavalry, he drove from the Palace in one of the Prince Regent's open carriages via the Horse Guards and St. James's Park to Carlton House.

The Prince Regent, the Tsar, the King of Prussia and many other distinguished persons visited Oxford, where they were brilliantly received. By command of the Prince Regent the Field-Marshal was lodged at Christ Church in the rooms of Dr. Barnes.² How intensely it would have pleased the old man could he

¹ 1765-1837 : afterwards William IV, "the Sailor King."

² Dr. Barnes was made a Canon in 1810. His house has been turned into College rooms and is now known as Peckwater IX.

have foreseen that one day his great-great-grandson (my brother Gustav) would become an undergraduate of Christ Church. One morning the curious sight-seers saw him sitting on the end of his bed, wearing a white tunic with a ribband, and smoking his long pipe. Honorary Degrees were conferred, Blücher being made a Doctor of Laws. In the evening, for the first time in history, the Radcliffe Library was used as a banqueting hall. Cambridge, never willing to be out-done by Oxford, conferred upon Blücher the Degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and gave a magnificent dinner in the Marshal's honour at Trinity College.

The Lord Mayor of London gave him a State banquet at Guildhall ; the Navy and Army were reviewed ; there was a thanksgiving at St. Paul's and a private dinner at Windsor with the Prince Regent. A Public Fund of one hundred thousand pounds was raised for the sufferers in the villages around Leipzig, the British Parliament contributing another hundred thousand. Thanking the Committee that organized the Fund Blücher said :

. . . Had I not had a wife and children, whose inclinations and convenience it is my wish and duty to consult, I declare to you I never would leave this blessed country. I cannot find words to express the true feelings of my grateful heart. . . .

At least once Wellington and Blücher walked out together and were mobbed by the crowd. Whenever Blücher appeared officially in public the citizens, in English fashion, took the horses out of his carriage and drew it themselves. In the streets or in the Palace, in his Christ Church lodging, when being dined by the Bankers and Merchants of the City of London in Merchant Taylors Hall—wherever he went, Blücher could make himself at home with everyone. At a ball given by the Prince Regent, Wellington

unbent and danced a polonaise ; Blücher, not to be outdone, joined in, afterwards " skipping down the room with Lady Burghersh in a German country dance " ! Of course he was taken to Brighton ; then (as now) everyone was. The Prince Regent gave him a jewelled snuff-box valued at twenty thousand Prussian Crowns and, the day before he left, a valuable gun.

Then, weary of ceremonial and life in public, old *Vorwärts* left St. James's Palace for Harwich and there embarked for the Continent.¹ Unwillingly, he was bound for the Congress of Vienna.

Just as England gave Wellington the castle and estates of Stratfield Saye, and a pension, so, after Leipzig, Prussia rewarded Blücher with titles and estates, including the famous Blücher Palace in Berlin.

In addition to the Berlin palace, with his Princedom (and the suitable appanage so firmly demanded) a grateful King and country presented old *Vorwärts* with the seventeenth-century Castle of Krieblowitz, twelve miles from Breslau in Prussian Silesia. To this stronghold he retired when his attendance at the Congress of Vienna was over. He put by his uniform and Orders, resumed farming, took out his long pipes and began to smoke—not entirely in peace because he at least had no illusions about the " Emperor of Elba."

Here, one night when he was in bed, his old friend and comrade-in-arms, the brilliant Gneisenau, came to him and said :

" Napoleon has left Elba ; the King wants you ; come."

He put on his old uniform again and came : the result was Waterloo.

¹ On Monday, July 11, 1814 ; the Congress opened on November 1.

IV

THE WATERLOO CAMPAIGN IN FLANDERS AND FRANCE
APRIL 16—DECEMBER 9, 1815COBLENZ, *April* 16, 1815.

Now here I am—the Rhine crossed, and, seated on its bank, looking back at the past and thinking of the future. I cannot see much comfort. My unlucky Franz is all the time before my eyes and, on the 13th in the night, as I was travelling, I had a vision of Franz, which no one saw but myself and Wilhelm, as Brünneck and Nostitz were asleep. At the moment I cannot shake off the thought that Franz is dead. Let me hear from you directly. I found Asseburg,¹ his wife and children, but only stayed with them over the night. I was very glad to find the Fritze so happy, and she has cause. She is living very agreeably, and her husband treats her with great tenderness. If I may advise you, go and see the Fritze and you will like it. My journey so far was without accident. To-morrow I go to Lüttich, where I shall find my Headquarters. Hostilities have not yet begun. They cannot be long delayed. In France the civil war has begun. They will finish themselves, and I cannot believe that we shall have much to do. . . . Everything here is in the most beautiful blossom, and the weather is incomparable. I am everywhere received with jubilation, and the troops rejoice to see me again. Were I free from worry, I could call myself lucky. But I enjoy no happy moments. Write at once, and

¹ The Field-Marshal's only daughter Friederika (referred to in the Letters as "Fritze") m. 1st, on January 1, 1804, Major Count Adolf von der Schulenburg who d. September 9, 1813; she m. 2nd, January 14, 1814, Count Maximilian von der Asseburg, a Royal Chamberlain.

send the letters to the Minister of War, as that is surest. . . .

LÜTTICH, *April 21, 1815.*

I have arrived here and have been received by the troops with enthusiasm. The Army is full of courage and in fine condition. I believe that once the war begins we shall soon finish it. . . . I cannot get Franz out of my mind. I always have the feeling that he is dead. All my pleasure on earth is destroyed by his fate. Write directly and tell me how he is and what they have done with him. Is Gebhard¹ back, so that he can write me full details? If the King has employed Gebhard he should hurry here. What are Franz's boys doing? I hope that Lisettchen is well. . . .

Undated : probably from LÜTTICH.

Gebhard has arrived. I am glad to know that you are well. Franz is heavy on my heart. Gebhard calms me because he assures me that Franz is well looked after, and that the boys are well provided for. I cannot do any more. Now, dear Male, have everything you want. Go to what *Bad* or cure you like. Spend what you like. If you want more money you have only to write. Go and see Fritze. You will be pleased. I hope this war won't take long. The news will soon reach Berlin that the Saxons wanted to murder me, but don't pay any attention; you know well that I don't easily lose my head. I am sorry that I have to shoot four persons as rebels to-morrow. But the Saxons must learn to respect my name. I trustfully surrendered myself to these people, not keeping even one Prussian sentinel. They stormed my house,

¹ Gebhard, second surviving son of the Field-Marshal, 1787-1834, Lieut.-Colonel in the Prussian service; he m. Lisette von Conring, who d. 1842.

and if I had not acted resolutely and placed myself in safety, I and all those near me would have been sacrificed. But I have them now well in hand so that they can do nothing. The mistake was that the people here have not been treated with kindness, but with severity. . . .

NAMUR, *May 17, 1815.*

The courier leaves in a moment. I will only stop to say that I am well. Gebhard also, and all my entourage. . . . I received your letter and also one from Dr. Horn about my poor Franz. The Doctor gives hope. If God pleases he will recover! Nothing has happened yet, but we are close to the enemy and fighting may begin any day. But I hope that this time it will not be so perilous. . . .

NAMUR, *June 15, 1815, midday, one o'clock.*

At this moment I have received the report that Bonaparte has engaged my whole outposts. I break up at once and take the field against the enemy. I will accept battle with pleasure, and shall let you know the result directly. We are all well. . . . The first part of this letter you can make known in Berlin. Do not fail to let Princess Ferdinand¹ and Radziwill,² also Princess Charlotte know. To the Princess Wilhelm³ I am writing two words. God be with you! Also tell the General von Brauschitz and the *Stadt-präsident* of Berlin.

Battlefield of La Belle Alliance, June 18, 1815.

What I promised I have kept. On the 16th I was forced to retire a short distance; the 18th—in conjunction with my friend Wellington—completed Napoleon's ruin. Where he has gone to nobody knows.

¹ The King's sister-in-law. ² Her daughter Louise, married to Prince Anton Radziwill. ³ Another sister-in-law of the King.

His Army is quite routed, his Artillery is in our hands. His Orders, which he wore himself, have just been brought to me. They were taken from one of his carriages. Let the Princess Charlotte and the Royal Family know the contents of this letter, also the Princess Ferdinand and Radziwill. . . . [*The end is missing.*]

CHATILLON-SUR-SAMBRE, *June 22, 1815.*

My health is getting better. I believe my good fortune is the medicine that cured me. Yesterday I bombarded Fort Avesnes. The powder magazine in the Fort blew up and the Commandant surrendered. To-day I am going to bombard Landrecies and Maubeuge. Meanwhile the Forts do not interfere with my operations elsewhere. It is said that Napoleon wants to reconcentrate near Laon. It will not trouble me much. If the Parisians do not kill the tyrant before I get to Paris, I will kill the Parisians. . . . The inhabitants of the country receive us with friendship, and Napoleon cannot expect anything from his General Levy. Good-night, I must close. Kiss all your friends and all brave Berliners.

From the Field-Marshal to Baron von Stein.

NOYELLE, *June 22, 1815.*

I hope, my honoured friend, you are satisfied with me. In three days I have fought two bloody battles and five sharp engagements, and invested three fortresses besides. I have to thank my own iron will and the assistance of Gneisenau with the ardour of the troops and their bravery for everything. There has been no want of representations and complaints about excessive exertion and danger, but I have put that sort of thing quite on one side. The day after to-morrow I shall have an interview with Wellington,

and then forwards (*Vorwärts*)! . . . I beg you to tell the Emperor of Russia that if I had had more Cossacks and Light Cavalry with me very few of the French would have been left. Napoleon has lost everything, his chest, his jewels, and his whole equipage: he was so surprised that he jumped out of the carriage without sword or hat and escaped on horse-back. His sword, hat and cloak ¹ are in my hands. Farewell; I wish it were at an end, I am longing for rest! Make Alexander give me a little estate near Birnbaum; then we shall be neighbours; I should like to spend my last days quietly in the country.

GOSSELIES, *June 25, 1815.* [*Dictated.*]

I am quite recovered from my fall, but have had another horse wounded. . . . Our victory is one of the most perfect that ever was won. Napoleon slipped away in the night without hat or sword. His hat and sword I sent to-day to the King. His extremely rich full-dress uniform, and his carriage are in my hands; I also possess his telescope through which he observed us during the battle. The carriage I shall send to you. Only it is a pity that it is damaged. His jewels and all his valuables are the booty of our troops. He has nothing of his equipage. Many a soldier got booty worth five or six thousand *Taler*.² He was retreating in his carriage when he was surprised by our troops. He jumped out without his sword, threw himself on a horse, his hat fell off and, favoured by

¹ This cloak, said to have been brought from Egypt by Napoleon, is very gay, being bright crimson richly embroidered in blue and gold. It is now in a glass case in the Grand Hall at Windsor Castle and bears the following inscription: "Presented to the Prince Regent by Colonel, afterwards General, Nostitz on behalf of Blücher. Vouched for at Windsor in 1870 by the A.D.C. to Blücher who himself took the cloak from Napoleon's carriage."

² Equal to between £750 and £900.

the night, he escaped, but Heaven knows where to. To-day I march with the greater part of my Army into France. The consequences of this victory are not to be computed, and in my judgment Napoleon's fall will result, and the French nation shall and will despise him. Then, I hope, peace will come, and with God's help I shall be with you again before winter. Your brother is quite well and, with his new Regiment, fought like a dashing officer. . . .

[*In his own hand.*] I tremble so much that I cannot write much myself, also I have not time. Good-bye and keep loving your truest friend

BLÜCHER.

GUIVRY, NEAR NOYON, *June 26, 1815.*

I am well. Another seventy-five miles to Paris which I shall soon cover. The Parisians and the Provincial Government sent Deputies and begged for a suspension of hostilities. I have not accepted. Bonaparte is deposed and wants to go to America. To-day I sent Nostitz to Laon to Bonaparte's Deputies and demanded his death or his extradition, and the possession of the remainder of the Forts on the Sambre and the Meuse. These would be the conditions under which I would negotiate with them. In spite of all this I march to-day to Paris. I will strike the iron while it is hot. Then I shall be home before the autumn. Kiss Lisettchen, greet all friends, specially Lottchen,¹ the Girodz and Warsing, also our landlord. Your brother and Girodz are well. On the march to Paris.

BLÜCHER.

COMPIÈGNE, *June 27, 1815.*

Here I sit in the room where Maria Louisa spent her marriage night. One could see nothing more beautiful

¹ Charlotte von Conring, sister of the wife of his son Gebhard.

or more agreeable than Compiègne ; only it is a pity that I must leave to-morrow morning, because in three days I must be again in Paris. It is possible, indeed probable, that Napoleon will be surrendered to me and Lord Wellington. Probably I could not do better than to have him shot. It would be a service to humanity. In Paris everyone left him, and he is hated and despised. I think the whole affair ends in quite a short time, and then I hurry home. Good-bye. The courier wants to go, but—for God's sake—I get not one letter from you ! Gebhard is not yet back from the King, to whom I sent him. . . . *Addio*. . . .

GONESSE, *June 30*, 1815.

I halt here before Paris. Wellington has eaten with me and we talked together how best to finish the whole business. Last night I sent off your brother to Malmaison to try to capture Napoleon. The bridge was burnt down. Otherwise the *coup* would have come off. Meanwhile Colomb has made a fine expedition and taken the St. Germain bridge, which the enemy were about to destroy. Prince Wilhelm begged me and Wellington to be Godfather.¹ You must go to the Princess and in my name wish her luck ! The next letter you get will be dated from Paris. The Emperor of Russia has sent me the Order of St. Andrew in very rich brilliants, and also a polite letter. As soon as the King arrives and things are settled I shall leave the Army. I am worn out and must take a cure. Later on I shall write to you where, so that you can come and see me. I wait every hour for Gebhard's return from the King. To-morrow I go ahead and attack Paris and shall cross the bridge of

¹ To Princess Elizabeth, b. June 18, 1815, d. of Prince Wilhelm of Prussia ; in 1836 she m. Charles, Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt ; a younger sister m. Maximilian II of Bavaria.

St. Germain which your brother has saved. Greetings to all. Kiss the boys, and send me good news about their father. Good-bye and greet the Berliners for me.

ST. CLOUD, *July 3, 1815.*

I sit here and await the French Generals and the five Deputies of the French Chamber about settling the capitulation of Paris. As recently as yesterday afternoon I was engaged by the enemy, and after hard fighting forced them to retire. This morning at three o'clock the enemy renewed their attack, with the same results as yesterday. At eight o'clock a French General came with the offer that the City will surrender on conditions. I have invited the Duke of Wellington to these negotiations. When the Conference is over I will finish this letter. In my last letter I told you that you would receive the next letter from Paris. You see that I keep my word. But yesterday and to-day I have lost about three thousand men. I hope to God they will be the last in this war. I have had a satiety of murder.

MEUDON, *July 4, 1815.*

Paris is mine. The French Army is retiring behind the Loire, and the City is being surrendered to me. To indescribable bravery, unexampled perseverance, and my iron will, I owe everything. I made myself deaf to all the complaints and lamentations regarding the state of exhaustion of my men, because I knew I could only obtain victory by sticking continuously to the heels of the enemy. I cannot write more to-day ; I have too much to do and am too tired. Make the contents of this letter known in Berlin. Thank God the bloodshed is over. Kiss Lisette ; her husband is not back yet. Also kiss the boys and all those around you. . . .

PARIS, *August*, 4, 1815.

I was invited to the celebration yesterday of the birthday of our King ; but in one hour I go again to my Rambouillet. . . . The war is finished and I long to get home. Yesterday I received from England the great Order of the Bath, a distinction never yet given to a foreigner. The Prince of England wished me to go again to London, but I will not do so. Our King has given me a remarkable special Order : it is a great golden star, in the middle an iron Cross. It is the only existing Order I had not got. But what profit are all these Orders to me ? Had we made a good, and for us profitable, peace, I should like that better. Meanwhile, it is not my fault if we do not finish the quarrel profitably. From here I have sent off a porcelain service for forty persons, and secondly the portraits of the Bonaparte family, and himself on horseback, all life size, and by the famous painter David. I hope that everything arrives safely. I don't know if this letter will reach you in Berlin, but, wherever you are, please write ! Your brother is well, also Gebhard. Yesterday the latter received the Order of Leopold from the Austrian Emperor, and Nostitz the Cross of Theresa. The Black Eagle Order which I have taken from Napoleon I have sent again to the King, who has given it to Gneisenau. . . . I don't gamble. Since I have now enough I don't know why I should gamble. Probably I shall get a grant of estates. *Addio*. The courier leaves.

BLÜCHER.

Wilhelm writes me that Franz gets better every day. If God will give him back his mind I would die in peace, having done everything I could for my family.

ALÉNÇON, *August 30, 1815.*

For a long time I have had no news from you. I think you are all well, otherwise someone would have written. I have resigned the command of the Army, and done everything I could to get home, but all in vain : the King commanded me to stay. If everything went as it should, and must, I would make any sacrifice, but the delay of the Great Personages in Paris is quite like the one in Vienna.¹ In order not to see this farce I have left Paris and am now on the way for the coast to take up my quarters at a place named Caen in Calvados. While there I shall eat oysters and sea-fish daily. Yesterday for luncheon I had sea-fish and crab. I thought of you and drank your health. My health is still tolerable, but my discontent gets greater hour by hour. I am afraid I have sacrificed twenty-five thousand men without any advantage. I am very worried about Franz, I have not had any news of him for a long time. . . . If I could live long enough to see his recovery, I would leave the world tranquilly. . . . You need not worry about your brother. If only he keeps well he will get on. . . . I will bring you everything that you have asked for, only no jewels ; I have enough of them. I have sent several pictures to Berlin. When they arrive there have them unpacked and cleaned by the painter Gebauer. They are the Bonaparte family. I have only acquired them for you because I know how much you love the family !! I am glad that you are pleased with your horses. . . . Gebhard told me he is always thinking about Lottchen. . . .

[*In a P.S.*]

As I seal my letter I have received yours and shall at once answer your questions :

¹ The Congress of Vienna lasted from November 1, 1814, to June 8, 1815.

1. It is not yet possible to say how soon we come back.

2. Have you thoroughly studied the geographical position of Caen. . . . Franz is in Ziethen,¹ so he cannot be getting worse. God will help him. Now I believe I have answered everything and also written very plainly.² You are thankless: the Bonaparte family pictures I have selected for the sitting-room. Has the porcelain arrived?

VERSAILLES, *October 4, 1815.*

The King leaves to-morrow for Berlin. On the 18th the Russian Emperor wants to be there, so our gracious Master must get there first. Yesterday we had a Review of our Corps. At the end all the senior officers ate with the King, who promoted everyone of them. Your brother is Lieutenant-Colonel, also Budritzki and Brünneck. As long as the Army is together I must remain with it: as soon as it begins to march home I leave, and shall probably be in Berlin at the end of this month. The Peace is as good as settled, but not yet publicly known.³ It is not very edifying and will probably be of short duration. But for me it will now be all the same. I shall not fight any more, I have had my fill, and we get nothing for our pains. Our landlord from Berlin has visited me with both his daughters. You can be at rest about our apartment; everything is arranged. Dr. Horn sent me good news about Franz; but he won't recover for a long time. If only he keeps on the road to recovery he must, in the spring, make a journey half round the world, then he will get better. . . . Al-

¹ A farm the Field-Marshal had acquired near Berlin.

² Throughout his life the Field-Marshal's writing was nearly as bad as that of Napoleon.

³ The Second Treaty of Paris was signed November 20, 1815.

though the Prince Regent positively wants me to go to England, I cannot do so. I feel that I need rest, and once I am back no one will see me in soldier's coat any more. The King again intends to give me a very considerable sum. But I have protested that I can take no reward apart from my comrades. Neither I nor the Army desire to be rewarded at the cost of our Fatherland. If great contributions come in from France, then it will be different, but Prussian money we won't take. The nation has done enough. I am afraid that the French contribution will be meagre. If they had let me have my way we should have brought home twenty-five million *Taler*. The Army would have had two months' pay as a *douceur*, and been reclothed. So everything is ruined, and the French again get off well. Without asking, I have been given as a property three small villages in Silesia that have to pay taxes direct to the King. They are situated in the middle of my estates and so they are pleasing to me. Now I must have a good house in Berlin, and the one in which we live I like best, even if I have to buy it. When I have arranged it I shall be quite quiet and content. From the man on the upper floor I shall buy the garden which used to belong to the house. . . . Silk clothes and points, as you call them, I have bought. Frau General Müffling¹ has chosen the dresses.

PARIS, October 7, 1815.

This moment I come from the King. He is leaving this very day for Berlin. I must still remain here a little longer ; however, I shall come before the end of the month to Berlin. The King took a very touching farewell of me. He has presented me with fifty thousand *Taler* in cash. I have to buy a house in

¹ Wife of one of Blücher's subordinates.

Berlin and, after my death, he will give you a life pension of six thousand *Taler* a year. Don't say anything about it to anyone—that the King gives me a house—otherwise I should have to pay an excessive price. Inquire about one in the Unter den Linden. But I think we shall try to get our own. It certainly is not properly furnished, but we can refurnish to our taste. Now I have got everything I could wish. If only God gives back his health to Franz, then everything will be well! I give this letter to Colonel von Thiele in order that you may get it sooner. I cannot write more, because I have very much to do. Kiss everyone, greet all friends and think of your

BLÜCHER.

— COBLENTZ, *December 9, 1815.*

At last I am again so far recovered that I can write a few lines. The Rhine is running so strongly with broken ice that it cannot be crossed for a few days, otherwise I should continue my journey to-morrow. I have dislocated my right arm, and may not confide myself to the postillion. Because of this accident my journey on my own horses goes very slowly and I cannot tell which day I shall arrive in Berlin. But you shall be informed about it. . . . It grieves me that I have no news from Franz; the King in a very gracious way has made him a General, and by his own wish, has given him his dismissal. As soon as the spring comes Franz must travel. I hope it will enable him to recover. It is inconceivable to me why I get no letter from you. Greet all. I cannot write more with my lame arm. *Addio.*

BLÜCHER.

Send the enclosed to Dr. Horn, and, if he finds it all right, let him give it to Franz.

V

HOME AT LAST: 1816-1819

BRESLAU, May 21, 1816.

On coming home from the country I found your letter of the 20th. I am glad that you are well and that you will go over the new house before you leave Berlin. Is the house suitable for me to live downstairs, if so I shall be glad. I want a stable for sixteen horses. Your arrangement with the gardener I like very much. Personally I am indifferent to my surroundings, but the sitting-rooms and where we receive people must be elegant. Also, you must so arrange the accommodation that Asseburg or Gebhard with their wives can live with us when they come. It is not my fault ; I go unwillingly to Carlsbad ; but all the Doctors here insist upon it. Otherwise I am afraid that my illness might come back. I think of leaving Carlsbad by the end of June, and then I shall go to Pymont. Can I arrange to travel via the Asseburgs and take you all to Pymont with me ? It is not too far to Doberan, so we shall visit Lisettchen. Once, however, I must visit my own *Vaterland*.¹ On the 1st of June I leave here and expect to be in Carlsbad on the 10th. I am quite well ; yesterday I drilled with the Cavalry here and to-morrow I shall look at all the troops. The illness of Fritze disquiets me. I think it is not serious. Kiss her when she comes to you. She is in a very happy condition with her Asseburg. Franz will still live for a time ; he is not able to look after his affairs, but it does not much matter as his business is in good hands. The boys write very happily. I only wish that their Commanders would tell *me* what they need in the way of extra pay. It pleases me that you have given a fête.

¹ I.e. Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

I shall get the Castle of Krieblowitz repaired, and when you come in the summer you will like it. Do you see anyone of the Royal Family, if so give them my respects. . . . Nostitz and Strantz send their greetings, also my Doctor. Tell me if our things from Münster have arrived. Enclosed is a letter for the Prince Regent of England and a box. Send both to the English Ambassador. He will manage everything else. It is the *Code Napoleon*. . . .

KRIEBLOWITZ, *July 30, 1817.*

. . . I am very well now. Whether it is a result of the waters or the country air I don't know. I have bought an adjoining estate, and am building everywhere. Next year you shall come here with the Asseburgs and with me. You will like it. Greet the Asseburgs and kiss the children. Tell Asseburg I expect him with certainty at the beginning of September. He shall make no excuses, I couldn't accept them. In any case you will remain with Fritze and travel together to Berlin. Asseburg and Gebhard will also come to Berlin at the end of October. Lisette must also come. Now I hope that you will be pleased with my letter and I hope you will do everything and follow my wishes. A few days ago I was made a Godfather by Heine, and to-morrow by Mr. Wilhelm. Gebhard wrote a lot of nice things about the two young Sirs in Berlin. This gives me pleasure. Now good-bye. Write soon again to your

BLÜCHER.

KRIEBLOWITZ, *May 5, 1819.*

MY LOVING OLD WIFE !

Yesterday I arrived here and found all the people well, and I am very pleased with my economies. From your room you see as it were a paradise. To-day

Ziethen and Bonin came to see me. Heine was here yesterday. I miss nothing but a letter from you giving me the certainty that you are well. Strantz is still with me and sends his respects. Nostitz is coming on the 15th. The wheat stands wonderfully, and the frost has not done any harm. In fourteen days Gustav will put the young beasts out to pasture. Everything else is going on well in its old way. The old General Kraft I found here on my arrival. But he is very weak. Greet Lisette and Gustav and tell the latter to write me what happens in Berlin. Now good-bye and write soon to your old friend

BLÜCHER.

CARLSBAD, *June 2, 1819.*

MY DEAR WIFE,

Yesterday evening I arrived here quite well, although I did the whole journey in four days. To-morrow I begin my cure and intend to leave here at the end of the month. My only wish now is to get a letter from you soon, and to get to know what you have resolved to do. I should like you to come to Krieblowitz at the end of this month. When I came into the parlour I thought I saw paradise—meadows, woods and wheat laughed at me. Gustav did not stay five minutes in the parlour. All my neighbours visited me. I have engaged a gardener and already he has begun to put the place in order and to make some paths in the woods behind the Tiergarten. My beautiful stable will be quite finished on the first of July, and in front of the house the fence will be finished. Also the old gate is removed. The old door is taken away. [*A few words unreadable.*]

It is still very quiet and few people are here, but all the rooms are engaged and by the 12th it will be full up. My rooms are engaged from August 1st for

the *Römischer Kaiser*.¹ Nostitz, Gustav and Bieske send their greetings. My people are all well. From the 8th the French War Minister, Gouvion St. Cyr² will live above me. One of Napoleon's sisters, the *Piombino*,³ is also coming one of these days, and the ex-king of Westphalia, Jerome Bonaparte and his wife. Now good-bye and write soon. Greet Lisette. Always your old loving

BLÜCHER.

VI

Blücher became a General-Field-Marshal and a Prince, he wore the coveted Order of Merit and the Iron Cross, he was honoured with Degrees by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, he was the only foreigner given the Grand Cross of the Bath, his own Sovereign and the Austrian and Russian Emperors heaped honours upon him, but the greatest prizes he won were his two nicknames, old *Vorwärts*, and perhaps more wonderful still, *Pater der Patria*—Father of the Fatherland.

Absolutely without side, he would stand no nonsense—especially from an official. His close personal friends sometimes shortened the *Pater der Patria* into P.P. Desiring to assert unduly his intimacy with the Field-Marshal a Breslau official once addressed him as “dear P. P. Blücher.” The old warrior was furious at the familiarity and replied: “P.P. stands for pair of pistols”—and promptly challenged him to a duel.

¹ I.e. the Emperor Francis I of Austria.

² 1764–1830; Marshal of France.

³ Marie Anne Elisa Bonaparte (1777–1820) fourth child and eldest daughter: m. 1797, Felix Pascal Baciocchi, a Corsican soldier of good family: she was created Princess of Piombino and Lucca, and Grand Duchess of Tuscany. Retired from France in 1815 and died at Trieste.

His gruff humour, innate independence, shrewd common sense never deserted him—nor did his great love of gambling. Some time after Waterloo he wrote to the King asking for either a round sum of money to pay his gambling debts or a larger allowance. His Sovereign replied saying: “The money given you was for your household and to enable you to maintain a suitable establishment, not for gambling purposes.” Blücher replied: “You have been gambling with my bones all these years, so I have now a right to gamble with your money.”

An English visitor to Paris during the Allied occupation visited the *Salon des Etrangers*, at that period the rendezvous of all celebrities in the French capital. Amongst the notable personages pointed out were Marshal Soult, Talleyrand and Balzac. Strolling into the card-room the guest's attention was directed to another quarter in the following words:

And look at that old and weather-beaten man with grey eyebrows and mustachios who throws from the breast-pocket of his frock-coat ever and anon a handful of gold pieces upon the table. He evidently neither knows nor cares for the amount, for the banker himself is obliged to count over the stakes for him—that is Blücher the never-failing attendant at the Salon. He has been an immense looser but plays on with the same stern perseverance with which he would pour his bold cavalry through a ravine torn by artillery. He stands by the still waning chance with a courage that never falters.

It was, perhaps, an echo of this or some similar incident that reached the *Frau Generalfeldmarschallin* and called forth one of her endless anxious inquiries answered, with some economy of truth, by Blücher when he wrote, “I have everything I want, so why should I gamble!”

However this may have been, he could not always carry enough gold for gambling in his pockets and had a walking-stick with a hollow head specially

made for the purpose. This, when "loaded," must have been, as our American friends say, some weight. Nevertheless, he did not approve of young officers gambling and discouraged it all he could—although they were gambling days. During his Leipzig campaign, he amused himself sometimes by playing with the members of his Staff, to whom he generally returned any sums he might have won; amongst them was a young Russian Count whose love of gambling the Field-Marshal was determined to cure: he won three thousand pounds from him one night and next morning delivered him a lecture: "You are young enough to profit by the example which the indiscretion of a long life, as you no doubt have perceived, has rendered too habitual in me to be conquered. . . ." He made the Count give him a pledge that he would never lose more than one hundred roubles at a time and, handing him half of the three thousand pounds, said he would give him the balance at the end of twelve months on receiving his word of honour that he had kept his pledge.

Wellington declared that he was a "famous old fellow, but could not quite stop his troops from plundering": even in the World War of 1914-1918 Generals, on such occasions, sometimes wisely looked the other way: Blücher always knew when to do so: his troops loved him and like Joffre and Redvers Buller he won from them the *kosenamen* of *Vater*.

Shortly before his death Frederick William III paid Marshal *Vorwärts* a visit at Krieblowitz. In honour of his trusty old servant he brought an unexpectedly large and imposing suite. On a foolish attendant whispering agitatedly to the host that there were not enough seats to go round Blücher shouted: "You ass; tell them to go and get some milking-stools!"

Before leaving Belgium after Waterloo, Blücher issued a formal farewell to the Belgian people in which he said :

My army being on the point of entering the French territory we cannot leave yours, brave Belgians, without bidding you farewell, and without expressing our lively gratitude for the hospitality you have shown to our soldiers. We have had an opportunity of appreciating your virtues ; you are a brave, a loyal and a noble people. . . .

Goethe himself wrote the epitaph for the statue of Blücher, erected in his honour at Rostock, the city where he was born ; the manuscript in the poet's characteristic handwriting belonged at one time to the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. A rough translation is :

In hardship and war, in ruin and victory,
Conscientious and great, he rescued us from our enemies.

VII

“ PILE ARMS ”

Three years and three months after Waterloo Blücher lay dead at Krieblowitz : his ever-faithful and loyal Nostitz was with his master to the end. Some time ago a Polish author ¹ wrote an account of the Field-Marshal's last moments. It is so simple and so true that I have translated it and should like to quote it here in full. The author has entitled it *Retreat*. But as Blücher never sounded *Retreat* except as a prelude to *Advance* I have preferred to call it *Pile Arms* : If ever a weary old soldier was entitled to that order Blücher was.

“ Nostitz ! ”

The Colonel stepped back from the window, and bent over the sick man.

¹ Kurt A. St. Jentkiewicz.

"Nostitz! Send the doctor away! I can't stand his long face any more." Nostitz nodded.

"Please go, Doctor! Leave him alone now!" The surgeon looked distressed.

"Please go! Afterwards you can come again with your plasters and draughts, only leave him alone now."

The door closed behind the surgeon. A faint smile of satisfaction lit up the pale, bloodless face of the Prince. He closed his eyes. His small, thin hand sought the Colonel's.

"Nostitz, a huge, black bird is coming. He extends his powerful wings. I can see him. He is flying towards me, Nostitz. He is getting larger, and more powerful. And he wears a crown, Nostitz, a shining, golden crown. . . ." A fit of coughing finished the sentence.

The room was silent. Autumn sunshine poured in through the wide windows. The sunbeams, dancing through the room, wove their gold into the silver hair of the sick man.

It seemed as if the Prince felt the rays of light. He opened his eyes, tried to sit up, and moved his hand across his forehead: ". . . It was the Prussian Eagle that I saw."

Gun firing could be heard in the distance. Count Nostitz had moved over to the window again. His eyes gazed across the park, over the wide, now bare fields, to a chain of hills fading away in the bluish distance. The Battery must be over there, and on the left of it the Regiments of the Grenadiers. Nothing could be recognized. A white mist blotted out the horizon. Powder-smoke.

The Marshal moved. Spasmodically he again tried to rise. Nostitz went to his aid and propped him up with pillows.

"Open the windows! Open them, I say! Oh . . . the quack has forbidden it, has he? Let him go to the devil with his talk. Push my bed to the window, hurry up, will you! Are you going to be insubordinate at the last, eh?"

The bed stood by the window. Softly the autumn wind fanned the feverish brow of the sick man: with hard, blue eyes he scrutinized the distance.

"Where is the Artillery?" The map was in front of him. Trembling fingers moved across the black and white drawing.

"The order?" The Colonel handed him the papers.

Over there, far away in the distance, the manœuvres were in full swing. Shrapnel shells hailed, gun-firing broke the stillness, but only the white powder-smoke could be seen heavily rising towards the steel-blue sky. The noise of battle drew nearer, the shots grew louder. The Marshal's ear drank greedily this shrill music.

A few Hussars came galloping across the field with flying dolmans. Count Nostitz bent over the invalid :

"From the Prince Blücher Regiment."

The hours dragged on. The peaceful battle continued. The Marshal sat by the window and stared into the distance. Evening was drawing near. Already cold, damp mists rose from meadows and fields. Somewhere gun-carriages were being pushed across badly-pebbled pavements. Cavalry signals pierced the air. The heavy steps of marching troops could be heard.

The old, sick man listened longingly by the window.

"When will it be finished, Nostitz ?"

"About five, Your Highness."

". . . And now it is—— ?"

"Half-past four."

The firing had ceased. The marching steps faded away. The signals were mute. It was quiet in the house, and still more quiet in the park of Krieblowitz.

And still the Marshal sat by the window. He could hardly speak, but he asked question after question. The Colonel answered them patiently.

"Get your horse saddled, Nostitz ! Ride over to the Regiment, to my own, do you hear ?—And fetch the trumpet-major."

Count Nostitz went. The tramp of hoofs could be heard in the yard. The Prince waited. When the surgeon re-entered, he sent him out again with an annoyed gesture.

The first shadows of evening lay heavily over Silesia. The air was damp and cool, autumnal ; there was death in it.

Yesterday the King was here, the Prince thought : the King—he had come to say good-bye. . . .

The tramp of hoofs in the yard roused the old man from his brooding. Count Nostitz entered. He saluted.

"The first squadron of the Fifth Brandenburg Hussar Regiment Prince Blücher is here !"

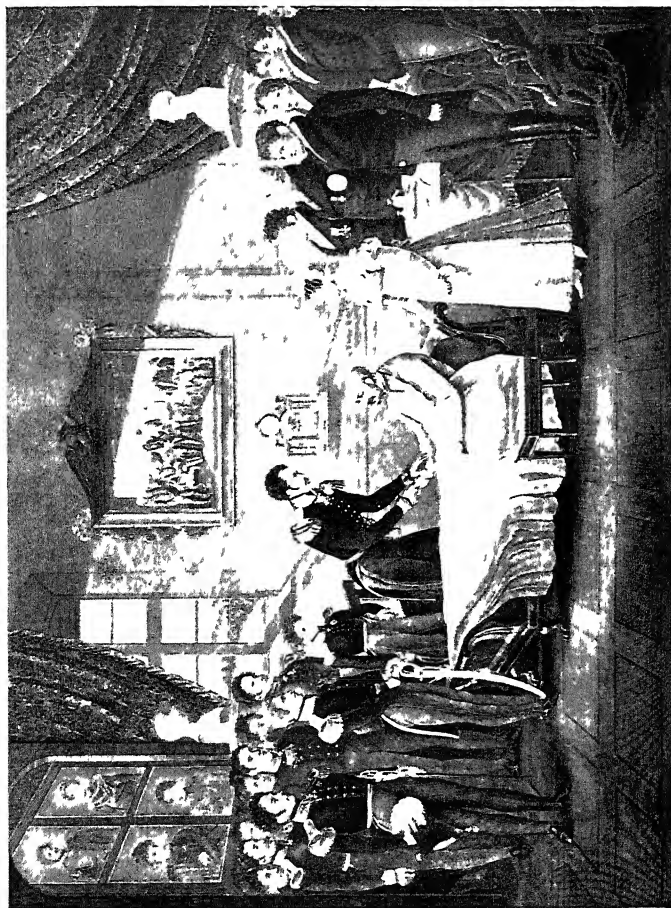
The old man nodded. His gaze wandered to the open window. The tired body grew more erect, the dying eyes shone.

"My cap, Nostitz !" He held the faded grey cloth with the blue stripe and the cross of the militia in his hand, and put it on his white hair.

"Your broadsword, Nostitz !" The Colonel put it across the table.

Outside in the fading light stood the squadron of Blücher Hussars, and on the left the band of the Regiment.

The Cavalry Captain von Stuelpnagel announced himself.



KING FREDERICK WILLIAM III OF PRUSSIA TAKING LEAVE OF
MARSHAL VORWÄRTS, SEPTEMBER, 1819

From the picture at Krieblowitz

The Marshal thanked him. He could hardly see now. His eyes were moist. He waved with a feeble hand. His trembling lips whispered: "Let the *Advance* be blown. It shall sound as it did then."

Exciting and clear the Prussian signal sounded: Ligny: Waterloo . . .

The Marshal was sinking. . . . "And now the *Retreat*."

Outside the Hussars turned and rode away.

Nostitz closed the window. The surgeon entered. It was hopeless now for the sick man to protest against his medicaments. The Prince kept his eyes closed. His white hair gleamed underneath the old cap of *La Belle Alliance*. A tired smile flickered across the features of the dying lion.

His last fight lasted three hours, and then a soldier's heart ceased to beat.

And on the evening of that 12th September, 1819, the strain of the old *Retreat* sounded sorrowfully over the glowing watch fires of two Army Corps.

Marshal *Vorwärts* was dead.

CHAPTER THREE

MY IMMEDIATE FORBEARS

I

PLAINLY the supreme disappointment old *Vorwärts'* life was the fate of his elder son—the husband of the “Gipsy Queen.” Blücher was a faithful and devoted husband to Amalie von Colomb, doing everything possible to forward the interests of her family, especially those of her brothers ; providing carefully and wisely for all her needs and the needs of his children ; turning to her more and more in the creeping loneliness of old age. Yet the conviction is inescapable that his inmost heart was with Karolina, his first love, her son Franz, and the two “young Herrs ” as he called Franz’s sons, Gebhard and Gustav. The old Field-Marshal’s letters to Amalie somehow convey the impression that she was at times a little tiresome, exacting and vexatious ; when he was carrying the full weight of a great campaign on his none too young shoulders she would bother him about trivial happenings, complain of loneliness and boredom, and demand repeatedly when he was coming home. They were many years married before she bore him their only child, which died in infancy. Naturally enough, therefore, his whole thoughts and plans for the future and continuance of his name centred around Franz. He, however, only survived his famous father by ten melancholy years,¹ passed in a seclusion necessitated

¹ The Field-Marshal died in September 1819 ; Count Franz died in October 1829.

by the after effects of the head wounds—following earlier serious wounds—received at Peterswalde.

The Field-Marshal's eldest grandson Gebhard Bernhard, whom von Jägersfeld described to old *Vorwärts* as "wild," was handsome, popular, with agreeable manners, and was, particularly in his youth, a great ladies' man. A quarrel with an actor arising out of a love affair resulted in the actor's death. Gebhard found it advisable to journey hastily into Austria and settle there for a time. In 1832 he made a wise marriage and settled down. The lady was Countess Marie Larisch von Moennich; she brought into the family a large dowry, the magnificent estate of Radun consisting of the castle and some thirty thousand acres in Austrian Silesia, a strain of Irish blood—and Roman Catholicism. Till then all the Blüchers had been Protestant; Gebhard Bernhard never adopted his wife's faith but, as is inevitable in such circumstances, the children were brought up as Catholics.

It is therefore because of Countess Marie that I went to Stonyhurst instead of to Oxford.

Gebhard Bernhard, who was able and ambitious, now set about consolidating the family fortunes on a sound basis. He entailed his estates, began to enlarge and improve Krieblowitz, and transform the Blücher Palais in Berlin: originally purchased from the Crown by Count Hatzfeldt for the modest sum of three thousand pounds, it was only a moderately-sized house surrounded with large gardens when a grateful country presented it to old *Vorwärts*; it occupied a wonderful position near the Brandenburger Tor and the Field-Marshal's grandson spent about three years and three hundred thousand pounds transforming it into one of the very finest private palaces in Berlin. Krieblowitz, originally a fortress, was sold to the Premonstratensian monks in 1350, and remained their property until

1810 when, at the suppression of the monasteries, it fell to the Crown. It was, and is, surrounded by water ; Gebhard Bernhard drained all the neighbouring land, improved the house and estate, and made of it a very desirable and attractive residence. For his day and generation he was a really astute and able business man ; his wife, equally good at business, seconded him in every way. The Larisches, possessing enormous coal mines, were all very wealthy, knew the value of money in consolidating rank and position, and, like the Blüchers, came of ancient Silesian noble stock.

Old *Vorwärts* had a great affection for Wahlstatt ¹ ; Gebhard Bernhard therefore begged the King to revive, and make hereditary, the style of Serene Highness and the title of Prince Blücher of Wahlstatt, which was eventually done.² He then purchased the Castle and estate of that name in Silesia ; Wahlstatt always interested me, and I shall have more to say about it later.

My grandfather now possessed three or four fine estates, a magnificent town house in Berlin and great wealth ; his princely title had been made secure and, if worldly success and money make for happiness, he should have been a very happy man.

Looking back I am inclined to think that it would have been better if we had remained simple Prussian nobles and not joined the great princely families of the Empire.

Be that as it may, the building and other extravagances of my grandfather were not approved by his son, my father, who hated the palace in Berlin and said it was much too big for anyone to live in : at any rate the palace (and all that it stood for) led to quarrels

¹ I.e. Liegnitz.

² In 1861.

between my father and grandfather and indirectly shadowed my whole life.

The Field-Marshal's youngest grandson, Gustav, whom von Jägersfeld described as being "serious and taller than his brother," interests me greatly because he married an English lady. His wife¹ was Madeline Dallas, daughter of Sir Robert Dallas,² a distinguished lawyer; one of the three who so honourably and ably defended Warren Hastings; he later became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and a Privy Councillor. He married twice, his first wife being Charlotte, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Jardine; and his second Giustina Davidson of Tulloch Castle in Ross-shire: Madeline was his second daughter by Giustina. Great-uncle Gustav was for many years Master of Ceremonies to the Empress Frederick, and his wife Madeline became her lady-in-waiting. Born an Englishwoman Countess Gustav admirably filled this difficult post and became very intimate with the Empress; both she and her husband are mentioned in the *Letters of the Empress Frederick*,³ edited by Sir Frederick Ponsonby.

II

We now come to my father the third Prince⁴ Blücher of Wahlstatt and the fourth in direct descent from Marshal *Vorwärts*. He married three times and his first wife, my mother, was Princess Marie of Lobkowitz. The marriage took place in 1860.

¹ They had only one child, a beautiful girl who married in 1853, at Baden-Baden, Count Max von Schmettow, and died childless a year later.

² 1756-1824.

³ Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London, 1929.

⁴ Gebhard Lebrecht, 1836-1916.

There were five children, two girls and three boys, I being the third child, and eldest son. My mother died in the midst of the Franco-Prussian war at the early age of twenty-nine, when I was only five years old.

Her loss to me was irreparable, and its sadness has followed me throughout my whole life. Had she lived my father and I would most probably never have become permanently estranged. The possibilities of such estrangements are very great where the first wife dies leaving children ; her successors being apt to see in them encumbrances standing in the way of the prosperity of their own offspring.

In the German language we never write I with a capital letter, but we always write you, your or thine with one. The English use of the capital letter for the first person singular seems to give it a prominence that sounds egotistical ; nevertheless, writing in English I can do no other and, as the English invariably do, I shall begin at the beginning.

On a July day in 1865 I was born at the castle of Radun in Austrian Silesia, or so the records assure me, because I have no recollection of that event. It is curious in a way that none of us can realize the moment of our birth, and but few of us the moment of our death.

All my brothers and sisters came into the world between 1862 and 1868 ; except Ferdinand the youngest, who first saw the light at Stauding the Radun dower-house, we were all born in Schloss Radun itself : my sisters Marie and Karolina first, and my brothers Gustave and Ferdinand last ; coming in the middle, I had always playmates and friends and this added greatly to the happiness of my childhood. The first and last born, or so it seems to me, are generally somewhat at a disadvantage : one is apt to have to

shoulder leadership and responsibility too soon ; the other is in danger of remaining a baby too long. I don't know if we were born too quickly one after the other ; my mother was never robust, and the strain may well have been too great for her.

My recollections of my mother, in some ways very shadowy, are in other ways extraordinarily vivid and alive. Nevertheless, for impressions of her as she lived and moved amongst us, bearing with sweetness and Christian resignation the certain knowledge that she must soon leave us alone and comparatively unprotected, I am indebted to the pen of my second sister Karolina¹ who writes as follows :

The place of my birth was the beautifully situated castle, Radun bei Troppau, in Silesia of Austria. There my parents lived until the renovation of Stauding castle was finished ; my brothers and my sister were all born there, with the exception of my youngest brother Ferdinand, who came into the world in Stauding. When I was about three or fours years old we settled over to Stauding.

I have very little recollection of my earliest childhood in Radun. Of my grandmother Larisch I always think as of a most amiable and kind old lady. Visits in Radun, later on, were full of pleasure for us ; the fine great park was splendid for our plays, the woods were adjoining and delightful for us. I remember a visit of my grandmother and grandfather Lobkowitz to Stauding and how kind they were for us, and how pleased we were to be dressed up as little angels, my sister and I, before entering the drawing-room after dinner. A startling episode stands still fresh before me of our life in Stauding. We were all assembled in my mother's drawing-room, playing there ; when, suddenly, my brother Gebhard, a very handsome little boy, fell down from the top of the back of a sofa on which he was climbing, and, sliding down, knocked himself badly at the side of the head, and lay, white and half-fainting, on the floor, the blood trickling down over his face ; my mother grew pale with fright and sank down on the sofa. Fortunately my brother had not hurt himself seriously.

Of the year 1866, when the war between Germany and Austria

¹ Karolina Marie Anna Melanie, b. December 29, 1863 ; m. August 22, 1882, Ludwig Count Strachwitz who d. in 1928.

began, and my father had to leave us to join the German troops, I remember an incident. We were assembled in the balcony of the castle of Stauding, my mother crying, we children grouped around quite affrighted, and my father reciting with a grave face the poem of a heavily wounded cuirassier cavalry soldier, riding alone in the moonlit night.

I was also interested in the walling up of silver and fine porcelain in wall niches for security at the beginning of the war.

When my father was gone we drove to our grandparents in Radun and stayed there during the war-time. A dear remembrance is that of an old English lady, Miss Cecilia Livesay ; she was kindness itself and loved us dearly. She related many incidents of my grandmother's life ; and was most devotedly attached to her, acting as her *dame d'honneur* or companion. Often, she told me, that she regretted that my grandmother married my grandfather, for whom Cecilia had rather a dislike. My grandmother, a Countess Larisch-Moennich, had inherited the numerous fine estates of her mother, who was very rich. Cecilia found that my grandmother lived very agreeably and independently. When she married my grandfather, who was a handsome amiable gentleman, she was no more very young.

Cecilia had spent her girlhood on one of the Antilles, I believe San Domingo, by a rich aunt who had possessions there. It was the time before the abolition of slavery and the islands in greatest culture and bloom. She described a sumptuous life there. She also knew thrilling stories of the Indian Mutiny.

I was told that my mother went daily down to the village church to hear the very early Mass for my father during war-time, no bad weather detained her, although she was in the family way with my brother Gustave. My father came with the German troops close to the estates of my grandparents and was ordered to make requisitions for the troops.

After the war we returned to Stauding ; it is a romantic castle, about two hours from Radun.

When I was five years of age our parents brought my sister to me to the Sacré-Coeur convent in Vienna, where we remained for about two years, whilst my parents were staying in Italy, where my dear mother got an affection of the lungs and died in Rome. Then our father brought us to Stauding from Vienna and from there to a nice villa in Charlottenburg *bei* Berlin ; now the new part of the town covers the place. My brothers were taken to Italy with my parents at the time they were there. In Charlottenburg we had quite a pleasant time and a garden to play in. We always had a

French and a German governess to learn the languages, a chaplain called Father Jacks was also engaged for instruction, and a master came daily for certain hours whose name was Herr Pappenfuss. When my grandfather died we settled over to Krieblowitz.

Our visits in Radun we liked very much. The rooms are big and light and the dining-hall, then decorated with large and beautiful paintings of the wives of Napoleon and his brothers, was very stately. My grandmother had a good Austrian cook. My grandmother rose late, always appeared to dinner dressed in black silk. She was never really handsome, but her dear face had a very, very kind expression, she always gave us some loving words and looks, and she was always occupied with some woolwork. I see her still, going down the hill to Church in a long mantilla of black lace. Walking home she spread her alms to a row of poor people standing at the wayside. She was a very charitable lady. Visitors came at times from Troppau, especially Countess Sylva Tarouca, who was a Larisch of Friestadt. For years Baroness Hauer, née Countess Larisch-Moennich, my grandmother's elder sister, lived in Troppau; her daughters were Ida Countess Falkenhayn of Kyowitz in the neighbourhood, and Rosa Countess Frankenberg of Alt Warthau in Prussian Silesia. We often went to see old Aunt Hauer, she resided in my grandmother's house in Troppau. I remember long drives in closed carriages in the summer heat to Troppau—my grandmother and Cecilia drove only in closed carriages—a pair of quite old white horses trotted very slowly and one felt quite drowsy and sleepy. Sitting with grandmother I heard many a description of the tumults of 1848 and the emancipation of the peasants from forced labour.

My grandfather I remember well from a visit to Charlottenburg, sitting amongst us children with such a kind face. Unfortunately there were deep dissensions and grievances between him and my father, also between him and my grandmother. In Radun we were at times quite startled with the sound of father's loud voice in controversies with his mother, when she was a widow. My father's brother, Gustav, had great disagreements with him. A very capable man for diplomacy and society life in the great world, and always beautifully dressed—which my father was not—my uncle was no business man at all, and squandered lots of money, specially in enterprises on his large estate, Germakówka in Galicia, which he inherited from his aunt Countess Puckler, who died childless; she was a sister of my grandmother. Gustav, my grandmother preferred to my father, and there was in the last years much dissension from this cause. My uncle died young, in consequence of a wound

at the throat, that he brought from the war of 1870-1871—not through a shot, but by other war circumstances: my father and he were reconciled at his deathbed.

I remember Radun as a castle full of *sun* and *light* and comfort; only some rooms below, the former apartment of my parents, and a long dark corridor, were rather gloomy, and strange sounds at night in that part of the castle made the impression of it being haunted. Our meals were very comfortable in Radun; we all assembled in the stately dining-hall around a big round table. Breakfast, with excellent honey and toasts, and best coffee and cream, in little jugs or pots of brown faience, each person having their own portion. Cecilia Livesay sat at the big tea-tray in the middle of us and made the best tea at supper-time. Rarely my grandmother came to supper, she only entered a moment to the end of the meal and drank some cream with sugar, sitting aside. She was very well cared for by Cecilia Livesay and a maid called Beata, a former nun.

We were only from time to time in Radun, else always in Krieblowitz. Especially during vacations we stayed in Radun. I remember romping in the park with my brothers and my sister Marie, my sister frightening us, dressed in a long black mantilla with a white mask over her face.

Many elder servants spoke of our good mother, who must have been cherished by all the household persons. She was deeply pious, gentle and kind, also very beautiful. A splendid oil painting of her decorates the staircase landing of the castle before the dining hall; it is made by the celebrated portraiteur Lauchert, representing her in diadem and white lace dress with rose-coloured long court train of moirée silk embroidered with silver. It is a splendid picture, in full height.

My mother was a blessing for all her family.

Uncle Gustav ¹ owned a fine property called Germa-kówka in Galicia. Gustav, who had a good streak of the obstinacy of old *Vorwärts*, having very unwisely quarrelled with his superiors, left the Diplomatic Service; he had the imagination that can project great schemes, but not the experienced executive ability that can carry them to a successful issue. He devised a wonderful—and quite tenable—plan for

¹ 1837-1881.

opening up trade with Russia in wool and timber and built a fine fleet of steamers for the huge trade he envisaged on the river Dniester. The whole thing was a failure ; Gustav—or so it was said—also mismanaged his Germakówka estates. His elder brother, my father, as brothers will, considered that he had a right to criticize and find fault. My grandmother sided with Uncle Gustav, so there were endless family dissensions and discussions which, unfortunately, spilled over into the succeeding generation. Instead of ending with my grandfather's death in 1875 these quarrels survived, in one form or another, as an unholy legacy.

III

And now I come to my own recollections of those early years.

When I was four years old my mother was taken to the baths of Lucca in Lombardy, and thus Italy in all its loveliness is one of my earliest impressions ; and there I saw her for the last time. For some reason it was later on decided to remove her to Rome and during those last months at Lucca she kept a diary, almost too poignant to read, in which she recorded her grief at leaving her young children, her anxiety for their future, her nervousness concerning their father's strange, indeed baffling, character and personality.

One day she had us all in to her room to say good-bye ; it was the last time we saw her and, whether communicated to me by my mother or not I do not know, but I clearly remember my feelings of apprehension and loss. I daresay some of this vividness concerning my mother was gained subsequently from reading her diary ; be that as it may, a pervading

sense of her personality and of my own loss has never entirely left me.

After the death of our mother we were taken to our villa at Charlottenburg on the outskirts of Berlin and placed in the care of Monika, our faithful Bohemian nurse. A simple peasant from the neighbourhood of Radun, she spoke only Bohemian and taught us to say at night a little prayer in that language. Although I can speak seven languages I am not ashamed to confess that even now I still repeat regularly those simple words : nothing can wipe from my memory that little Bohemian prayer.

The visits of my father to Charlottenburg aroused a mixture of joy and dread, for we never quite knew what his mood would be, and everyone, especially children, fears what they cannot understand. However, we dutifully welcomed my father and felt so proud when he played games with us or took us for rides in the Tiergarten. He would often accompany us in our walks, talking to us of country pursuits, and thus developing simultaneously our love and knowledge of nature. In the evenings he would on occasions romp with us just like one of ourselves. Then suddenly, in the middle of a game, or even during a quiet country stroll, he would break into a storm of anger and vituperation which we could neither understand nor cope with. Yet, in spite of this failing, he had a way of commanding both love and respect from all with whom he came in contact.

Our earliest experiences of governesses and tutors were not altogether happy. They seemed always to be changing ; and very often their characters were shoddy, seeking to curry favour with my father by gossip and tale-bearing. When that happened there remained only Monika to whom we could always turn in trust. However, in course of time these

people passed out of our lives, leaving little behind them save some vaguely unhappy memories.

Then came into our lives Pater Jacks, a Jesuit priest, chaplain to my father and our tutor; and, about the same time, Miss Rickard our English governess. And who shall measure all that we owed to these two dear people! Pater Jacks was a university man and a gentleman, and gave myself and my brothers Gustave and Ferdinand of his best. He was tall, thin, cultured, ascetic-looking, with fine clear-cut features: he stooped rather and was delicate. His deep, penetrating eyes would soften with an expression of great tenderness when listening patiently to our boyish troubles; or they would harden with grim determination when advising, or if necessary reproving, my father on some matter about which they differed. There was nothing of the time-server or men-pleaser about Pater. He remained our tutor until we were all ready for the University and was then given one of the family livings at Polsnitz some five miles from Krieblowitz. There we all went often to see him and, when abroad, kept up a regular correspondence with him until his death.¹

Pater Jacks was the most outstanding influence of my boyhood and youth, indeed of my whole life. I owe him more than I can say; I see him as the arch-type of the thousands of faithful but unfamed guardians of boyhood and youth. Such men are to be found in the schools of every country; unselfseeking, mostly unrewarded, they transmit from generation to generation the little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump. I was, perhaps, Pater's favourite pupil; he had a true understanding of my sensitive character and, as I was the heir to the title, he looked upon it as his

¹ June 17, 1889.

chief business to make me worthy of my name and family. He stimulated my ambition, developed my inclination for study and, better still, sowed a deep religious feeling in my soul. With the simplicity of a saint Pater combined not a little worldly wisdom and I owe to him all the happiness I enjoyed in work and play throughout my earlier years. Having a somewhat exaggerated idea of my capabilities he always urged me on and perhaps, quite unintentionally, overstrained me a little. Not the least of his services to our family was his constant effort to link me and my father together in a communion of spirit and love, never hesitating to remonstrate with my father when one of his outbursts seemed to make remonstrance wise or necessary.

Miss Helena Rickard, governess to my sisters, was as popular with them as she was with my brothers and myself. A bright, lively young woman, fair, very robust and with a certain simplicity of appearance, her nature made her inclined for an occasional flirtation. In this mood she would look round for a visitor, or perhaps an employee, on whom to exercise her harmless wiles. Only once or twice did she descend to tale-bearing in order to curry favour with my father. But her general attitude to us all was one of consistent loyalty and affection and, boys and girls, we all loved her and kept in touch with her as long as she lived. Helena Rickard had a predecessor, a Miss Green, of whom I remember little; there was also a Mademoiselle Ballard, a French governess. Amongst the servants, one of our favourites was my father's valet who had been his orderly during the War of 1866. He would sometimes accompany us on our rides in the Tiergarten when my father was unable to do so. My father himself, somewhat roughly, taught us to swim well; we all rode well,

especially Ferdinand ; and we were taught gymnastics, dancing, drawing and many other things.

Some excitement was at times introduced into our lives at Charlottenburg by visits to the Bellevue Palace to play with the young members of the Imperial family. There we would also meet other children of our own age and set. At Easter-time we would make expeditions to search for artificial eggs. The Heir to the Throne (afterwards the Emperor William II) as the eldest always took the lead ; we all stood a little in awe of him as simple, childish pastimes did not appeal to him. He preferred something superior and difficult, his favourite game at that time being Latin proverbs ! Once at a children's party at the Crown Prince's Palace my youngest brother Ferdinand got no cake. He promptly set up a great row, yelling steadily until the governesses of the young Princesses Charlotte, Victoria, Sophie and " Mossy " (Margaret), amended the disorder by telling the footmen to bring back the cakes. The explanation of their premature removal being that the footmen stole all the food they could lay hands on and sold it in and around Potsdam.

I shall interject here Karolina's excellent account of our relationships during childhood with the younger members of the German Imperial family.

Our intercourse with the children of the Crown Prince I still remember clearly. My sister Mary and I were kindly invited to share the dancing lessons of Princess Victoria. She was somewhat of our age and very kind and nice to us. We drove to Berlin with our governess on the days of the lessons, I believe once in the week. Princess Victoria and her younger brother Prince Waldemar, the very nice English governess of the Princess, a Miss Bing, and the dancing master, were the group assembled with us for these lessons. The dancing master, Herr Rönisch, was a tall, most slim, elderly gentleman, playing a fiddle, while dancing with great agility and bouncing and jumping before us. The Princess Victoria danced

gracefully and I being successful with my performances, used to dance hand-in-hand with her ; we practised a queer jumping step, with crossing of the feet, which the master called *pas de basque*, now quite out of fashion. The little Prince Waldemar hated dancing lessons, and we were amused at the tricks he played, hiding under the table ; he was a pretty, very health-looking boy, full of life and glee, and fun and tricks. We were all so sorry when he was taken away soon after by diphtheria.¹ A word about Miss Bing : a tall, very distinguished and kind lady, also good-looking and elegant, charming for us, I always admired how nicely she often reminded Princess Victoria to be most polite and attentive to us ; for instance by the afternoon tea, which we also partook there (some time after the excellent lunch) very good English toast was set on the table and she kindly told the Princess to leave some of the best pieces to us. I still see the Princess Victoria before me, a nice fresh girl, with abundance of golden hair and big blue eyes, gay and happy—and can hardly conceive her very sad end. As widow of the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, and a very elderly lady, she married with the terrible Russian dancer Zoubkov ; she lost all her fortune and died almost in poverty.

We were all, including my brothers, often invited to large tea-parties at the Palace of the Crown Prince ; and every year went searching for Easter eggs in the Park ! They were of course previously concealed for this purpose. My dearest brother Gebhard was most successful in finding them and on one occasion had arms full of pretty nests with all sorts of sugar and chocolate eggs, when the Crown Prince Frederick, who came to see the children, met him and was vastly amused by the load of nests Gebhard could hardly keep together in his arms. Once, at such a tea-party the Crown Princess Victoria (afterwards the Empress Frederick) came to us for a while and danced very amiably and gaily with some of the children. She was so good-looking and a picture of health at the time ; I remember the pretty bunch of fresh spring flowers she held in her hand and her nice dress. I also played often with pretty Princess Sophie who was afterwards Queen of Greece.² . . .

¹ Prince Joachim Frederick Ernest Waldemar, 4th son and 6th child of the Crown Prince Frederick ; b. February 10, 1868, d. March 27, 1879.

² Died in Frankfurt, Jan. 14, 1932.

IV

To make a true and fair picture of a near relative is probably quite impossible : one is much too near to everything. Things are inevitably all out of proportion because one's memory is often at fault ; some events assume undue prominence because of certain, possibly quite fortuitous, accompanying circumstances ; worst of all, one's own reactions are never stable, being conditioned by limitations of temperament and character, and even by our health and surroundings. Above all, a father, however intimate and loving, reveals so little of his true self to his children. A mother, I think, can, and does, more frequently become really known to her offspring, but a father is too often imprisoned by reticences, conventional or merely personal.

I could never understand my father's dislike, almost detestation, of music. It was never heard in his house and the sound of a musical instrument was enough to send him into a violent rage. Then he had no appreciation of the beauty of art ; while flowers meant nothing to him. Indeed in most of his gardens the flower-beds were removed and potatoes or other useful vegetables planted in their stead !

On the other hand he was deeply religious. A devout Catholic he was frequently to be seen in Church absorbed in prayer. He had a private Chapel in each of his houses and always maintained a *Schloss Kaplan* or private Chaplain. He liked to read evening prayers in a low, reverent voice and, emerging from his devotions, would fly into a rage about some trivial thing such as catching sight of a trespasser, or even a poor peasant woman gathering dead firewood in the Park ! At Krieblowitz our guests were often amused by the many stones bearing inscriptions such

as "Trespassers prosecuted"; "Five Marks fine for anyone found trespassing on this path"; "Ten Marks fine for anyone trespassing along this path," and so on. The amount of the fine apparently being graded by the length of the path. All things considered he treated his servants well. But he would not, perhaps could not, bear opposition or contradiction. We had a dear old devoted servant called Franz who served my father faithfully for many years. In the end his love for us children caused him on one occasion to stand up to my father and upbraid him for his bullying ways. There was a terrible scene; the argument became fierce and heated and ended by Franz being dismissed at a moment's notice.

In modern psychological jargon my father was obsessed by delusions of grandeur. He always insisted on being addressed as Your Serene Highness; indeed "H.S.H." became his nickname. He had a deeply rooted notion that it was his life's mission to aggrandize the house of Blücher, and was convinced that his chief business in life was not only to glorify it and increase its importance in this world—but even in the next! His children were to serve as means to this great end and because, later on, I could not lend myself to his silly dreams of grandeur deep dissensions arose between us. In Germany the eldest son of the reigning Prince often has the courtesy title of *Erbprinz* or heir apparent. My father wanted this for me and wrote to the Emperor (William II) asking for it. It was bluntly refused. The Emperor, who often unwisely made remarks to others, being reported to have said: "If I granted this request it would not satisfy him; very soon he would want something else because he has inherited from his ancestors an incessant appetite for demanding favours." This was of course immediately reported by a kindly friend to

my father and, from that moment, he began to hate the Emperor, the Court and all its etiquette and officials. Gradually he started paying longer and more frequent visits to England and Radun. Historic pictures and valuables were removed from the Blücher Palace in Berlin—not to Krieblowitz, for that there might have been some excuse—but always to his Austrian Castle. No doubt the Emperor—who was always a little jealous of Austria and the Emperor Francis Joseph—heard this, and it increased his anger. It had been conveyed to my father that the Napoleonic pictures “collected” by old *Vorwärts* in reality belonged to the Prussian people, so he promptly had copies made for the Blücher Palais and had all the originals moved to Radun. There was a long and tedious legal case about this, which my father must have thoroughly enjoyed, as he was one of those incomprehensible people who love litigation.

Amongst my father's most marked and unusual oddities was a feud with the whole world, which he even extended to his ancestors! He declared that Marshal *Vorwärts* was utterly wasteful and extravagant, squandering his substance instead of investing it in gilt-edged securities as he himself was doing and would continue to do; his father, the second Prince, he considered even more blameworthy because of the vast sums he spent in building and buying houses. To my father the Blücher Palais stood as a monument of those evil ways; consequently he hated it. At the funeral of the old Emperor William I in 1888, he even went so far as to place seats on the roof from which strangers were allowed for a consideration to view the procession. He went round himself collecting money for the seats. This made everyone angry, more especially as the house was a gift from the nation, and as a result he succeeded in collecting

very little. From this onward his feuds, the amassing of money, and the escaping of taxation became the three ruling passions of his life. Friendly visits to his children became rarer and rarer ; he disappeared on mysterious journeys, no one knew where. Later it was discovered that they were mostly to London about his money-making activities, which were continually being extended.

Like most of us, he could be extraordinarily inconsistent because, as a measure of economy, he would frequently close up his houses and travel for weeks at a time, staying at hotels with a retinue of twenty or thirty servants. Strictly speaking Radun was the residence of his mother until her death. But when she took sides with my uncle Gustav (as my sister Karolina has already related) at the time he lost so much money, my father removed her to Italy, curtailed her allowance, and she (the real owner of Radun and all its wealth and magnificence) had to exist as best she could at the Hotel Danieli in Venice on a pittance of two hundred a year. Or so the story goes. Personally I doubt if even in those days she could have lived in the Danieli on this sum.

My father invested money in land on the banks of the Nile which is the property of his younger children to this day ; he also invested in Egyptian cotton growing ; made money ; lost money ; was robbed ; remained unhappy, frustrated and dissatisfied all his life.

How all this affected me is rather curious. My father's fantastic pride centred in me as the eldest son and heir, and often led to his neglecting his other children. I was to combine great financial and social success as no member of his family had ever done before. Consequently my boyhood was unfairly curtailed ; I was overworked and crammed ; rushed

through school and three universities ; forced to take a prominent part in social functions in Vienna and elsewhere before I was of an age fully to grasp what was expected of me.

In my dread of disappointing my father I never complained, worked like a horse, did my best to fulfil his childish ambitions. The great, inward things of life that matter my father never even mentioned to me.

V

After our parents, relations, and ancestry nothing leaves such a permanent impression on any character as the homes in which one lived when young. Charlottenburg I remember rather as a place than as a home which proves, I think, that it was not entirely congenial. During grandfather's lifetime Stauding, the dower-house at Radun, was our country home and of it I have very happy recollections. All the same, as I was only nine when grandfather died, Krieblowitz was really my boyhood's home. I came to know and love it and its surroundings as one can only love the spot where every room and scene is saturated with early memories both grave and gay.

Krieblowitz, originally a fortress, was sold by the State to the Premonstratensians in 1350. These monks held it for five centuries during which time it was occasionally used as a shooting-box or let off for other purposes. In 1702 it came into the hands of the Benedictines who reconstructed it. There are weather cocks bearing that date there now. The Benedictines owned the place until the 1810 Prussian expropriation, when it became Crown property. In 1815 it was presented to the old Field-Marshal.

The room used by old *Vorwärts* is situated in one

corner, on the upper floor, the central block of the mansion being only two stories high ; it is part of an arched cloister overlooking a quadrangle ; its windows face due south with a fine view over a small lake and beyond to Mount Zobten. It was to these windows that, during his last illness, the Field-Marshal used to have his bed drawn up quite close in order that his failing sight might linger on the vista he so loved. Beyond Mount Zobten in the distance perhaps he could envisage the portals of eternity.

To-day, the arches of the cloister are filled in with glass, but at that time they were open to the winds so that, in the wild Silesian winter, snow and rain would often drift into the bedroom—even on to the old Field-Marshal's bed. Tradition has it that this bed, which is large and Empire in style, was taken from the Castle of St. Cloud. Alongside the bed stands the arm-chair so much used at the end of his life by old *Vorwärts*. Originally covered with tapestry, it has now a plain material over the back and seat to prevent tourists taking piece by piece what is left of the original upholstery ! One tradition has it that the Field-Marshal died sitting in this chair ; another that he died in his bed.

The room is large and almost square, with a good-sized tiled stove at one end. A massive wardrobe stands against one wall, inside which is a zinc bath, hanging from a nail ; for use this had to be pulled out on to the floor. There is also a long settee, and eight upholstered chairs with wooden backs all covered in the same fashion as the arm-chair. Down the centre of the room runs a long painted deal dining-table which can be extended by loose leaves. On this the body of the Field-Marshal lay on being embalmed after his death.

Round the walls hang eight portraits in oils, repre-



SCHLOSS KRIßBÜHL

senting his beloved elder son Franz, his A.D.C.'s, and his house doctor, and, hanging near the door, is the old-fashioned string-coloured bell rope with its large tassel at the end. Only very occasionally was this called into use, as the Field-Marshal preferred to shout his orders in campaign fashion. An outstanding feature of the room is four card-tables in Empire style, on which many fortunes were lost and won. The chief games played in those days were euchre and "*meine tante, deine tante*," (literally, "I kill your aunt, you kill mine"), a game resembling baccarat.

As has already been mentioned, the estate of Wahlstatt, together with the *Schloss* belonging to the property, was bought by my grandfather in memory of the battles fought and won there by the Field-Marshal.¹ The second Napoleonic Campaign, known as the Silesian Campaign, was ended at Wahlstatt (or Liegnitz) and in the districts surrounding it. At that time, only one-third of Blücher's army was made up of Prussians, the remaining two-thirds being Russian. It was in a field on the banks of the River Katzbach that Blücher roundly defeated the French under Macdonald on August 26, 1813. The spot had long been sacred in Prussian history because quite near it in 1241 Duke Henry the Pious of Liegnitz defeated the heathen Mongolians there. Henry was killed and his mother Saint Hedwig erected a Chapel in his memory. Later the Monastery and Church of Wahlstatt was built by the Benedictines upon the site of Hedwig's Chapel.

The Monastery Church, which is still standing, resembles a Cathedral in size and beauty, and even now contains frescoes of great merit painted by the monks. When all the monasteries were seized in 1810 and appropriated by the Prussians, the Castle of Wahl-

¹ See page 62 *ante*.

statt became part of the Prussian Military Academy and remained so until the Revolution of 1918 when it was converted into a secular School, which it now is. The Church, however, has remained in Catholic hands.

My grandfather never lived in the old Monastery, but in a modern house near by ; this house is now the residence of the General Director or Estate Agent. The presentation of the living belongs to the head of the house of Blücher ; as does the great responsibility of keeping the huge fabric of the remarkable Church in good repair.

●

CHAPTER FOUR
BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

I

AS the College system, such a marked and invaluable characteristic of Oxford and Cambridge, does not exist on the Continent, going to the University there is very different from doing the same thing in England. In the year 1881, when I was only sixteen years old, I was sent to the University of Prague. I was delighted to be in this lovely old historic city, the ancient capital of Bohemia, the country of my mother. I lived in his Palace on the famous Hradschin with my uncle Prince Lobkowitz,¹ and his eldest son Ferdinand, whom we called Zdenko, a quiet, studious boy, who became my lifelong friend. We had as fellow-students and companions the Windisch-Graetz boys, Franz and Karl, the Schwarzenberg and the Auersperg boys, all of whom lived in the famous and magnificent Palaces that bore their family names. We went to odd lectures at the University when we felt so inclined. It was my first taste of freedom and as such I shall never forget it. I was out to enjoy myself and in those days the fashionable way of doing that was to indulge in ceaseless activity, horse-play and ragging. I made at Prague the first great and enduring friendships of my life. Amongst the students was Gottfried Clam-Martinitz. I instinctively adopted

¹ Maurice, 8th Prince, 1831-1903 : m. 1857 Marie Anna, d. of Frederick, 3rd Prince of Oettingen-Wallerstein.

him as my ideal and hero, and that I was not wrong is proved by the fact that he grew to be a fine politician and a great sportsman. It is significant that he had English blood in his veins as his grandfather, General Count Clam-Martinitz who was A.D.C. General to the Emperor of Austria, married Selina, daughter of Lord Clanwilliam.¹ Gottfried was extremely good to look at and always received from the ladies more than his fair share of attention. With him are specially linked in friendship in my memory my cousin Zdenko Lobkowitz who, somewhat reserved, did not always join in or approve of our pranks. I don't know that I was so keen on such things myself, but I was young and inexperienced and was *mit hinein gerissen*—swept along by the verve and energy of my companions.

I remember a wild night drive with Karl Schwarzenberg,² his brother Fido (Friedrich) and Count Fortunatus Oberndorff.³ Leaving Zdenko Lobkowitz quietly at home we purloined his sleigh and a pair of ponies. Karl having put one of his own saddle-horses to a small racing sleigh, we decided to go and pay a visit to Bubeneč, the Crown Prince Rudolph's deer park near Prague. It used to be closed by a heavy gate in the wall about ten o'clock; needless to say the hour of our arrival was long after that, nearer one o'clock! The night was dark though it was lighted up to some extent by the surrounding whiteness. Schwarzenberg, partly blinded by the snow, did not notice that the gate was closed and drove against it full tilt, breaking both shafts off his sleigh. The horse was thrown, but luckily escaped serious damage. Meantime Oberndorff, driving the heavier sleigh and pair, in trying to avoid Karl, barged right

¹ Richard, 2nd Earl, 1766–1805: his daughter married in 1821.

² Afterwards (in 1904) the 4th Prince of the younger branch.

³ b. 1862.

into a snowdrift, where he stuck. The general entanglement was hopeless—our only hope of salvation lay in obtaining help from the neighbouring village of Bubeneč. We left Oberndorff in charge of the sleighs and plodded on foot through the snow for a mile or so to the village, noted for its "Young Czech" activities. We routed out the ostler of a small public-house, ordered some cold food and a glass of beer and, after a great to-do and much bad language, managed to secure and dispatch the desired help.

Fido Schwarzenberg, who was a direct descendant of Field-Marshal Schwarzenberg the Austrian Commander-in-Chief in the Napoleonic Wars of Liberation, was my second cousin (once removed) through the Lobkowitz connection. Fido, alight with adventure and excitement, took the opportunity of airing his Young Czech sympathies. He got up on a table in the parlour of the small pub and, in spite of the hour, soon collected an interested audience of workmen and peasants, the attraction of course being that he stood free drinks to everybody. There is no doubt about it however that this speech, delivered perfectly in the Bohemian vernacular, did not fail to impress his rustic audience. Needless to say, neither his brother nor the rest of our party agreed with his views. Those views he has, I believe, totally revised since the Austrian debacle following the Great War. The episode is worth recording because it was the first time any of the young aristocratic students had publicly identified themselves with the movement.

All's well that ends well ; the damage to our sleigh was repaired in a surprisingly short time and, after hitching Karl Schwarzenberg's sleigh on to the back of ours, whilst he rode his horse home, we got to Prague safely. I managed to creep into bed without

disturbing my cousin Zdenko Lobkowitz. Next morning when I told him what happened he cursed me soundly for allowing his outfit and sleigh to be used without his permission ; but, always a good sport, he soon saw the joke, said he was sorry he had been left out of the fun, and that evening gave us a handsome entertainment and dinner to celebrate the escapade.

II

In view of after events some particulars of the political activities of the students then at Prague University are worth preserving.

Even before 1881 there was a current of acute political agitation running through Bohemia. As so often happens the students responded to the idealistic aspect of the agitation without quite knowing what they were about. Unacquainted with life's practical difficulties, the manifold perplexities inseparable from all politics, and the innate intractability of human nature, youth instinctively simplifies all things ; would fain rapidly remould all things closer to the heart's desire. It thus almost as easily becomes the dupe of demagogues and self-seekers as it does the spearhead of true progress and advancement.

In Prague, as mostly happens, we were divided into two main groups. The larger, to which I always instinctively belonged, consisted roughly of the sons of the Austrian aristocracy and of the old Bohemian Magnates. We were all proud of Bohemia, her ancient and glorious history, her language, literature and specific culture ; many of us wished to see her enjoying a very complete measure of Home Rule ; but we were intensely loyal to the Emperor Francis Joseph, the House of Habsburg, and the Austrian connection. In a word we were for free and intelligent collaboration

and co-operation, and nothing that has happened since has convinced me that we were wrong. The old Austrian Monarchy had its defects, because defects are inseparable from any form of government. But, at least, it was an invaluable example of a series of nations, each vulnerable alone, united over a long historic period, for political, economic and, to a regrettably lesser extent, for cultural and religious ends. We all realized that the only way to maintain this union was by devotion and loyalty to a common Sovereign. The Emperor Francis Joseph reigned too long ; but, although his venerable figure was revered, he was too old-fashioned ever successfully to understand and get in touch with modern ideas and conditions. Inevitably he was surrounded by personages of his own way of thinking, and they stood between him and the light. It may not at the moment be popular to admit it when all abjectly and ostentatiously bow the knee to those forms of anarchy which thinly disguise themselves under the name of socialism, advanced democracy, or, almost worse still, self-determination. The old Austrian Empire with its score or more of different languages and nationalities, was in itself a little League of Nations and, within limits, was, over a long period of time, a remarkably successful one. Never claiming that high-sounding appellation, it accomplished things that the organization set up by the Treaty of Versailles has, so far, failed to do. The Holy Catholic Church, and its direct offsprings the Holy Roman Empire and the Habsburg Empire remain imperishable examples of the only road, hard, uphill, full of pitfalls, by which humanity may advance from egotism, anarchy and greed to co-operation, order and mutual unselfishness and understanding. But this is an aside.

Very soon Fido Schwarzenberg and Joseph Col-

loredo-Mannsfeld¹ became well known amongst the most prominent of the young leaders of the Young Czechs. Fido was the second son of Karl third Prince Schwarzenberg, the head of the younger branch of that great house. Joseph Colloredo was the wildest and most daring personality amongst us, the ringleader in every dangerous enterprise—a born leader of men. Fido—who made the midnight speech to the rustics of Bubeneč—may be said really to have started the National movement amongst the students which in time developed into what was known as the New Czech party; as opposed to the Old Czechs, it worked for complete independence along socialistic lines. Our party, the Old Czechs, had sedate and responsible leaders in Franz first Prince (then Count) Thun, Count Clam, and Count Sylva-Tarouca, prominent Bohemian nobles then resident in Prague. Later on, Prince Thun, it was said, became ambitious to play the part of a Wallenstein, was great friends with the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and therefore of course opposed to the as-you-were policy of the Emperor Francis Joseph. In the end the whole thing led to rank socialism. About that time² the University of Prague was officially divided into two parts, the one Czech and the other German, and an unknown scholar of peasant origin named Tomáš Garrique Masaryk was appointed one of the Czech Professors. This event, almost unnoticed at the time, had far-reaching consequences. Of course in those turbulent days everything was complicated by the existence of a strong German element looking northward towards Berlin rather than southward to Vienna, so that political agitators found it easy to play one party off against the other.

About 1887 the old Czech or Conservative Party,

¹ Succeeded as 6th Prince in 1895.

² 1882.

after nearly forty years of influence and authority, began to lose ground ; the Young Czechs, looking for a leader, invited Professor Masaryk to become their Candidate : in 1891 he was duly elected to Parliament, and in 1918 became first President of the Republic of Czechoslovakia and proved himself to be one of the very few statesmen thrown up by what is somewhat ironically called the new Europe ! Czechoslovakia, it is true, is, so far, largely by virtue of its geographical position and economic resources, one of the more successful of the new States into which the old Austrian Empire was wantonly and cruelly divided by the so-called Peace Treaties. All of the seven new States are on the verge of a ghastly economic collapse. Austria, Hungary, Rumania and Yugoslavia are running sores on the body of Central Europe and very soon Czechoslovakia too will discover that continued existence as an isolated unit is impossible. The Empire so patiently and laboriously built up by the House of Habsburg will have to be re-created, and those who helped most to destroy it, including France and Great Britain, will be forced by the logic of events to undo, as far as may be, their own inept handiwork. In 1918 it was easy enough to smash the Austrian and German Empires, because any fool can cut down a forest tree in an hour, while God Himself takes a hundred years or so to make one grow.

These movements, small and localized as they seemed at the time, have had world-wide repercussions. The Archduke Franz Ferdinand had he lived would almost certainly have given Home Rule to Bohemia and the other various nationalities but, of course, under the Austrian Crown. This factor, by endless subterranean and unsavoury by-ways, led to the tragedy of Sarajevo, and Sarajevo to that ultimate and disastrous blunder—the European War.

Needless to say we students did not anticipate anything of the momentous consequences. It was all a good reason for excitement, an excuse for dividing ourselves into camps—in the old primitive fashion—carrying on feuds and, generally speaking, letting off steam. Once we indulged in a foolish and rather dangerous Jewish pogrom ; there were endless scrimmages, and several times we were nabbed by the Police. But it was very thrilling, possessed undoubted elements of danger, and many students did not care which side they were on so long as they were in the forefront of the struggle.

III

Arising out of all this a few thoughts—even at the risk of anticipating unduly—refuse to be dismissed without being given some form and shape. I have often listened to or taken part in discussions regarding the practical wisdom with which the English have built up a great Empire, their success in doing so being used in disparagement of the Austrian and, later, the German attempts to do something similar. Mostly such arguments ignore inconvenient facts. The British Empire is indeed and in truth a real League of Nations, and no one has more admiration for it than I have. It has solved old problems in a new way. But its problems were fundamentally easier than those of either the Austrian or German Empires. First of all there were not the same language and cultural difficulties. Then the Motherland itself being an island is practically immune from nefarious activities and poisonous propaganda carried on by subjects of surrounding nations. Anyone who wants to promote anti-British propaganda in England must first meet an English passport officer. That is a great safeguard.

Secondly, in Canada, New Zealand and Australia the governing powers are English, speaking her language and proudly upholding her traditions, laws and culture. Then, save perhaps to some small extent in Canada, England has never had to grapple with the forces of an old and deeply rooted earlier culture, like the French-Canadian, or a new and aggressive neighbouring culture, like that of the United States. In India and Africa, though each have their own old culture and civilization, the great bulk of the inhabitants were until recently ignorant and indifferent, and those who were not soon accepted Western ideas, if not with eagerness at any rate with resignation. It is England's imperishable glory that, even at the risk of educating them finally to cut themselves off from her, she has never failed to spread enlightenment amongst her subject peoples. Further, save to some extent in Ireland, religious differences were never really acute. It is noteworthy that in Ireland, in Dutch South Africa and, latterly, in India where there is an indigenous culture and religion, Britain's path to world-Empire has not been so smooth or so successful. Nor should it be forgotten how comparatively recent is British success in these directions. The Irish and South African questions were only settled the other day (if they have been settled) largely by the accident of the European War. The Indian problem is still the obsession, at times the despair, of some of the best brains in the British and Indian Empires.

Looking back at the political activities of mere boy students in Prague, trying to envisage truly some of their results, knowing the evil of many similar movements on the continent of Europe to-day, I applaud afresh and more fervently than ever the practical British common sense that condemns—indeed almost outlaws—all such dividing activities in schools and

colleges, and gives the students in their stead open-air games of every sort and kind in which they not only develop body and brain, but by which they work off in friendly, if fierce, rivalry that exhaustless natural store of youthful energy for which all normal young people must find an outlet.

Nothing is more detrimental to the future of national and international peace and co-operation than dividing boys and girls into rival cultural, rival economic or rival nationalistic groups while they are still under the white-hot impulsions of youth, and before their judgment has been ripened and steadied by experience and responsibility.

IV

In 1882 my second sister Karolina, who was a year and a half older than myself, married Count Strachwitz, a union that turned out to be fortunate and happy. They were always, as the English say, very much in love. My eldest sister Marie was hurt in a carriage accident when sixteen years old ; she was my senior by three years and as we were so early left motherless she, to some extent, filled for us a mother's place. Karolina and I being closer in age studied and played very much together. She worked with me in certain subjects under Pater Jacks, while I studied French with her and the others under Mademoiselle Ballant ; moreover, we shared drawing, painting and dancing lessons and, to some extent, gymnastics.

Two years earlier, in the spring of 1880, my father took both my sisters to Vienna for " finishing " courses and in order to make their debut in Viennese society and meet their innumerable Austrian relations. A little later Princess Pelagee Radziwill presented them

to the old Empress Augusta,¹ wife of William I. She was most gracious, liked Karolina very much and showed it by inviting her to be one of her ladies of honour and assist in carrying her train at the marriage ² festivities of her eldest grandson (afterwards the Emperor William II) to the Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

Karolina, of course, attended all the magnificent festivities and, at the State banquet, sat between old Prince Salm and the old Prince of Pless—two very important personages. This led to her being invited by the Empress to pay her a long visit at Baden-Baden. Karolina wrote an account of all this for my book, and I cannot do better than quote her own words. Her English, as we have already seen, is quaint and charming :

In Krieblowitz I had the immense joy to see for the first time my most dearly beloved husband. He studied economics in Kammdorf *bei* Krieblowitz and paid his visits to us, my father returned them, and soon we knew how we loved each other.

For a time I had to leave Krieblowitz to follow an invitation of the Empress Augusta who wished me to stay some weeks in Baden-Baden. She resided in the Villa Messmer, and this was a very interesting time of my life. The Emperor William I ³ came to stay there for a while, and I often saw the Crown Prince Frederick ⁴ and the Grand-duke ⁵ and Grand-duchess of Baden and assisted at a great festivity given at their fine castle. Many prominent persons I saw in those days. The Empress was most kind to me ; I often had the honour to accompany her in drives and walks ; but she was very weak after an operation at the time. A most interesting visit I made with her in a convent of Cistercian nuns in Baden ; no one was allowed to enter in this cloistered convent, but reigning Sovereigns are free to do so. Surrounded by these

¹ 1811–1890.

² February 27, 1881.

³ 1797–1888.

⁴ 1831–1888.

⁵ 1826–1907 ; in 1856 he m. Princess Louise, d. of the Emperor William I.

pious nuns in the ancient habit one had the feeling of being in the times of the Middle Ages.

From Baden I went to Coblenz, and from there to Berlin with the Empress, where my father came to fetch me home.

All the time my heart yearned to see again young Count Strachwitz.

He was invited then to a shooting-party at Christmas in Kriebowitz and we got engaged and were the most happy engaged couple that could be imagined. In autumn 1882 we married.

In Radun my marriage took place. It was a day of indescribable happiness and blessing for me. All our relations came; the Archbishop of Olmütz led the nuptial ceremonies which took place in the great dining-hall. Strachwitz, Schorlemer, Larisch, Praschma, Pückler, Harrach and Lobkowitz—they all came. It was a brilliant, happy and gay marriage feast. We travelled from Radun directly to Peterwitz¹ and there began my most happy married life.

Looking back into the long years, I can only say I was extremely happy and cannot thank enough God's goodness for all the joy and blessings he gave us. Trials of course come in every life, but they pass away and are so much easier to bear when real great mutual love fills the heart and a glad family life surrounds us. All those years seem so short now; the days slide on quickly in the occupations and duties as well as in the pleasures of family and country life.

My husband was busy with the estates and also a very good sportsman, with much occasion for shooting and hunting in his forests, and by his relations and friends. He shot sixty-five thousand pieces of game during his lifetime. There was nice neighbourhood, his two brothers married and established on their estates at an hour's distance in Schrabisdorf and Raudnitz, and Count and Countess Chamaré in Italy, and others. As I said, no life is without trials; our eldest child, a very dear, nice little boy was taken from us by diphtheria with two years. Our dearest son Gebhard, who was so good, pious and talented, left us in his fifteenth year, in consequence of scarlet fever, and our dearly beloved son Dominik died in the prime of his life by an accident just before his thirtieth year. He was so noble and so good. The union with God's holy will, and the conviction that I had now three children

¹ The Strachwitz Castle in Silesia; parts of it are over a thousand years old.

in heaven, helped in all the deep grief. Some illnesses had also to be undergone in the family in the course of the years but, thank God, full recovery came. How happy were the long years, without financial cares, as nowadays. The estates brought rent; now all goes in taxes and social payments. Later on my daughters married and remained near, to our great happiness. Our charming little grandchildren grew up, studied well, gave us greatest joy.

Our dear eldest son, Ludwig Karl, made very successful studies and passed all the examinations in law, so that he is now established as a good advocate and notary in Berlin. After his examination Dominik remained a time here, Peterwitz, to learn administration, then the war came. Norbert also entered the Army after having passed his examinations in war-time with seventeen years.

The terrible years of the war also passed with God's help, and our sons were rescued quite wonderfully, God be praised, though they fought in the worst fronts and greatest battles, Ludwig Karl leaving the cavalry, as leader of Battalions in the Infantry.

1928, I had the inexpressible grief to lose my most dearly beloved husband, and I now joined with my very dear son Norbert and his family, continuing my life in Peterwitz. Shortly I hope to become great-grandmother, as my granddaughter, Pia Stillfried, now Countess Matuschka, is in family way. Two of my grandsons Stillfried entered last year the novitiate of the Jesuits in Mittelsteine.

V

. That, in places, is a long jump forward, but it is the way my sister wrote it, and it seems better to give it in her own words.

The restraints of etiquette or convention obtaining in my youth in German families such as ours were always to me extremely irksome. Prague had been a new, wide life of freedom leading, as I hoped and believed, to an even wider and deeper freedom later on: nor was I mistaken. I was very sensitive to rebuffs from my father, and for that reason alone, welcomed the end of my boyhood in Germany. How often do parents—perhaps with the kindest motives—so behave that their children are glad to leave home for school or university.

In 1883 my father decided to send me to Stonyhurst, an experience that shaped my whole after life and for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. I think that on both sides my family were always attracted to England. Old *Vorwärts* said to Colonel Lowe (in German) that "there was no such place as London in the world": the Larisch family—which was originally Irish—loved England, and various members kept at one time or another hunting establishments there; indeed one of my cousins a young Countess Larisch was killed while hunting in England.

Needless to say I did not set off to Stonyhurst alone as an English boy would have done in similar circumstances; I was accompanied by Frederick Solms¹ and we found August Nagel,² a common friend, already there and our senior by one term.

Of course Stonyhurst is not to be compared with Winchester or Eton in age, in architectural appeal or in richness of tradition. Nevertheless, its history is both ancient and distinguished; it is situated in a very attractive corner of Lancashire, and I often marvel how little English people know about it. The Jesuits are the great teaching Order of the Catholic Church and Stonyhurst is, of course, a Jesuit foundation. In 1582 one, Father Robert Persons, a member of the Order, established a small school for boys at Eu in Normandy. Its chief patron was Henry of Lorraine, eldest son and successor in the title of the famous Francis Duke of Guise, Lieutenant-General of France, who was assassinated at Blois in 1563. Henry gave the building at Eu and an income of one hundred a year for its maintenance—in those days quite a handsome sum. When he died in 1588 the fortunes of the

¹ Prince Frederick ("Friedolin") of the Catholic branch of the Solms-Braunfels family, b. 1864.

² Freiherr August von Nagel.

place declined. In 1592 Father Persons moved with his school to Artois, then belonging to Spain, and established there the English college of St. Omer or St. Omers. In 1762 St. Omers was moved to Bruges by Father Reeve, but its stay there was of short duration. Ever since St. Ignatius Loyola founded the Order in 1543 Monarchs, Governments—even Popes—have from time to time busied themselves by persecuting or trying to suppress the Society of Jesus, and persecution and attempted suppression have but added to its glory and its strength. Churches and religious Orders that have never been persecuted fade and die ; those that know it and meet it dauntlessly survive and flourish. The edict of Pope Clement XIV eventually made existence for the Jesuit school in Flanders an impossibility and in 1794 it moved from Liège to England.

When the school was hustled out of St. Omers to Bruges it had amongst its pupils Thomas Weld,¹ an Englishman who, when things were at their blackest, proved himself a true and munificent friend. The Welds were an old and important Catholic family seated at Lulworth Castle in Dorsetshire, and owning large properties at Stonyhurst, Brittwell, Aston, Chideock, Leagram, Pylewell and Lymington. Thomas Weld placed his mansion-house and Park at Stonyhurst at the disposal of the School, and there it has happily remained to this day : Thomas is to the College what William of Wykeham is to Winchester and John Lyon to Harrow, and the Weld family have ever since been its generous and unfailing friends. Old Thomas had an eldest son, also called Thomas,²

¹ 1750–1810.

² 1773–1837 : his wife died 1815 ; he was ordained in 1821 ; created Cardinal in 1830 by Pope Pius VIII ; his o.d. Mary Lucy, who in 1818 m. the 7th Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, d. in 1831.

who married Lucy, daughter of Hon. Thomas Clifford. The lady died ; the widower took Holy Orders, became a Bishop and eventually a Cardinal. Thus the Catholic Church in England, in modern times, rejoiced in two married Cardinals—or perhaps I should say in two Cardinals who had been married—Weld and Manning !

In 1892 Stonyhurst officially celebrated its tercentenary and in connection with some of the festivities Mr. Bernard Partridge designed an invitation card for his *alma mater*. It showed the old façade, on either side a boy, one in the quaint old Stonyhurst uniform, and the other in modern dress, bowing in arriving guests ; below the legend were the words from *Henry IV* : “ I will not excuse you. You shall not be excused. Excuses will not be admitted. There is no excuse shall serve. You shall not be excused.”

VI

An excellent *History*¹ of the College by Father George Gruggen and Father Joseph Keating was published over thirty years ago ; *Stonyhurst Memories*,² a charming book by Percy Fitzgerald is even older ; but the standard work is the centenary record *Stonyhurst College*,³ written by Father John Gerrard ; this, if supplemented by the *Stonyhurst Handbook* (published by the School), constitutes a complete history up to the present time. All three give attractive and, within their respective limits, true pictures of the College, its ways and its surroundings ; but of course the Centenary Record is by far the most complete and

¹ *Stonyhurst : Its past History and Life in the Present* : London, Kegan Paul, 1901.

² London, Richard Bentley, 1895.

³ Belfast, Marcus Ward & Co., 1894.

authoritative. However, I have used them all to refresh my memory and eke out my knowledge because, naturally, a young man of eighteen does not seriously bother himself about history and architecture. As Fitzgerald's volume is out of print, perhaps I may quote his description of the College as he knew it :

There is a beautiful drawing of Turner's showing the building as it was at the early part of the century, with its elegant central towers, but only one wing. It had been left thus incomplete from the beginning. I have always admired the architectural grace and originality of this central portion¹ : the classic towers capped with eagles to which Charles Waterton was said to have climbed ; the charming Jacobean arch, through which was seen the court within ; and the fine flourishing flight of stairs, which had so impressed me on my arrival, that led up to the door of the banqueting hall. . . . The aristocracy of the College was a body of young men, about twenty in number who, at the close of the ordinary course, were either prepared for one of the professions or, as was the case with most, who were of good fortune, were sent by their families to fill up the intermediate time in an easy and enjoyable way. . . .

Old Thomas Weld (the first) was passing through Bruges in 1781 when he heard that a Thorn from the Crown of Our Lord, once belonging to Mary Queen of Scots, was for sale ; he promptly bought it, kept it for twelve years at Lulworth and then, seven years before his death,² gave it to Stonyhurst. A Reverend John Weld was Rector of Stonyhurst from 1813 to 1817 and Father Alfred Weld was Director of the Observatory in 1856 ; in 1833, at the age of ten, Frederick Aloysius Weld entered the School : he was afterwards the well-known Colonial Governor who, in New Zealand, did so much to foster the rise of Parliamentary government in that Dominion.

I must not pretend that I was furiously excited

¹ 1782-1865 : author of the famous *Wanderings in South America* : he was at the College from 1796 to 1800.

² 1810.

about the history of Stonyhurst or the Welds while I was actually there : perhaps I would have been could I have foreseen that one day I should marry an English lady closely related to that interesting and distinguished family.

VII

The English College of St. Omers, whether situated at Eu, Bruges, or Liège, was of course open to Catholic boys of all countries, and this peculiarity was not abandoned when it moved to England nearly a century and a half ago. One met there boys of all nationalities and very varying ages which gave the place a cosmopolitan outlook and atmosphere unique, I should think, amongst Public Schools. The most unusual characteristic of the place, as Percy Fitzgerald has already pointed out, was the class of students known as "Philosophers." I don't know how the designation arose, but it had little or nothing to do with the study of philosophy in the technical sense. If, however, it meant that the young gentlemen who had the privilege of being "philosophers" at Stonyhurst got a true insight into what a full life might be, and how to live it fully, sensibly and like a good Christian, then the term was richly justified. I cannot do better than quote what Fathers Gruggen and Keating say about the subject :

The life of a "Philosopher" at Stonyhurst nowadays¹ is a judicious blend between the freedom of the Universities and the discipline necessary to secure due attention to work. They form a community entirely separate from the rest of the College, occupy

¹ The period here referred to is about 1900. The status was abandoned in July 1916 ; one of the very last foreign philosophers was Franz Karl, Archduke of Austria (killed in the European War), who was at Stonyhurst from October 1912 to July 1913.

their own rooms, public or private, and have a distinct staff. Outside class hours they have the freedom of the College and the surrounding district, keep dogs, bicycles, or horses, shoot over the College preserves, or fish the river and ponds according to their fancy, and in general enjoy a degree of liberty which in the envious eye of the schoolboy appears unbounded. The ordinary day is so arranged to include, between private study and lectures of obligation, eight hours of serious work; the individual of course may extend this time according to his needs or desires. Tuesdays are generally half-holidays and Thursdays whole holidays.

From this account it will be gathered that one former type of "Philosopher" such as sketched in Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's books and still to be seen several generations ago—viz. the young gentleman of foreign extraction and of good fortune sent to Stonyhurst by his guardians with no more definite object than to keep him out of mischief and teach him English—has become entirely extinct. The modern "Philosopher" has a very definite object in view, and, generally speaking, has to work very hard to attain it.

Another unusual feature of Stonyhurst was the famous Observatory. Nearly a century ago the College—in this and many other respects long ahead of other Public Schools—was remarkable for its attention to the study of science. Both in history and fiction the Jesuits have been credited with an excess of brains and education amounting to the sub-normal. Of course that is mere popular nonsense! As a Teaching Order they have naturally produced more noted scholars than a preaching, missionary or contemplative Order would; moreover, they have always specialized in the study of Astronomy. It might not unfittingly be said that they dedicated their great talents, both individual and collective, to the study of both the celestial heaven and the terrestrial heaven. As missionaries they blazed a trail for all who followed. In every part of the world their work is to be found, still lasting and effective. Had an unwise Spanish King not recalled them from South America that vast Continent might now have been one great and splendid

country, rivalling the United States and Canada in culture, progress and power, instead of being as it is a collection of impotent semi-civilized States continually at war with one another.

Where the Jesuits have always scored as teachers, and where they score to-day, is in their wide outlook and thoroughness. The whole field of knowledge is open to a Jesuit student ; nothing is forbidden, save only human dogmatism regarding the unveiled mysteries of the Divine Will.

As most boys do at a decent School or College I absorbed at Stonyhurst more than I knew. Its impressive group of buildings standing four hundred feet above the sea on the south slope of Longridge Fell ; the Pendle hills in the distance, the wide sweep of country near the hills covered over with heather and, lower down, with woodland, pasture and farm-lands : amongst the loveliest features of the district are the rivers—the Ribble, the Hodder and the Calder. Stonyhurst is—or rather was—justly famous for its fishing. The College possessed extensive trout and salmon fishing rights, including some fifteen miles of water on the Ribble and the Hodder. Alas ! pollution by factories has done much to spoil the sport.

At Stonyhurst I soon learned that in Great Britain the word Hunting is used in a much more restricted sense than on the Continent. Here it always and only applies to Fox-hunting, whereas on the Continent, in the United States, and in the British Dominions it means almost any kind of shooting—even the shooting of small game. Bill, the Stonyhurst keeper, showed us some quite good shooting. The splendid grass country around Stonyhurst was no bad thing for a novice ; we hunted regularly with the Pendle Forest Harriers, and we went regularly to Race Meetings at Liverpool and Manchester.

VIII

Another great privilege occasionally enjoyed during the holidays by "Philosophers" was country-house visits. Looking back to my first glimpse of Newnham Paddox in Warwickshire, Solms and I remember it as one of the happiest episodes of all that enjoyable time during our first residence in England.

Father Moore, who wanted us to see something of English country life, arranged this and other visits for us. What a happy family we found there—Lord and Lady Denbigh¹ and their three sons and four daughters. The authentic type of happy English family life, and so very like that of some of our Austrian and German Catholic families of similar rank that we felt at home amongst them at once.

Newnham is a typical example of one of the big solid country houses, right in the centre of the Hunting country. A mixture of simplicity and grandeur, dignity and luxury, and with these, a quiet religious atmosphere permeated all its fun and gaiety. It was perhaps at Newnham that I first consciously absorbed something of the glorious historic past of England.

In the thirteenth century Sir Geoffrey Feilding of Lutterworth served in the army and was rewarded by Henry III with a gift of lands in Northamptonshire and Leicestershire. His grandson William fought under Edward III against the French and, with great good sense, married the heiress of Newnham.

In the sixteenth century Sir William Feilding fought against the Scots and, in 1607 married Susan Villiers, sister of "Steenie," Duke of Buckingham, the "favour-

¹ 8th Earl, 1823-1892, and his 2nd wife Mary, d. of Robert Berkeley of Spetchley Park, Worcestershire: his 1st wife, whom he m. in 1846, was a g.d. of the 6th Earl of Cardigan, and d. in 1853. He became a Catholic in 1850.

ite " of James I. William is said to have travelled to Spain with " Steenie and Baby Charles " incognito to view the Infanta Maria Anna as a possible bride for the Prince of Wales ; although there is no mention of this in the family letters and papers there is a fine portrait of the Spanish Infanta at Newnham. The story is that when the portrait was brought back and shown to the King, he said to the Duke of Buckingham, " Take the painted doll away ! " and so " Steenie " gave it to his sister Susan Feilding. It hangs at Newnham between portraits of Charles I and Henrietta Maria. In 1620 Sir William was made Baron of Newnham Paddox and shortly after created a Viscount : in 1622 he was raised to the Earldom of Denbigh. He was an ardent adherent of Charles I and was killed fighting for his Sovereign near Birmingham in 1643.

His son Basil, however, was one of Cromwell's most able supporters, and had charge of Charles I when he was a prisoner in Holmby House : his mother wrote to him time after time begging her son to return to his duty, saying that she would go on her knees to beg forgiveness from the King and would " make him a cherry tart with her own hands "—but he was a stubborn fellow, or else a boyish love of cherry tart had changed to dislike, as I have known it do.

Our host, the eighth Earl, was a quite remarkably handsome man. He and his first wife, a Pennant, heiress of Downing (where the ninth Earl was born), were received into the Catholic Church in the lifetime of his Protestant parents—to their very great distress. This made a considerable sensation at the time. They at once founded the Church and Franciscan Monastery at Pantasaph on her property. I do not know at what date the eighth Earl added on to and almost rebuilt Newnham. We boys greatly appreciated his

hospitality, and were suitably impressed by a room kept exactly as it was when Queen Adelaide slept in it; another one contained exquisite hand-painted Chinese wall-paper. A gruesome relic was the dagger with which the Duke of Buckingham was stabbed.¹

There is a beautiful picture by Reynolds of Madame Powys and her little girl, afterwards Viscountess Feilding, about whom there is a romantic tale. Mr. Powys of Berwick near Shrewsbury was walking in his fields one day and observed a beautiful girl making hay; he made her acquaintance, had her educated, and then married her a year or so later. Their daughter married Lord Feilding.

Even as a youth I was naturally interested in the legend—for such the present Lord Denbigh considers it—that there is Habsburg blood in the Feilding family: it is spoken of as a fact in Austria and parts of Germany, and Mrs. Sweetman² reminds me that her grandfather, the seventh Earl, travelled on the Continent as Count von Habsburg-Lauffenburg-Rhinefelden, which if not so handy as “Lord Denbigh” was at least sufficiently romantic and imposing. Mrs. Sweetman also tells me that when her uncle was presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph he said: “*Nous sommes un peu cousin!*”

Little did I imagine in those days that one day I should be closely connected by marriage with the Feilding family.³

Of course Solms and I were terribly anxious to do the right thing, and to us the very rightest thing of all

¹ By Felton in 1628.

² Adelaide Mary, d. of Rev. the Hon. Charles Feilding, 4th son of the 7th Earl, m. in 1907 the late Colonel M. J. Sweetman.

³ Princess Blücher's sister, Miss Edith Stapleton-Bretherton, m. in 1903 Lieut.-Colonel Rowland Feilding, D.S.O., g.s. of the 7th Earl. (See Introduction.)

was to go out hunting with the Atherstone. My mount was a hireling, an old chestnut steepler, a splendid jumper, but a puller, called *The Smasher*, from a well-known stable near Newnham. He was well-named. The Meet was on the Lawn, but I overslept myself as there had been a ball in the house the night before. When I woke up I found everyone had already left. I got hastily on *The Smasher* and galloped after them : upon nearing hounds he bolted ; dashed first through straggling riders ; then through the whole field, scattering everybody right and left ; he then took me over a gate and a ditch. Nothing would stay or influence him. Directly he reached hounds he stopped dead, and from that moment went like a lamb. Everyone said it was one of the funniest, though most dangerous, sights they had ever seen. This huge hunter—over seventeen hands, with the longest neck ever seen on a horse, and a star-gazer at that—careering along past everyone and everything. The abuse that was hurled at me was of no avail, I had no control whatever. I was merely a passenger—and an insecure and frightened one !

Apart from this unhappy incident, our visit was just one round of amusement and sport and dancing from morning till night. How I got teased about my first day's hunting, and was known as *The Smasher* by everyone during all that jolly week !

Winnie, now Lady Winefride Elwes, although not the eldest, and although not really grown up, or "out," was full of energy, as she is still, full of go, always arranging either a dance, charades, or some other amusement, kept us all entertained and "mixing us all up" as she expressed it.

The eldest daughter, Lady Clare, whose death a few years after she grew up was the first break in the happy family circle, had then, as always, a special

charm of her own, and her name still carries an aureole of legendary attractiveness because of her beauty and saintly disposition. Then there were Edith and Agnes. Edith I never saw as she had already left home to be a nun, and Agnes, the youngest, was always of a retiring disposition and was then quite a child.

Then the brothers, of whom there were three ; the present Lord Denbigh (then Viscount Feilding) had just returned from the Sudan campaign and was treated as something of a hero by everyone ; there were the two schoolboys, Everard and Basil, the former very serious and studious, and the latter, who afterwards became a priest, a jolly, romping lad.

What fun we all had on the last evening when we acted charades, Lady Winnie being the Gipsy Mother, and we all, Solms and myself and the two cousins Geoffrey and Percy Feilding, in the cast, and perhaps, as is so often the case in amateur theatricals, most of the fun went on during the rehearsals and behind the scenes rather than at the performance itself.

At Newnham during that first unforgettable visit I laid firm the basis of my strong and enduring love for England and the English.

I have always found it strange that, speaking generally, the English are obscurely suspicious of brains and of what may be called brainy people. Is it a survival of some dim past when all knowledge was looked upon as a species of witchcraft ? This odd trait in the English character has always made them particularly suspicious of the Society of Jesus and its members. Even in these enlightened days a Jesuit school or college is sometimes looked upon as a centre of forbidden knowledge and international intrigues ; a forcing house where pupils, apt or otherwise, are pressed by an iron mental and physical discipline, and a policy of spying and perpetual suspicion, into person-

alities warped to the point of perversity ! Nothing could well be further from the truth. Sir Frederick Weld who, after nine years at Stonyhurst, was sent by his father to the University of Freiburg in Switzerland says :

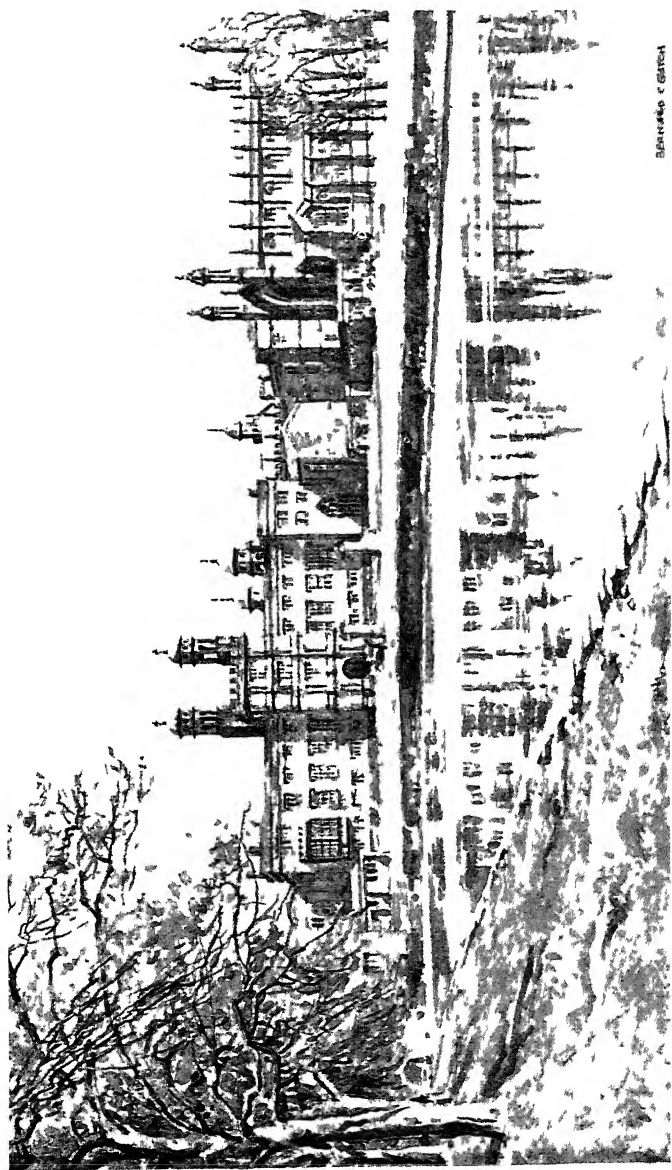
I did not like Freiburg nearly so well as Stonyhurst. The exceedingly strict Continental method of supervision was exceedingly irksome to Englishmen. . . .¹

When Frederick Solms and I arrived at Stonyhurst to join August Nagel we found that Father Isaac Moore, the Prefect of the Philosophers, was to be our immediate guide, philosopher and friend—and never did human being better deserve these three qualifications. To me, who had never fully known the love of a father, and to whom my mother's memory was but a dim everlasting fragrance, Father Moore's rich, genial, friendly personality was at once a refuge and an inspiration. He was a fine upstanding, square-shouldered man, with the nobility of great learning stamped indelibly upon his frank and rather handsome countenance. He had a wonderful influence over budding youths and young men. He took us three young foreigners specially under his wing and trained us in English ways : he became our confidant and friend and remained so throughout his life. The product of the same religion and culture, Father MacGee resembled Father Moore so closely that a description on one may well serve for the other.

Another striking character amongst the Jesuits at Stonyhurst at that time was Father Joseph Perry,² F.R.S., Director of the Observatory, and quite famous for his astronomical work. A strong friendship, for

¹ Lovat, Alice Lady, *The Life of Sir Frederick Weld, G.C.M.G.* London, John Murray, 1914.

² 1833-1889.



ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, LANCASHIRE

From a water colour by BYRNARD C. GUTCH in the possession of Thomas Well 111

which I have never ceased to be grateful, developed between us. Perry worked not only for the Order, but also for the British Government, and he assisted in a magnetic survey of Western France. He was sent by the British Government to the West Indies to observe the total eclipse of the sun in 1870. He died for Science from a disease contracted abroad while actively engaged carrying out his astronomical work. There was to be an eclipse of the sun on December 22, 1889, and Father Perry went to the Îles de Salut (off French Guiana) to observe it, travelling from Barbados on H.M.S. *Comus*. The island was inhabited solely by convicts and lepers and the sanitary conditions were bad. Although Perry had rooms in the Hospital, he contracted dysentery and died on December 27, five days after the solar event he had been sent out to observe. A humble, devoted Christian, and a born astronomer, it was not until 1871 that he finally bound himself to the Society of Jesus. An excellent sportsman, at Stonyhurst he frequently played cricket with the boys. In 1874 the Astronomer Royal, Sir George Airey, sent Perry to Kerguelen to observe the Transit of Venus. While travelling from the Cape on H.M.S. *Volage* he became great friends with all the officers and crew. In Ceylon he played cricket for the Ship's Eleven and made top score. In fact, wherever he went and whatever he did in his own modest, unassuming way Joseph Perry played the game and put up a decent score. He took equal pains and trouble over small things and great; was as exact and dedicated in his methods while teaching small boys at Stonyhurst, or lecturing to artisans in Lancashire, as he was in addressing a cultured audience at the Royal Institution, or following the movements of the heavenly bodies in the far-off mountains of the earth. Soon after Perry's death the late Father Bernard

Vaughan, famous orator and preacher, delivered a funeral sermon¹ at which he said :

The death-bed scene of the humble simple-hearted Jesuit, in command of a Government expedition undertaken in the interests of science, is a scene from which men might learn that faith and science were not yet divorced, and in which they might see that as the telescope brings within the field of view the unseen glories of the skies, so faith brought within the spiritual ken of the Jesuit astronomer the unseen glory of Heaven. In the nineteenth century a Jesuit priest laid out in sacred vestments, covered with the English flag, on the bridge of an English frigate, and mourned by English blue-jackets who, in losing the priest felt they had lost a true friend. Who did not therein read a sign of the times in which they lived ?

In addition to making invaluable friendships amongst the Stonyhurst masters, I was fortunate in making them amongst my English contemporaries. Frederick Solms, August Nagel and I were soon good comrades with Jasper White ; and Richard Trappes-Lomax was a boy in Hodder House, the Stonyhurst "Prep." School. The Whites of Nantenan House in County Limerick are amongst the best known of Irish Catholic families ; the Trappes-Lomaxes of Clayton, Lancashire, like the Weld family, have had a long and close association with Stonyhurst, the name being seldom absent from the School List. Richard's father was for some time Secretary of the Pendle Forest Harriers, with which we all of course hunted. Harriers are a good beginning, and, once initiated, I developed a burning passion to become a fox-hunter. One of my first investments was a beautiful mare called *Connie* which belonged to the postman. I hunted her the whole time I was at Stonyhurst and declare, to-day, that no horse either before or since that time ever gave me so much pleasure.

¹ At the Church of the Holy Name, Manchester, February 16, 1890.

All this led to an invitation from Jasper's father to pay a visit to Ireland, and I went there for the first time in 1883. I took Karl, then only a boy of seventeen, as my groom. He could not speak a word of English, but got on famously. Of course I went out with the Limerick Hounds of which the famous Jack Gubbins was then the Master. From that moment I followed Jack's sporting career with intense interest: no Englishman, or Irishman for that matter, could have been more pleased than I was when in 1897 he won the Derby with *Galtee More* and astonishingly repeated his victory with *Ard Patrick* in 1902. I was much gratified by the fact that *Galtee More* went to Germany for what was up to then a record price. Later on I several times visited Ireland and hunted there, Nagel accompanying me on at least one subsequent occasion. I always stayed with the Whites for a few days, and more than once stayed at Adare Manor with the famous amateur rider, horse-breeder and yachtsman, the late Lord Dunraven,¹ owner of those well-known yachts, *Cariad* and *Grianig*.

Lord Dunraven owned some good racehorses in partnership with Lord Randolph Churchill. One of these was *L'Abbesse de Jouarre* with whom they won the Oaks. Eventually, when mated with *St. Simon*, she became the dam of *Desmond*—a good racehorse and later a very high-class sire. *L'Abbesse de Jouarre* was also the dam of *Festa* (1893), who was an own-sister to *Desmond*. *Festa* was sold in 1901 by Lord Dunraven, and went to Germany, where I believe she made a great name for herself as a brood mare.

¹ 4th Earl, 1841-1926.

IX

My stay at Stonyhurst, although it left indelible impressions, was all too short. About this time my father in his feverish ambitions to avoid Prussian taxation and annoy the Emperor William II, decided to acquire an Alsatian domicile. Although it became part of Germany in 1870 Alsace-Lorraine enjoyed considerable autonomy and was not subject to taxation by the German Government. This move of my father's, and other circumstances, led to my leaving Stonyhurst for Strasburg University.

Students are the same all over the world. The spirit of youth in them must have an outlet somewhere and somehow ; they are super-abounding with pent-up energy and vitality, and simply must be continuously occupied in doing some harmless or, better still, mildly harmful mischief.

I remember once how Suckoff, the A.D.C. of a fellow-student Prince William of Hohenzollern,¹ and I rode down a staircase on horseback for a wager. The staircase was one of those leading down from a higher to a lower street ; my horse fell just in front of a tram ; I got my leg wedged in the stirrup between the horse and the tram-line, whilst the tram was coming on, but my clever old Irish mount picked himself up and (as I had not lost my seat) we proceeded on our way none the worse for our adventure. It might have been a serious matter, as my left foot was solidly wedged in the stirrup which was bent double.

Strange to say amongst the friends I made in the military set at Strasburg were two Englishmen who were officers in the German Army. It is interesting

¹ Wilhelm, Prince of Hohenzollern-Siegmaringen, b. 1864, elder brother of the late King Ferdinand of Rumania, and father of Queen Augusta Victoria of Portugal.

to recall that in those days a regular exchange of officers used to take place between the British and the German Army. I personally remember two instances, one being Colonel Chandos-Pole, a member of the well-known English family. He had obtained a commission and happened to be attached to the Dragoon Regiment in which my valet Karl did his three years' compulsory service : the second instance was Lieutenant Fullerton-Carnegie (a distant connection of the present Lord Southesk) ; he afterwards married a daughter of General von der Goltz (of Turkish fame) but unfortunately died of consumption early in life.

Most members of the German aristocracy when they went to a University inevitably became members of one of the famous Corps, such as the *Borussia* of Bonn, to which the Emperor William II belonged. Strasburg University, without a long German tradition, had no Corps of distinction. It had instead Students' associations (*Verbände*). They were mostly supported by middle-class students, nearly all of whom were natives of Alsace-Lorraine. The consequence was, it was not deemed desirable by any of our parents, most of whom were Catholics, to allow us to join regular Students' Associations because doing so involved fighting duels, and this Catholics are not allowed to do.

The consequence was that our particular set became an informal *Verbändung* or Corps consisting of about twenty members, headed by our two Royal students the Crown Prince of Saxony¹ and Prince William of Hohenzollern, and their A.D.C.'s and tutors, and we all met at meals daily. The principal meal was the midday one, which in the first year of our stay used

¹ Friedrich August III, King of Saxony, b. 1865 ; succeeded 1904 ; abdicated November 1918 ; died Feb. 19, 1932, and was buried in Dresden with great kingly pomp.

to take place at a small restaurant named *Dalemaesch*, where we dined liberally on the fat of the land with every kind of delicacy, such as the famous Strasburg *pâté*, caviare, and a pint of the wine of the country, and, better still, all for three Marks !

The table was generally presided over by the Crown Prince who was a keen lover of good cheer and a good meal. His aide-de-camp, General von Thalen, and Captain von Suckoff (Prince William of Hohenzollern's tutor) partaking just as liberally. Even champagne was not considered a very great luxury ; a bottle of the champagne of the country—Moët and Chandon—(when judiciously smuggled across the French frontier) did not cost much.

We students did not mix a great deal with the Military. None of us, including the Princes, were enthusiastic about the military régime which was beginning to take the direction of affairs in Alsace and which originated in Berlin. However, we made friends with several of the senior officers ; General von Haesler who was then in command at Strasburg, was kind to us ; and we were occasionally invited to the Mess of the Seventh Lancers, at that time forming part of the garrison ; we kept, except for this, more or less to ourselves.

Needless to say, our aloofness sometimes led to somewhat acute friction between us and the members of the Students' Associations. I vividly recall a regular pitched battle between the *Vogesinia* Association and ourselves when they tried to rush our dining quarters and work up a rag comparable to an Oxford Town and Gown rag. Of course the *Vogesinia* was ignominiously defeated. Oberndorff—my friend from Prague—who was a very powerful young man, put up splendid work with his fists.

We used to do our smuggling through the *octroi*

or Customs officers. As a rule there was a state of war between the *octroi* and the students, except when we called a truce for the purpose of irregularly conveying across the French frontier supplies for our modest cellars. But, as a matter of fact, our own group was practically immune from such trouble in this way, as the President of the Police used to come and join our midnight supper-parties.

My best friends during my time at Strasburg were Alfred Salm,¹ who later on inherited from his uncle a most beautiful estate and Schloss called Salm-Dyck, on the Rhine. I have stayed with him there several times since those days; he possessed most splendid works of art, famous pictures and curios of all sorts. Alfred was such a handsome youth in those days, in fact, he always was an exceedingly good-looking man. He had a tragic death not many years ago, being killed in his car at a level crossing when he was driving with his daughters and their governess.

My other two special friends were Fortunatus Oberndorff and Friedrich Loe, and we four formed a very united and happy set all the time we were at Strasburg together.

Loe was a tremendously high-minded serious boy, always rather sad. He had troubles at home, his mother being difficult; she could not get on with either of her sons, and the eldest one ran away from home to Africa and was never heard of again. This caused grief and uncertainty all my friend's life, as he had been devoted to his brother, and so he never really enjoyed succeeding to Wissen, the family estate on the Rhine, as he always felt he had no right to it.

However, many years after, they got definite details of the eldest brother's death, and his grave was identified.

¹ Prince Alfred Salm-Reifferscheidt-Krautheim, 1863-1924.

In spite of his seriousness Friedrich Loe was full of sporting tastes and up to anything. It was he who climbed up the outside of Strasburg Cathedral, shot rooks and sparrow-hawks from there, and was only discovered when a winged hawk fell in the market-place below, and thus attracted the attention of a policeman. The two young Royalties, as they were called, were not in all our rags and flirtations as they were well guarded by attendants and tutors, but managed to have a certain amount of fun all the same, although, much to their regret, they had not the same freedom as we had.

Well, we were wild, and yet, like most young men, were in ways very serious.

We had a wonderful time at Strasburg but I seem to remember casting envious glances at Oxford where my brother Gustave was at Christ Church—a college particularly interesting to us because of old *Vorwärts*. My father sent Gustave to England, as, later on, he sent him to South Africa, with a large canvas bag full of gold pieces instead of a letter of credit. Of course he had to drag this about with him everywhere and open it every time he wanted to pay for a cab. Needless to say it was stolen almost directly he arrived in London, and had Willie Tyrrell not looked after him he would have been in a very bad fix indeed. When he arrived at "The House" he was interviewed by the famous Dean Liddell who asked him what lectures he proposed to take. Gustave promptly answered:

"None, Sir: I came here specially for hunting."

"Well, Sir," the Dean replied. "You have made a very great mistake. Christ Church is not a sporting college."

Gustave lived in lodgings, only dining in College and, I think, he attended a few lectures.

It was during my year at Strasburg that I had my first real romance. It ended sadly by the girl's

premature death when our friendship was at its height. This proved to be a determining factor of my life. I went to Strasburg a wild boy, and left it a serious man, and was never quite the same again. It so strongly affected my outlook on life and my attitude towards women generally, that I suddenly gave up all my youthful pleasures and settled down to study and seriousness. I resigned my leadership of the sports and games, and was for a long time thoroughly depressed. My three friends were my great confidants, and I shall never forget how sympathetic they were to me, as I really thought the end of the world had come, or that my happiness was over for ever. . . .

On the whole we all did rather well at our examinations when the time came; but the Professors, perhaps for political reasons, had made up their minds to pluck each one of us in order to rusticate us for six months and thus punish us for our wild ways.

We were all so angry at the injustice of those Professors for "plucking" us at our examinations (especially when we discovered that it had been deliberately prearranged) that we wrote round to our relations and friends complaining of it in most abusive terms.

I (for some reason I never to this day can quite explain) wrote a long letter on the subject to the late Lord Denbigh, giving vent to my views on the so-called democracy of the day, the evils of political Professors, the general injustice to the upper classes, and so on. Lord Denbigh must have been highly amused, but he wrote an extremely kind and fatherly letter, saying that those were some of the difficulties boys have to face when they first go out into the world. He had always been such a kind friend to me when I stayed at Newnham that, I suppose, subconsciously, I felt *he* would be the one to understand.

While I was still at Strasburg, the old Empress Augusta¹ suddenly summoned me to go to see her at her palace in Coblenz, where she generally spent the summer.

She was always very much interested in all the goings on in Alsace, having, or so it was said, a leaning towards the French, and towards the Catholic party. Honestly anxious to be told the truth, she frequently made use of young men and women to try to learn the true state of affairs. As she had always been very kindly disposed towards my family, having known my mother (and been so good to my sister Karolina), she sent for me. On first being admitted to her reception-room, I felt rather shy, although I knew already what a very kind old lady she was.

She was wheeled in, in a bath-chair. She looked terribly frail and ill and spoke in a whisper, having just recovered from an operation, and she looked more like a wax figure than a human being. But she was very simple and friendly and soon made me feel at home. Giving me her hand she said :

“ I am glad to see you, my boy ; and now will you give me a short *résumé* (a little *aperçu*) of the political affairs in Alsace ? ”

I must confess my breath was rather taken away by the direct question from so august a personage ; but I plucked up my courage and, having as a matter of fact always been rather interested in the questions at issue, I acquitted myself of my task as best I could, and without much embarrassment.

I explained to the Empress how General Manteuffel (the man who had taken Strasburg from the French in 1870 and become the first German Governor) had got the backs of the Germans up by treating the French too well ; on the other hand, Bismarck bullied

¹ See p. 93.

the French too much. Prince (Chlodwig) Hohenlohe¹ had succeeded Manteuffel as Governor and was trying to do his best, but his hands were tied as long as Bismarck was in power ; I told the Empress that Bismarck had introduced the use of passports, and many other stringent measures against the native population, and that his treatment of the French was considered much too harsh in every way.

When I had finished the Empress looked at me with great kindness and said :

“ I thank you very much, my child, for what you have told me ; it has interested me greatly.”

She then gave me her hand, which I kissed, and she dismissed me.

I never had the privilege of seeing her again, and do not know whether my information was ever made use of or bore any fruit, but Bismarck's fall was imminent ; after which Prince Hohenlohe had it more his own way, and there was a perceptible difference at once in the treatment of Alsace by Berlin : Prince Hohenlohe eventually became Imperial Chancellor.

The finest mansions in Strasburg were those of the Suffragan Bishop, Zorn von Bulach, and General von Deimling, the Commander of the garrison. I can still see those proud edifices before my eye. From the hall of the Commander's house a fine staircase led up to the high, well-lighted rooms ; a life-size portrait of Napoleon I hung in one of the halls ; it had been pierced by a bullet during the siege of Strasburg in 1870, the bullet passing through the picture in the exact position of the heart.

In contrast to the modesty of the old town were the

¹ Prince Chlodwig von Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, 1819-1901 ; Ambassador in Paris, 1874-1885 ; Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, 1885-1894 ; Imperial Chancellor, 1894-1900.

palatial buildings on the Broglie, built in early French style—the massive façades broken by high broad windows which with their white-framed window-panes reached down to the ground and were protected by iron trellis-work of real artistic merit.

I loved Strasburg Cathedral from the first moment I saw it : it seemed to stand in quiet majesty unaffected by earthly cares and troubles. I loved the warm beauty of the pink sandstone ; and the chime of the clock when the twelve apostles appeared at certain hours. The sandstone is always pure as it is never affected by the weather—and so one never saw scaffolding or repairs going on, as one does so often at other cathedrals. I seldom went into the town without spending at least some moments in the peace of the House of God. Coming out I would gaze at the tower, bathed perhaps in the purple of the setting sun, rearing itself heavenwards in all its splendour and glory, as though it wished to transport the prayers of the faithful right up to the throne of God. There is only one spire as the other was never finished ; the clear-cut fretwork is entrancing in its beauty.

Another, to me idyllic sight, was to watch the peasants drive past our windows in the early morning, their wagons laden with fruit, vegetables and poultry from the neighbouring farms. The country around Strasburg in the summer was like a garden of flowers.

All this beauty of architecture, of historic associations, of nature, used to call me unbearably at moments and, when under its influence, I would feel keenly the triviality of some of our pastimes ; how we wasted our opportunities ; forgot beauty ; even at times perhaps forgot God. . . .

X

All my life the open air, hunting and sport have had the greatest attraction for me. Few other recollections give me such keen pleasure, and I would place very high amongst them a hunting season in Ireland about forty years ago. I wrote to an Irish friend for some notes of that time, and what she was so kind as to send me is so exact and vivid that, with her permission, I transcribe it here as she wrote it :

“ In 1895 Count Blücher and Baron Nagel came back to Ireland to hunt with the County Limerick Hounds. This country, with its ridges of bleak hill-side, its glorious grass valleys fenced by big banks and wide deep ditches, had on an earlier visit won their hearts. And then the wall country, miles of crags and huriping rocks, with a grey network of walls fencing the fields, with deep brown bogs edged by whispering sedges, and with, too, clean grass to gallop over and clean fly fences to jump, and one needed a fast horse, for this country carries a great scent and hounds race over it.

“ Before going to the Hotel at Rathkeele Count Blücher came again to stay at Nantenan,¹ a big square house standing in a sheltered hollow. On coming down to breakfast the first morning of his second visit he greeted his hostess cheerily :

“ ‘ How nice of you to put me in my old room,’ he said.

“ ‘ Now how did you remember it ? It’s a long time since you stayed here.’

“ ‘ We-el, the handle of the door has never been mended,’ he said with a twinkle in his eyes. ‘ I still have trouble in getting in or out. Ireland is a glorious country.’

¹ The Irish residence of Jasper White, Esq., in Co. Limerick.

"That door-handle, I think, was attended to when it gave way completely.

"One cannot hunt without horses, and in those days they were easy to find. Jasper knew of several, and he told Johnny Bowman, who was a regular character, to bring over a grey (called *Nantenan*) which he thought would suit. A bit of a commoner, but hounds did not go nearly as fast then as they do now, and the grey was a wonderful performer. Johnny Bowman appeared on his grey, and rode the horse at a nasty high wall fencing the paddock in front of the stables. The grey hopped over it in perfect style.

"'I'll ride him myself,' said Count Blücher, and got up.

"The grey was a nice mover, this very fine rider liked him, and he cantered him sharply to what was really a corker. A huge double wall about eight feet high. When he got near it Count Blücher's face showed that he felt he was asking too much : no horse could clear the fence.

"Forward went the grey's ears. Up with a quick easy bound, and off, doubling the huge wall, as clever Irish horses do.

"'My horse,' said Count Blücher, looking round.

"All very well to jump huge cairns at a gallop, but he had landed into a tiny field, bounded on one side by the railway line, and on the other two by walls which even the grey could not cope with.

"So Jasper and Johnny Bowman were called to.

"'Hie, what shall I do now?' said Count Blücher. 'This thing is worse from this side and I've no room to gallop the horse up to it, I'll never get out.'

"'Arrah wisha—what gallop!' snorted Johnny Bowman (who was ever afterwards a staunch friend of the Count's). 'Throt him to it—walk him to it, your honour. He'll hop it as aisy as kissin' hands.'

“The complete stranger to mountains of loose stone obeyed, somewhat dubiously. Pop! over went the good grey and with the accompaniment of a clatter of falling stones the two landed safely again in the Lime Kiln Field.

“The Count was really a fine man to hounds, a thruster but full of judgment, and it was never his fault if he missed a good hunt. Hunting was not all luxury in those hard keen days. No saloon car purring round at ten or ten-thirty, but a dog-cart with a fast cob in the shafts at the door two good hours before the Meet. Two in front, at least secure, two at the back clinging on to the narrow seat, and a roaring draught chilling booted legs. Away, with a spirited plunge from the *Trapper* along narrow roads. ‘Woa boy,’ as the hunters were passed. Perhaps squalls of rain driving in one’s face—and wind. There was always wind in a dog-cart.

“And one hunt—at Newbridge—was what they now term in this country ‘Count Blücher’s Hunt.’ He had the best of it. Cooltomin, a sheltered gorse by a narrow road, was the first draw that day. A celebrated little gorse, then as now. ‘Keep your heels cool for Cooltomin, Jack,’ a lady was once heard to say. West from it rise the hills of Shanagolden. The remnants of Shanid Castle, where Irish kings once lived, showing clearly on the steep side of the hill. Smooth in the distance is Shanagolden, but it is a country of peat and rotten banks, of sharp ascents and patches of treacherous bog. To the north Ballyclough crags—a low stone wave, its spindrift-stunted nuts and thorn, a wave which rises from the green pasture about its feet. To the east perhaps the best bit of country in Limerick. Light fences of grass and clean walls to jump.

“A whimper in covert—horses cock their ears, reins

are tightened. Men's hands slip to their girths to see if they are tight enough. Another whimper, taken up and confirmed, swelling to a crashing chorus.

"Which way will he go? The crowd barges and sways on the narrow road. All ways are the same to a stranger. Count Blücher on *Nantenan* listens eagerly.

"'Go in away. Forrard away away.' When our hearts fail to thrill to that shout they will be still for ever.

"'Get away on. Forrard on.'

"Crash and struggle off that narrow road. The fox has broken towards Cahirmoyle, taking the perfect line.

"Over the highest part of the wall fencing the road goes *Nantenan* and away crashing over the low gorse, which borders the covert.

"Hounds pouring out close on their fox. A huge double wall to be jumped or else go to the gate and hope that it may swing to you.

"A gallant man on a gallant grey thought little of mighty walls now. Over, and hounds, all together, racing across a green field—and only a few with them.

"Out across another road swinging left as if for Hartigan's Spinneys. But, hard pressed, the fox had no time to try the earth there and set his mask for Cahirmoyle. And having the best of it, a man on a grey. No semblance of a check, one had to ride hard to keep with hounds. Down now to deeper going and a couple of big banks to be taken, and hounds dashed into Mead's Fort, a straggling covert of thorn and scrub.

"Blown horses got a respite. Riders who had been left behind came up.

"'I went to the gate. I was sure they'd swing across the bog, and I never could catch, then. You had

all the luck ' (to Count Blücher) ; ' Ah ! he's gone again.'

"The fox, fresh no longer, left Mead's Fort to try to get back to Cooltomin. But the line he chose took jumping now. No easy walls. Trappy banks and then a deep little river with a nasty stony bank to land on. The grey jumped short and fell back, tilting his rider into three or four feet of cold water. But Count Blücher recovered, jumped on again and kept his place.

"Slower now, on the scent of a sinking fox, leaving the banks behind and once again in the wall country. Double walls, unjumpable in many places.

" ' We'll catch him for sure,' someone cries.

"County people leap on to the fences.

" ' He is only a field ahead, dead out, the tail draggin' on him.'

"Rattle and crash, as the sound of shingle dragged back by a rough sea, go the walls. Some are knocked flat, and will take half a day to build up, but the owners love ' the sport ' too much to care.

"A rise of land, a house, Cooltomin once more, and five men gallop on with hounds and leading these five a man on a grey, a very beaten grey now, for wet men are heavy.

" ' They'll get him now.'

"And suddenly, a field from the covert, hounds threw up their heads, baffled.

" ' He must be in.' The huntsman jumped off his horse, looking for a hole.

"The low-lying bare field was devoid of sanctuary for a rat.

" ' Hang it, where has he gone to ? . . . He hasn't got wings. Hullo, Ned, have you seen the fox ? '

"The covert-keeper, a bland-looking man, came over a wall. ' Hadn't ye the trail of him up to here ? He is lyin' down somewhere surely ? '

“ ‘ He must be in the covert.’

“ ‘ The burrow is tight closed,’ said the man. ‘ Gine (go in) an’ see if ye like.’

“ A fox was completely lost. But what a gallop, what a hunt ! Eight miles or more as hounds had run, and never a strand of wire.

“ Dripping but utterly happy the Count agreed to ride home. He was too wet to stay out. . . .

“ Just as he and Johnny White reached the road a cautious voice hailed them.

“ ‘ Master John ! Whisht ! . . .’

“ ‘ What did you do with that fox ?’ said Master John calmly.

“ ‘ It was me little vixen. She lay down on the wall beyant, too bate to get to the covert, an’ I whipped her up and ran in with her and slipped her into the burrow and closed it. . . .’

“ That was why scent had failed so inexplicably !”

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CHAPTER FIVE
THE EDGE OF ADVENTURE

I

AFTER Strasburg I had to make up my mind to settle down as a man of affairs. My brother Gustave was in the Army; Ferdinand was in the Navy. What was I to do? In Germany in those days, and even now, when a young man has no marked tastes he is put to study Law, and a very useful preparation for life it is—if not carried too far. I therefore read Law in the little town of Zobten in Prussian Silesia, making my headquarters at home at Krieblowitz. In due course I became a *Referendar*, that is a young barrister who attends the Law Court and gains knowledge and experience by defending poor people without payment. However, life at a desk in an office, or in stuffy Law Courts, suited neither my temperament nor health, and something else had to be tried. It was then decided that I should go to Radun and gain practical experience of the management of a large estate under the General Director or, as one would say in England, the Estate Agent. In Germany, as in England, this official was a very important person, and invariably what is called a gentleman. In Germany he was sometimes a Professor or Doctor and therefore apt to be too theoretical, too much of an office man or official. In England, on the other hand, in my time at any rate, he was always first and last a sound practical man, mostly in the open air, a sport,

a good fellow and (if his wife was the right sort) always an addition to a dinner-party.

At Radun I spent a few full and happy years. I think it must have been while there that I first began clearly to envisage the personality of my mother, to learn something of the history of her family, and that of Radun our principal Austrian home. I have the spirit of place very strongly developed, and can best recreate an historic personage after I have made a close study of the surroundings in which they lived. This is easiest if the private rooms in which they actually spent most of their time have been preserved more or less as they used them. State apartments—everywhere more or less alike—tell one little, although curators and similar officials seldom seem to realize this. Some time after the German Revolution when the Imperial *Schloss* in Berlin had been made into a museum, I made a sad pilgrimage through its dead rooms once alive and familiar. When shown the private cabinet of the Emperor William II I objected to the guide saying it was exactly as he had left it, as such was not my recollection. I knew the Emperor would never sit foolishly in the middle of the room in the uncomfortable and inconvenient manner in which his big desk—a present from the British Navy and with Nelson's famous signal displayed in small enamel flags across it—was placed. On pressing the guide he reluctantly admitted that all the larger pieces of furniture had been moved in order to enable the crowds of trippers to pass more rapidly through the room! For me all its verity had fled. Instead of a revelation, it had become a libel on the man who used it.

At Radun, and more especially at Stauding, I was able to some extent to recreate correctly the life my mother had lived there as a young girl; to recall and get into touch with her vivid, gentle spirit; the shadowy

memories of our farewell when I was but a child of five assumed for me a new life and a quite extraordinary vividness. Indeed there were moments then, and later, when I was in intimate communion with the young girl who walked those rooms, wandered in those woods, dreamed surrounded by that landscape for five years before I was born. Where was I then? Where awaiting the inevitable moment that would bring us together for time and for eternity? The possibilities of a pre-natal mutual knowledge, anterior to conception, of a mother and son—is it so very extraordinary? Surely if by means of a piece of mechanism in England and a similar piece in America human beings can use the waves of space to speak with one another, there is no inherent reason why that exquisitely sensitive mechanism, the divine soul of man, should not find communion with other souls, or with their Creator, either before birth, during life, or after death.

Be all these high yet simple things as they may, it was during those early years at Radun that I first consciously and completely entered into that spiritual inheritance that differentiates man from the beasts. Science tells us that all human progress dates from the great moment when man first stood upright, and first used his hands to fashion simple things: I would venture to amend or, rather, complete that statement by suggesting with all humility that everything worth while dates from the greater moment when man first looked upwards, and first folded his hands to pray!

II

The Lobkowitz are amongst the most ancient and illustrious families of Bohemia. The family name is really Popel and they only added that of Lobkowitz since 1407 when one of them bought the Castle and

estates of that name. Zamko Popel of Lobkowitz, born in 1568, was High Chancellor of Bohemia under the Habsburg Emperors Rudolf II, Mathias, and Ferdinand II, who created him a Prince in 1624. A judicious and prudent man, he married a great heiress, Countess Rosenberg, who brought him the castle and estate of Raudnitz and much else besides. After that there were a lot of Lobkowitz, nearly all of whom accomplished something. They became Princes of the Empire and, after the fall of Wallenstein, Dukes of Sagan.

I am principally interested in my mother's grandfather Joseph, widely known on the Continent as the Mæcenas of his day, a great lover and patron of all the Arts, particularly music. He was one of the greatest friends and most faithful patrons of Beethoven. When Beethoven got an offer, from Napoleon's youngest brother, King Jerome of Westphalia, to go to Kassel it was Prince Lobkowitz who, with Archduke Rudolf and Prince Kinsky, signed a contract to secure the artist four thousand florins a year and thus enable him to remain in Vienna. Prince Joseph had his own special orchestra and in his beautiful palace on the Lobkowitz Platz in Vienna he not only arranged concerts but gave whole operas, mostly Italian: it was said by his contemporaries that at any hour of the day or night music could be heard proceeding from the Lobkowitz Palace.

In 1804 the newly finished celebrated symphony *Eroica* was played for the first time in the Palais Lobkowitz, and the Prince bought the right of performance for a term of years. In the presence of Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Prussia, himself a musician of ability, who was a guest at Raudnitz, the *Eroica* was once played right through three times before the eager hearers were satisfied. Not only did Prince

Joseph do much for the fame and right understanding of Beethoven's works, but his house was known far and wide as the resort of artists ; indeed he was so generous, and did so much for all the arts, and for all artists, that he sorely damaged his fortune. This, and the fall of the money value in consequence of the Napoleonic wars, made the payment of Beethoven's pension for some time really difficult. The choleric artist began a process against Lobkowitz, which he lost ; nevertheless, the large-minded Prince took no offence. He never lost his interest and admiration for Beethoven's genius and, dying prematurely, made arrangements in his will that his share of the pension should be continued till Beethoven's death. Of this fact I am particularly proud, because no family honour could be greater than to give a helping hand to genius.

Festivities in honour of the Congress of Vienna (which it is more than probable old *Vorwärts* attended) were the last held in the Palais Lobkowitz under the popular Prince Joseph and his most charming wife Marie Karolina, born Princess Schwarzenberg, for they both died in 1816.

Their son, Prince Ferdinand Joseph, married Princess Marie of Liechtenstein and they were the parents of my mother, and from about 1840 until the late 'sixties the house was under their régime once more the centre of Vienna society. Balls, receptions, at homes (in the evenings as was the fashion then), followed each other. My grandmother was the sister of the celebrated Lori Princess Schwarzenberg (born Liechtenstein), another noted leader of the society of that time ; and most of the members of the very extensive "cousinage" saw each other continually.

Here I should like to interject another little impression of our mother sent to me the other day by my

sister Karolina. Being my senior her memories of those early years is better than mine :

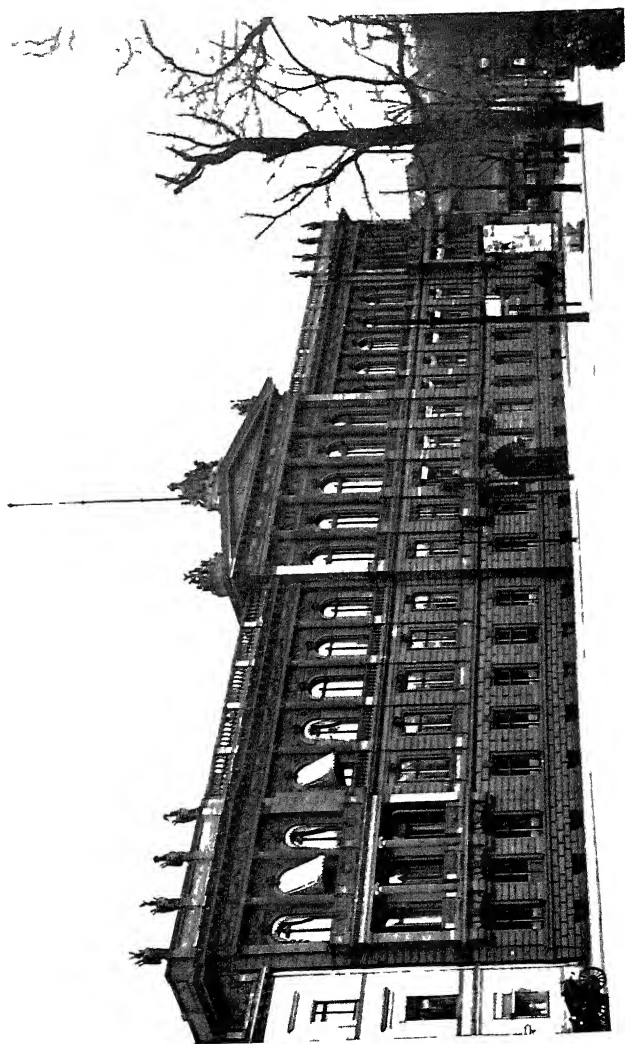
A very faint recollection I have of my mother, as I saw her last with five years in the convent of the *Sacrè Cœur* in Vienna, where she took leave of us with very great emotion, before starting for Italy with my father. I see a beautiful and gentle lady before me, looking tenderly on us and then lifting the eyes to a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as if confiding us to Him. I remember well for that moment her features.

Her faithful maid, Gertrud Fedisch, an Hungarian, has often related to us, how piously and patiently my mother supported her long illness, affection of the lungs, in Italy. She also related that a ship, crossing at the coast of Italy, bringing my parents to Rome, took fire and she had this shock, ill as she was. The fire was quenched thank God. They reached Rome where she died saintly, in Hotel Constanz.

Other moments of recollection I have of her from our life in Stauding Castle. She suffered much from the disagreement between my father and his parents. Her love of my father was great.

Shortly after the birth of my youngest brother Ferdinand, my parents assisted at the coronation festival of the Emperor William I in Berlin, and at that time my Mother's portrait was painted. I believe, after all I heard, that all the fatigues of the feasts and standing for hours for her portrait were somewhat too much for her at that time. She also took a very bad cold in Italy ; suddenly a violent rapid affection of the lungs befell her and she was taken so young from us. From what I gathered out of remarks of my father I believe that pecuniary difficulties decided him to remove to Italy. He thought that, what he got out of his parents, did not suffice for a castle life in Stauding, and the differences concerning the money matters with his parents also decided him to travel to Italy, where one could live very well and cheaply at that time. My mother's maid also told me that the Palazzo, in which my parents lived during winter in Venice was awfully cold, everywhere marble or stone floors ; this may also have been bad for my mother's health.

I am glad that I visited with my husband and children my dear good uncle, the late Moritz Prince Lobkowitz ; he had loved his sister, my Mother, very deeply and was most kind to us children. So we also saw the splendid castles in which she lived, especially



PALAIS BLÜCHER, BERLIN

Eisenberg their Bohemian Castle near Prague, where she was much in her childhood. . . .

III

Vienna is always associated in my mind with the warmth of welcome and the great hospitality I received there, making me feel at home at once. It was indeed a lovable place. I picture with pleasure that spacious white city bathed in the brightest sunshine ; its clear crystal winds ; its incomparable charm ; its great wide streets and open squares.

I think, too, of its enormous store of art treasures, including marvellous pictures, old armour, priceless tapestries and invaluable glass. Everything that is precious and beautiful was collected there—mainly by the Habsburg Emperors and their innumerable relations. Nowhere else in Europe could be heard such glorious music, while its literary and theatrical life were unrivalled. The picturesqueness of its surroundings, its many public gardens, the delightful open-air cafés and restaurants, proved havens of refuge during the hot summer months. Everywhere glowed a profusion of flowers ; even in the smallest spaces little beds were planted, while the balconies of private and business houses resembled large bouquets. Restaurants and coffee houses all boasted large gardens and an excellent orchestra, to which it was a joy to the most fastidious to listen. Memories of the glories of the Ringstrasse rise before me ; that broad street planted with four rows of trees, like the Paris Boulevards, and the dreamy waters of the Danube. Walking down what is probably the finest street in the world, one passed a succession of palaces, splendid public buildings and monuments, interspersed here and there with gardens and parks. It was our custom to ride or drive down the chestnut

avenues of the Prater in the mornings and take our coffee at a fashionable coffee house in the open ; there were two of these, one of them overlooking a strip of ornamental water, the other, deep in a woody dell. These were often the rendezvous of the *demi-monde*. Although the winters were long and cold with sharp north winds blowing, abundant sport of every description made the hours pass all too quickly. Opportunities for skating and ski-ing were excellent, also, of course, mountaineering and hunting. For the long dark evenings there remained the numberless theatres, music-halls, the opera and the magnificent court Balls, ceremonies and pageants. When the Emperor entertained foreign guests the whole of the Imperial Opera House was commandeered. The spectacular effect can well be imagined with the wonderful brightness of the ladies' dress, the smart uniforms of the officers and Magnates, all rising at the entry of the Imperial party to greet their Sovereigns with the National Anthem.

I remember so well the first time I saw Richard Coudenhove ; it was at the Hussar Barracks in Vienna, where he and some of his brother officers were amusing themselves after Mess by practising singing and dancing to the accompaniment of Richard's violin. This meeting was to prove the beginning of a lifelong friendship, as although we had often heard of each other, we had never actually met till then. Nor shall I ever forget the evening that Coudenhove and I saw Duse acting in Vienna—shortly after the ending of her tragic love affair with D'Annunzio. She was appearing in *L'Autre Danger*, when, after having made the sacrifice of her daughter to her former lover, she turns to the window with her back to the audience and says : “ *C'est toujours la femme qui expie,*” in a toneless, lifeless voice ; one could see by every line on her figure that she was re-living her own tragedy. . . . The whole audience

burst into convulsive sobs, and Richard and I had some difficulty in not doing likewise. The friendship started thus in our early manhood grew stronger with the passing years. We have both since been through many trials and troubles together in Vienna, Africa and London, but they have only increased our attachment. Coudenrove is almost as well known in London Society as he is in Vienna. He always was, and is still, the *arbiter elegantiarum* and a great favourite with ladies in England, as well as in Austria. He has still the knack, which he has always possessed, of cheering everyone up wherever he is, by his fund of wit and good humour and his musical accomplishments.

During that winter ¹ in Vienna I suddenly felt a longing for the mountains and sport of some sort, anything, so long as it was sport, and therefore I eagerly jumped at an invitation from the brother of a Stonyhurst friend, Baron Twinkel, to accompany him on an expedition to try and get a bear on the Transylvanian-Rumanian borders. Our preparations were rather hurried, as we did not expect to be away more than about ten days, and as in February it is generally spring weather, and spring flowers are already to be seen on the mountains, we did not take many precautions against the chances of severe cold and were badly punished for our carelessness, as we were caught in a blizzard. At one moment a heavy fall of snow covered us, blinding us to such an extent that we could not see a yard ahead of us, and the force of the gale pinned us right on to the steep rocky incline of the mountain, as we were trying to negotiate the pass leading into Rumania by crossing the watershed from Transylvania. Twinkel had left Vienna almost foolishly unprepared. He was in the uniform, riding-boots and tight-fitting jacket then worn by the Austrian Dragoon regiments ;

¹ 1888-1889

his headgear was the ordinary military cap and he wore a pair of leather gloves. I had taken the precaution of bringing a heavy woollen muffler, a pair of woollen shooting-mittens, was dressed in proper shooting-clothes of Tirolese cloth, the jacket lined with fur, and wore strong mountaineering boots. Twinkel bore up bravely for a time, but after we had been blown about like rags—it was impossible to stand up, so we were compelled to crawl on hands and knees—he suddenly collapsed and would certainly have been frozen to death, or at least lost a limb, if I had not come to the rescue with my woollen muffler and the mittens. We wrapt him up in the comforter, put the mittens on, and we then partly carried, partly dragged him along.

I had taken my leather glove off my right hand in which I was holding my alpenstock, but unfortunately had forgotten to take it off the left hand. By now we were so numbed with cold that our one idea was to sit down and have a rest, which of course would have been fatal. A mask of ice covered our faces and we could scarcely see through the small holes produced by the warmth of our eyes.

We soon found that our guide, the Austrian ranger who was apparently new to the game, had lost his way and so there was apparently nothing for it but to cling on to each other in threes and fours and crawl on hands and knees in the direction in which we thought the timber line lay: by great good fortune we struck it after about two hours' search.

One somewhat odd incident sticks out in my memory. I saw a gnarled old warrior amongst our beaters who was standing rather exposed on a pinnacle of rock, when I suddenly had the impression of seeing him flying through the air; the force of the wind had torn his heavy sheepskin coat from his back and was whisking it about like a piece of paper; this man of

seventy was apparently inured of any kind of temperature and weather and turned up smiling when we had reached the timber line—minus his sheepskin.

Once there we were in comparative shelter from the hurricane and managed to find the track which led up the mountain.

Needless to say I was pretty well exhausted by that time and the anxiety of looking after Twinkel did not add to my comfort, so that when I tried to negotiate a deep ditch filled with snow, I slipped back and had to accept the assistance of one of the beaters. To my horror he exclaimed, when he grasped my left hand : “ My God, your fingers are frozen ! ”

Much pre-occupied, I had not felt anything, and hurriedly cutting the glove into strips with my pocket-knife, removed it only to find that the beater’s diagnosis was correct : the fingers down to the second joint were as white as alabaster and it was impossible to get life into them in spite of violent rubbing with snow. Towards nightfall we reached the village for which we were bound and there my hand was dressed by some of the old women, who applied all sorts of home remedies, including raw cabbage, raw meat and oil. Twinkel had in the meantime recovered from his exhaustion and we found he was not seriously injured, though his feet had turned black and so had mine.

We spent the night at the village inn where we were treated with great hospitality, and next morning we managed to get a conveyance to a station at which the Orient Express from Constantinople to Vienna passed. My hand was now all swollen and blistered and I could do little to it during the three days’ train journey to Vienna. As soon as I got to my apartment Dr. Weintehuer came to examine it and without any warning he started peeling off the skin. The pain after that was indescribable, but he put an ointment on it

and smeared it over with a paste that looked like an egg flip and thus brought instant relief. I had to keep it bandaged and treated with this ointment for about three weeks whilst the gangrenous parts were being defined. Then I had the operation and under an anæsthetic had the fingers amputated. I had some pain during the first day but not again. Moritz Vetter and R. Belgade came to see me through the operation ; the surgeon and doctor were most careful and sympathetic ; and so, on the whole I rather enjoyed it all—as I was considered a tremendous hero—and at the age of twenty-five one does like being a hero in the eyes of one's contemporaries, especially for an injury obtained through deeds of daring or through sport.

My apartment for the next weeks became the fashionable lounge for friends and relatives and scarcely anyone passed without coming in for a smoke or a gossip, and so, looking back, I have quite pleasant recollections of an event which, trivial as it was, settled in a way my whole future life.

IV

One day ¹ rumours, more specific than usual, began going around concerning the Crown Prince Rudolf and his dissensions with his father. On January 27 a reception was given by the German Ambassador, Prince Henry VII of Reuss, and then next day Vienna was rife with gossip. The Emperor and Empress had been present, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, and the entire Diplomatic Corps, and amongst the ladies was the Baroness Vetsera with her lovely little sixteen-year-old daughter Mary. Count Joseph Hoyos described her as looking that evening

¹January 30, 1889.

more exquisitely beautiful than ever, more ethereal, more innocent-looking, and said that all eyes were riveted on her, especially those of the Crown Prince. Next morning the Empress sent for Rudolf and told him that the Emperor had asked her to say that he was seriously displeased that his son should bring his mistress to a diplomatic reception at which the Crown Princess was present.

Although it is many years ago now, yet to me the picture of that time stands out as vividly as if it was yesterday.

Slowly at first, then feverishly, it began to be whispered that the Crown Prince was dead, had killed himself after killing Mary Vetsera. Then it was officially contradicted. New and even more exaggerated reports followed. At last, slowly, the whole sad story leaked out, and then my friends came in and told me it had been broken to the Empress by Baron Nopcsa and that she who never lacked courage had gone and told the Emperor. The hushed silence in all the royal apartments; the horror of the two broken-hearted parents—then bit by bit Vienna draped in black and mourners everywhere in the streets.

I actually saw the Crown Prince accompanied by Hoyos drive out—the afternoon before the tragedy—on his way to Mayerling. He was driving himself in a phaeton with two white horses, driving at a terrific pace, along the Prater towards the country. I noticed at the time that his eyes had an extraordinary glance in them, an impression confirmed by an acquaintance who was with me and who, without any prompting from me, declared that the look in Rudolf's eyes was that of a man who was not normal.

My apartment was facing the Lobkowitz Palais in the Lobkowitz Platz and the Hofkapelle attached to the Imperial Palace (Hof Burg) was a few hundred yards

round the corner in the Herrengasse ; therefore those of my friends who had the privilege of going in to see the Crown Prince who was lying there in State, came in to me as they passed by, bringing me the latest news—and all the different versions of the awful tragedy ! As I sat at my window I watched the people coming and going, and as I did so the picture of the whole tragic affair rose up before me in vivid distinctness.

This hypersensitive young Prince with so many talents and gifts and so misunderstood, longing for freedom and scope to give expression to his schemes and ambitions, and his artistic tastes, forcibly repressed at every turn and compelled to submit to the Court régime. His early taste for literary activity, his refusal to organize his life according to the dictates of his parents, the irksomeness of Court convention—and then the arranged marriage ! It was sad to see the waste of the Crown Prince's youth ; the stifling of all his most beautiful ideals and schemes ; the beauty of his nature soured by incessant rules and criticism. Is it to be wondered at then that when he met the young Baroness Mary Vetsera, who already, at the age of sixteen, was described as the most beautiful girl in Vienna, he was fascinated by her.

How well I remember the first time I ever saw Mary Vetsera. It was at the races ! Her aquamarine eyes seemed to glow with a mysterious light ; even then one somehow felt tragedy in their depths. Only sixteen, and yet she possessed that power to draw men to her, to draw them to their death for her—sex-ridden—as someone described her, because in spite of her angelic appearance she was by no means even then without experience. What is this sex attraction, so impossible to describe and possessed in such rare and unexpected places ? I remember Mary's four uncles well, the Baltazzi brothers, famous turf enthusiasts and gentle-

men riders, and her own popular brothers, all such sportsmen ! But her mother was, I fear, a very foolish woman, and must bear her share of blame for the tragedy. Vienna was for months, indeed years, full of every sort of tale regarding the tragedy : everyone seemed to know something ; each one declared he or she had been told in confidence things they dare not repeat. Some said it was mutual suicide, others that it was murder. Others again said it was a duel ; even my old *fiacre* driver had a story to tell me. He said that the doctor who attended me for my finger operation used to be driven out daily to Mayerling for some time after, giving the idea that a third person had been wounded during that terrible, sinister, mysterious night. I have even seen it stated that it was a political murder, similar to that which removed the Archduke Franz Ferdinand so disastrously twenty-five years later, and which proved to be the prologue to the horrors and waste of the World War. All these stories were so much nonsense. There were only two persons present at Mayerling : Prince Philip of Coburg, who was married to a sister of the Crown Princess Stephanie, and Count Joseph Hoyos. Prince Philip and Count Hoyos retired for the night and Count Hoyos at all events was unaware that Baroness Mary Vetsera was in the hunting-lodge. The Crown Prince had retired early pleading a cold. Next morning a butler knocking at the Crown Prince's door failed to get in and summoned Prince Philip and Count Joseph, who burst it open. They found the Crown Prince and the Baroness lying dead on the bed with a six-shooter beside them, and had no doubt whatever but that they had both chosen a voluntary death.

Vienna went into deepest mourning. The Crown Prince was borne to the Imperial Vault beneath the Church of the Capucines in the old black Imperial

hearse drawn by white horses ; and this was as it should have been because Rudolf, whatever his weaknesses and mistakes, had vision and ideals and fought for them. The black hearse drawn by white horses may therefore well stand as a symbol of his whole life.

No one knew it, yet Rudolf's death directly affected everyone alive. His successor as Heir Apparent was his cousin Franz Ferdinand, doomed, it would seem, to let loose on an unready world the cruel dogs of war.

V

Compared to huge cities like London, New York, Berlin and Chicago, Prague is a small place with its half-million or so inhabitants. Yet it has all the attributes of a capital. Its position on the River Moldau is charming ; it is a great commercial and industrial centre ; its University is old and famous ; its Cathedral, churches and architectural glories are in their way incomparable, its ancient culture deep-rooted, yet alive and flourishing ; its vital contributions to the development of our European civilization precious and significant.

I write about Prague here rather than in an earlier chapter because although my recollections of my early student days there are unforgettable, it was not until I grew older and knew other cities that I realized the full beauty of the ancient capital of Bohemia. The country has now one of those funny new omnibus names, concocted about the time they were drafting and re-drafting the Treaty of Versailles, but Bohemia it will always remain, because that was its name under its first Dukes in those early days when Libussà the Prophetess truly foretold that one day Prague would become a sun amongst cities. In those days the Vissehrad was the hill on which stood the residence

of the Ducal Sovereigns ; later the rival hill, the Hradschin, became the site of the Imperial Burg, and around the Royal Residence grew up the glorious Cathedral, the convents, monasteries, and the palaces of the nobility. But I will not try to give details of public buildings which can easily be obtained elsewhere ; a glimpse into some of the private houses will have more personal interest.

Of course the house I knew best was that of my uncle Moritz, the Lobkowitz Palace. It stood on a corner site on the famous Hradschin quite near the Imperial Burg. In this house happened one of the most famous incidents in Bohemian history. John Huss,¹ educated and ordained in Prague, and afterwards Rector of the University, became a Protestant and was largely responsible for introducing Protestantism into Bohemia. This during the following centuries led to endless and bitter quarrels ; in 1618 something like civil war broke out in Prague, the Emperor was very angry and sent a threatening epistle to be read out to the States of the Bohemian Kingdom specially summoned to the Hradschin for the purpose. The States promised to return a suitable answer next day and came to the Lobkowitz Palace to do so. They found waiting there to receive them the Obersburggraf, Adam von Sternberg, holder of an office so ancient in Bohemia that its origin is uncertain ; with him were his coadjutor Diepold von Lobkowitz, and the Austrian Regents of the Kingdom, Martinitz and Slawata : Adam von Sternberg and Diepold von Lobkowitz were Bohemians and popular with both Magnates and people ; Slawata and Martinitz the two Austrian Imperial Governors were hated.

When the States arrived at the Lobkowitz Palace they were in a truculent mood and one of the Bohemian

¹ 1369-1415.

leaders, Vanzeslaus von Rapowa, declared that the best answer to send the Emperor would be to punish his two Representatives in the ancient Bohemian fashion—*po starotshesku*—that is by throwing them out of the window. In order not to compromise them Sternberg and Lobkowitz were led out of the room. Four nobles lifted the trembling Martinitz, carried him to the nearest open window and flung him out ; Slawata was then similarly dealt with and, as an afterthought, his Secretary, one Master Philip Platter, was flung after him to keep him company. This was the first overt act in the Bohemian revolution, the signal for the outbreak of the Thirty Years War. The odd thing was that although the room was quite sixty feet from the ground none of the victims were seriously injured. Indeed Platter was well enough to run off at once to Vienna to tell the Emperor.

I have often stood at that window and tried to reconstruct the pregnant historic episode—the prelude to the Thirty Years War.

I also knew well the Wallenstein, Czernin, Schwarzenberg and Nostitzi Palaces and their countless pictures and art treasures. I remember particularly in the Nostitzi Palace a marble model for a public monument. On one side was a representation of the famous knight Przemysl at the plough with the representatives of the Prophetess Libussà offering him the Crown of Bohemia ; on the other side he was shown as King at the entrance to the Palace, accompanied by his Consort. Attached to all the Prague Palaces were large gardens, most of them employing a score of gardeners under a superintendent ; plants were brought from all over the world, from England, from Holland, even from Australia, so there was none of that monotony so boring in formal gardens. One palace garden was made in terraces climbing up the

hill and from the summit there was a gorgeous panorama of the old Schloss, the Cathedral, the churches, the whole city and surroundings, tied together, as it were, by the River Moldau with its shimmering islands.

VI

My father was anxious about this time that, for social, matrimonial and business reasons I should go to St. Petersburg, and see something of Russia and its people, so a visit was arranged. Approaching the capital of the Tsars for the first time roused very little interest or enthusiasm in me. Indeed, it was more inclined to have a distinctly depressing effect, for on every side there appeared nothing but miles of forest and morass with scarcely the trace of a habitation.

After those dull stretches of country it was with a great feeling of surprise that I saw the massive city of St. Peter suddenly arise like an oasis out of the vast wilderness surrounding it ; it was a distinctly pleasant surprise too, for the journey seemed to have been endless.

In many ways Petersburg reminded me of Berlin, being built on the level with wide and regularly arranged streets. There was a look of stiffness and symmetry reminiscent of German discipline. Everything appeared to have been made on a colossal scale, the streets, the squares, the palaces, the public buildings, and even the churches. The fashionable hotel to stay at during that time was the Hôtel d'Europe, and it was one of the most luxurious that I have ever been in. I had a beautiful suite of apartments, and soon got to know many of those who, like myself, were settled there for the season.

One of the first acquaintances I made was Edward

Law.¹ He and I soon struck up a real friendship which proved to be a lasting one. He put me wise as regards Petersburg society ; whom to know and whom to avoid, gave me points about designing mothers, ladies with a past, and many other pitfalls.

Arriving in the middle of the season, I was flung into a perfect orgy of gay and extravagant entertainments. Everywhere was sounded the topnote of luxury in a society where manners were far more highly esteemed than morals. There were many beautiful women and the setting left nothing to be desired but, even so, one soon began to find a certain monotony in those gaieties. Many of the aristocrats not only maintained wonderful palaces in St. Petersburg but also in other parts of the country, so that their lives were spent in one continuous round of entertainment and pleasure. At the Winter Palace three thousand people could dance at one time and over two thousand have supper after a ball : it was the most brilliant sight imaginable, the luxuriant loveliness of the women almost outshone by the men, everyone of whom was in glittering uniform, many of them ablaze with Orders and Decorations.

On the other hand there were few who made a cult for literature and the Arts. The Diplomatic circle was, on the whole, the most amusing and most of my time was spent in it. A great number of aristocratic and wealthy women were famous for their political and diplomatic parties, their houses being the scene of many an intrigue, diplomatic, financial, or merely scandalous.

Prince Bielocesky was the leading young man in Society ; he was in the Guards, and a most handsome, magnificent young fellow, and much run after by

¹ Sir Edward Law, K.C.M.G., C.S.I., 1846-1910 ; m. 1893 Katherine, d. of Nicholas Hatospoulo of Athens.

everyone. He eventually married a very beautiful American girl, and the marriage proved a happy one. I have lately heard that he lost everything during the Revolution, and is now living quite quietly in a London suburb. His father was one of the wealthiest landowners in Russia and owned the islands in the River Neva, and used to give the most wonderful parties and entertainments there in pavilions which he had built for the purpose ; his guests would go out there in sleighs after the theatre, and were entertained at most gorgeous supper-parties, and amusements of all sorts, which were kept up till morning—really happy, wild times. Consequently no one ever appeared in public before luncheon.

They used sometimes to have for those island parties a chorus of fifty gipsies in costume, who would sing their songs in the most moving and stirring manner ; the whole combination of the islands, the snow, the sleigh drives, the illuminations, and the gipsy voices, as one approached, was very beautiful, and gave one the idea of a temporary fairyland.

Amongst the notabilities were Prince Galitzin, Prince Bóbrinski and Prince Gaǵarine ; their ladies were the leading hostesses of the day. They were all very rich landowners, and the essence of respectability and stately grandeur, and none of their women were “fast.” On the other hand Countess Kleinmichel and her two lovely daughters belonged to what is now known in England as “the smart set,” although they would be considered anything but that in the society of to-day. It was simply that they were very beautiful, and liked admiration ; and the elder one once danced a *pas seul* at her mother’s ball ; this would be a quite ordinary occurrence now, but was then considered most daring. I often saw the daughters afterwards in Berlin. The elder one made a good marriage ; the second one had a

sad romance which led to her early death under very tragic circumstances.

Another friend I made in Petersburg was Sir Henry Howard,¹ although I did not get to know him so well as I did Law; he was then first Secretary at the British Embassy. He went through the whole career of Diplomacy, became an Ambassador, and his last post was that of Special Envoy to the Vatican. Anyhow, in those days, he was simply a Secretary, and therefore out to enjoy himself the same as anyone else.

As a matter of fact, just at this time, invitations were not showering in on the British Diplomats at St. Petersburg, as the Embassy was rather under a cloud for the time being. The story was that a hall porter at the Embassy had overheard and repeated (the porters were *all spies* in St. Petersburg) that the Ambassador² had been heard to say: "I am going to give a big dinner-party, and I am not going to have a single bloody Russian at it." Whatever Morier may have thought he of course never made such a tactless remark and, so far as dinner-parties of the Embassy were concerned, he, as in everything else, always did the correct thing. It is not beyond the bounds of probability that an enemy of England paid the hall porter in the British Embassy to "overhear" this remark.

Amongst my letters of introduction was one to the parents of a rich and beautiful Russian débutante whom my father wished me to cultivate with a view to matrimony. I was not over-keen to exert myself to carry out his wish, as at that time I was chiefly occupied by thoughts of sport and adventure.

However, I managed to make the acquaintance of

¹ Sir Henry Howard, G.C.M.G., 1843-1921; his mother was a daughter of Leopold von der Schulenburg of Priemern, Prussia. He m. 1867 Cecilia, d. of G. W. Riggs of Washington.

² Sir Robert Morier, G.C.B., 1826-1893.

some celebrities, interesting men and very beautiful and attractive women and girls, and invitations poured in.

Count Schweinitz was the German Ambassador at that time. Both he and the Ambassadors were most kind to me and as she had been a friend of Wagner's and was devoted to music, some of the best musical parties took place at the German Embassy.

VII

In 1889 my father married as his second wife Countess Elizabeth Perponcher-Sedlnitzky and definitely made his home on the Island of Herm. I cannot honestly say that I think he was attracted to the lovely little gem of the Channel Islands by its historic associations or its natural charm. Rather do I think that he wanted to be an independent sovereign in a small way. Most people, at some time in their lives, have burned with a desire to own an island. Then, my father, like many rich men, loved the idea of a land where Government officials cease from troubling and tax-gatherers are at rest. With this last idea uppermost he discovered the attractions of turning himself into a limited company, because limited companies like old soldiers never die and therefore from them no Chancellor of the Exchequer—not even Mr. Winston Churchill as he recently found to his sorrow—can collect death duties. My father therefore became the West Bank of Silesia; the Bank became the lessee of the island; the Emperor William II became angrier than ever with Prince Blücher of Wahlstatt—which was exactly what “H.S.H.” desired. I think he must have been one of the first great European landlords who tried to evade death duties by turning himself into a limited company.

Quite mistakenly, my father was accused of abandoning his German nationality and becoming a subject of the King of England. Had it been true he could have retorted that such a course was quite impossible as the Channel Islands belong to the Duke of Normandy, are his in direct inheritance from the days when Normandy conquered England, and that the King of England, as such, is quite unknown on the islands. Indeed, before King George V landed there on a visit he had to put off his Imperial Crown and put on his Circlet as a Norman Duke—and did so right willingly. Herm, as a matter of fact, is in quite a different political category to the other islands. Although nominally a part of Guernsey its scattered inhabitants accept no jurisdiction but that of the British Government.

My first visit to Herm took place in 1890. I found the Manor House, as it was called, large and hideous but the island and its little offshoot Jethou were perfect. Jethou, which is only half a mile across, was never owned by my father. For some time it belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Austin-Leigh. The flora of Herm, its romantic legends of ghosts and smugglers, its two small but perfect shell beaches, and its sporting resources made of it a small paradise. Ever since the days of Sir Thomas Leighton ¹ and Lord Danby ² it has been famous as a game preserve. My first visit to Herm is unforgettable because of an incident that might have turned out badly for me. One day I climbed down the western shore of the Island in search of cormorants' nests. I did not find any eggs and began to climb back about three o'clock as I was getting hungry for luncheon. I could not find the actual path by which I had descended to the beach; however, I started climbing up the rocks in a haphazard way, when I suddenly noticed the tide rising. I found myself on a

¹ *circa* 1560.

² *circa* 1636.

small ledge, only about ten feet above the rising tide with an overhanging rock above me. As I could go neither up nor down I promptly tied myself to a spike of projecting rock with my braces, and prepared to wait for the ebb tide which was due at about ten o'clock at night. I need not describe my feelings ; it is sufficient to say that the ledge on which I sat was very small, half a gale was soon blowing, and cold rain drenched me to the skin, as I had of course no overcoat.

I shall never forget those hours spent clinging to that rock. Time crept on and, though the rain had stopped, the wind still blew unabated. An excursion steamer passed and I frantically waved my handkerchief to it : someone waved back from the deck, apparently looking upon my signal as a friendly greeting and the boat went gaily on its course—not realizing my plight.

It gradually became darker, but I saw to my delight that the tide had stopped rising some five or six feet below me. I had naturally no hope of being found once night set in.

When darkness actually fell I had a moment of panic ; then as if by magic I became aware of the firmament of stars appearing in the night sky : a wonderful feeling of peace and tranquillity crept over me. I forgot my woes, and all my troubles seemed to melt away as I gazed in rapt admiration at the beauty of the sky and dwelt on the vastness and magnificence of creation.

Then suddenly I espied a light twinkling out at sea, turning a rocky headland, though some way off ; but I had no means of signalling and my voice could not possibly carry so far owing to the roar of the surf. I then remembered having put a small Austrian silver match-box with tinder and flint (a present from my friend August Nagel) in my pocket. This, as a sportsman, I had never failed to carry and I consider that this

little box actually saved my life for, in spite of the dampness, I was able to light the fuse and signal to the men in the oncoming boat. They perceived the signal almost at once, landed on the rocky shore beneath me and managed to throw me a rope which I made fast round a jutting rock. Although rescue had come at last, I was nevertheless not yet by any means out of danger. Because of the loss of the four fingers of my left hand in my recent Transylvanian adventure, I had only one hand at my disposal—and so I did not consider myself safe until I had reached the rocks at the bottom—where I at last landed safely, having slipped down the thin rope with practically only one hand.

Though I was very hard and fit in those days I do not think that I could have stood spending the whole night on that ledge, and an unaided descent from it in the darkness would have been impossible. As it was I got off without even a cold, and a welcome and warm clothing and a good dinner awaited me at the Manor House where my father and stepmother had been watching in considerable anxiety for my return; I remember that my stepmother was especially profuse in her expressions of relief for what she called my miraculous escape.

This adventure was simply the result of a stupid oversight on my part in not remembering which way I had climbed down to the beach.

I found my stepmother, who was only seven years older than myself, a most charming woman, an ornament in every way to her ancient and distinguished family; she bore my father two children, Lothair and Gebhardine, and died within five short years of her marriage. Her brother Alix,¹ I am happy to say, became one of my greatest friends.

¹ Alexander, 3rd Count, b., 1854, s. 1893, m. in 1900 Ctss. Rosa Zelenski,

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CHAPTER SIX
SOUTH AFRICA

I

MY break with my father began in the year 1891 : already there were troubles brewing between him and my two young brothers Gustave and Ferdinand, of course on the subject of finance. He expected us all to keep up a position worthy of the name, and did not give us adequate means to do so.

At that time I had my apartment in Vienna, and was trying to carry out my father's wishes to the best of my ability ; but the allowance he gave me did not come up to the requirements of the situation. Besides being expected to do a certain amount of entertaining in Vienna as well as in the country at Radun, I was given weighty responsibilities in connection with my father's political and financial schemes, some of which were even carried out in my name. The eventual result was financial loss, which exasperated my father so much that he broke off all personal contact with me for the time being.

After protracted negotiations, conducted in accordance with the best legal advice obtainable, and acting under the guidance of my uncle Prince Lobkowitz, and Count Ferdinand Deym, I obtained a fairly favourable settlement which, besides a considerable sum in cash, secured me a settled income during my father's lifetime.

Subsequently my brother Gustave, whom my father,

as a punishment for having taken my side, intended totally to ignore, was included in this settlement.

Although peace had been brought about regarding financial matters, real peace was never restored between my father and his elder sons, principally, I believe, owing to adverse influences which were persistently hostile to any attempts at reconciliation.

As I want to be perfectly fair to my father I will give my sister Karolina's account of his disagreements with my second brother Gustave and my youngest brother Ferdinand, as she is always so just and moderate :

Generally I had the impression that my father was constantly working and thinking in all sorts of affairs, controlling the management of estates, making speculations, calculations, and so on. He was very ambitious and wanted to raise an immense fortune for his eldest son, my brother Gebhard. There was great contrasts in him, he could be very very kind and also hard ; his great ambitions led him to hard conclusions. He was very proud of Gebhard, but my other two brothers, especially Ferdinand, he sometimes seemed not to care for quite so much : I felt that Gustave and Ferdinand feared him more than loved him.

Quite inexperienced and young, Gustave was sent to Africa with some capital and expected to make very good affairs. Unfortunately he was there with a young man of our relations, who invested his money very badly, although assuring the best of the affair, and all was lost. How could Gustave have a real idea of African investments young as he was and just coming into that country ? My father never quite forgave my poor brother the loss of this money.

Gustave entered for a while the Second Garde Lancers Regiment ; like Gebhard he then studied Law at Strasbourg and passed a *Referendar* examination. Later, after a year with the Sixth Lancers at Hanau (Main) he entered the Sixth Cuirassier Regiment in Brandenburg for years. He remained there in a command the first part of the war ; then he was sent to Russia ; and afterwards led a column of ammunition at the West front. After the war he returned to Brandenburg ; then he lived in Berlin ; and now he is dwelling permanently in Krieblowitz.

Ferdinand was put into the Royal Navy and at first seemed to succeed well ; but a disagreeable captain was irritated that my

father held a riding horse for Ferdinand in Kiel, and therefore made him fail through the first examination. This angered my father, and he took him from the Navy and made him enter the Regiment of Garde Uhlans. It was very difficult for my brother to avoid to spend more than his allowance in this elegant milieu in Berlin, he made debts, not many ; this angered much my father ; then he played cards with a false player and lost a greater sum. He also had an accident with his horse and split the ankle of one foot, had a most painful operation by Professor Bergmann and then, unfortunately, had to leave his Regiment in which he felt happy, because my father would not pay the debts. He was of course rich enough to do it but he was inflexible in this ; he would not pay the debts.

My poor brother Ferdinand, who was extremely good-natured and utmost brave and courageous, was now in greatest difficulties, so he left for America and wanted to join irregular troops in Texas, where there were disturbances ; but he travelled about and married ¹ with an American girl. Suddenly he got diphtheria in New York and died there. A Jesuit priest, Father Geyer, was, thank God, by him in his last hour and brought him the Holy Sacraments. But it was awfully sad to lose him thus. . . .

My father made two mistakes about myself and my brothers ; as his sons he vastly overrated us, but, as ourselves he considered us as mere ciphers—useful if we remained contented and obedient ciphers ; quite negligible if we did not : indeed nearly all parents seem either to overrate or underrate their children.

I had obtained complete freedom ; but the heart-breaks and nervous tension of three years, spent in highly difficult negotiations, necessitated a complete change of surroundings and occupation, and this gave me the long-desired opportunity to shake the dust of so-called civilization from my feet, and throw in my lot with the rising fortunes of South Africa. My brother Gustave had been there some time and was on his way home ; his sojourn there brought the

¹ On July 19, 1891, to Miss Alma Loeb of New York ; he died in New York, February 10, 1892.

African continent nearer and made it additionally attractive.

So I went out and had a good look round.

There were times of course later on when I got a longing for contact with old European friends ; but the craving for creature comforts, which civilization is supposed to engender, never entered my mind, and there never was a moment when my imagination harked back to the flesh-pots of Egypt.

II

Wanderlust and adventure, these are the reasons why most young men leave home and then, having once known the mesmeric influence of a great new continent such as Africa, they always return to it. I therefore made plans for a second prolonged visit and was fortunate enough to secure my friend Richard Coudenhove as a companion.

One day in 1894 Richard and I set sail from Tilbury Docks in the *Tantallon Castle* for the Cape. We found Lady Hallé, the famous Austrian violinist, on board and her husband Sir Charles, the great conductor, also Major and Mrs. Wiltshire and several other pleasant people, so we had an interesting voyage.

Imagine our feelings as we first sighted Capetown, backed so magnificently by Table Mountain. We had both been to South Africa before and had both fallen in love with it. There is no denying the strange magic it always exercises over all who once fall under its unusual charm. We were young ; our financial affairs were in good order ; we had left behind critical relatives, an old, complicated civilization and we were our own masters with complete freedom to wander at our own sweet wills. Like most young people we imagined that all life's complications arose from

exterior circumstances, that in a vast, new country they would be almost completely inoperative and we, therefore, absolved from all claims. A man has to live a long time before he discovers that freedom is from within and not from without.

The organization of the expedition fell to my lot just by chance ; it was being conducted under British eyes, and as I happened to be in London, I was able to make all arrangements with the Army and Navy Stores, and with the Shipping Company ; but in reality, Coudenhove was more experienced in African travel, as he had already made a name for himself by his exploits in Somaliland, where he had shot four lions during his expedition to that country with Erni Hoyos. Richard and Erni had penetrated far into the interior—a very different proposition then ¹ from what it is now. Italian Somaliland, except a narrow strip of the coast, was, at that time, a no-man's land, or rather, belonged to very many different Somali tribes, all of whom much enjoyed fighting and killing each other with occasional raids from the Abyssinians in the north and from the Gallas in the south by way of a change. It had at that time the reputation of being not quite safe, owing to the fact that several expeditions, mostly Italian such as that of Bottego and Sacconi, had been rushed and killed. Thanks to their excellent Somali headman, the late Ali Khar, and thanks to their excellent escort of forty-five men, all chosen by Ali Khar and all belonging to his own tribe, Erni and Richard succeeded in getting far beyond Webi Shebeli River into the country of the Southern Somalis who had, until then, never been visited by any white men, so that these two young Austrian sportsmen were the first Europeans they had ever seen.

On our voyage out, Coudenhove and I had made

¹ In 1893.

friends with Lewis Michell,¹ who gave us an introduction to Cecil Rhodes ; and so upon our arrival we were taken straight up to his place at Groote Schuur. He was very kind to us, asked us to stay to lunch, treated us rather as if we were two schoolboys, but gave us a most useful introduction to George Pauling, the well-known railway contractor, who later on became a lifelong friend.

So much has been written of Rhodes that it would be hopeless to try to add anything really significant. However, the impression he made on us at the time may be of interest ; I therefore quote Richard who writes :

Although our visit to Mr. Rhodes was short we were both impressed by his powerful personality and by his absolute simplicity and absence of pose ; although he was one of the busiest men on earth just at that time he was in no hurry and did not seem at all anxious to be rid of us. According to my experience, immensely inferior people in office (Ministers, Governors, and so on) so often want the visitor to believe they have not a spare second, in order to show how important, how busy, and how necessary they are ; but of course, there was, for Rhodes, no necessity to show off, as everybody who met him instantly felt themselves in the presence of a great man.

Some people blame Rhodes for the South African war, but he was not the culprit. On the contrary, it is said, had he been allowed his way, there would have been no war at all, as he would simply have *bought up* the Rand from Krüger ! Rhodes, together with many Englishmen, believed that the war was the first serious political mistake made in South Africa by the British Government, and that the chief fault lay with Joe Chamberlain. However, that is a digression.

We were determined to make the journey up-

¹ b. 1843, Knighted, 1902 ; Chairman of De Beers Consolidated Mines.

country as quickly after landing as possible and, very soon, we set out for the Pungwe River in Portuguese territory. Richard, being still in the Austrian Army, had only got limited leave of absence, so we had no time to lose. Later, I could return to the Cape and go into the whole question of mining investments because, like everyone else in those days, I wanted to make quickly a fortune in gold or diamonds.

Except Selous and some others, very few sportsmen had then hunted on the Pungwe River, though half a dozen white professionals lived and hunted there permanently. The country was said to be teeming with game but, except between the end of August and the end of October, the climate had a very bad reputation. Neither Richard nor I cared to have a professional guide ; however, to save time we waived our objections and I engaged Mr. Evans of Durban who was a white hunter of great experience and knew the Pungwe country well.

As one's memory is apt to be faulty Richard and I have pooled ours for these African chapters. He kept a diary and his description of our journey up-country is so good that, with his permission, I shall quote it :

From Durban we sailed to Beira, then a very small and primitive town, right on the verge of the jungle, and with only a few white inhabitants. There, as before in Durban, all sorts of arrangements for the trip into the interior had to be made ; and these, as it turned out, proved to be much more difficult and complicated than for my former, much longer, expedition in Somaliland. In Somaliland we had camels and nearly everything could be carried by them ; there, except in some parts, the climate was relatively healthy, and we could even take several horses besides our camels, without much risk ; and, last but not least, there was our excellent headman, Ali Khar, who did all the work. But on the Pungwe, we had to engage porters for carrying the loads, and the climate, except during a few months, was bad and dangerous ; for our five horses we had to prepare, and to use, all sorts of methods for protecting them against horse-sickness, tsetse fly and other horrors, which did not prevent

them from dying after a certain time ; then there was no man of Ali Khar's quality and experience available, so that most of the work had to be done by ourselves. And here I must state that I did little or nothing, because Gebhard, helped by Evans, did all the work connected with the arranging and running of the expedition. Gebhard was energetic, never tired, and hard as nails ; he took charge and, as he did it well and always cheerfully and in the best of spirits, I was only too glad to escape.

At last everything was ready and we started ; Hoet Llewelyn joined us at Beira and shared my tent.

Many years have passed since that day, and several times did I return to Africa later on, but I shall always remember this first trip on the Pungwe as one of the most agreeable and interesting expeditions I ever made. It was real Africa ; old Africa, without motor-cars, aeroplanes, or other benefits of civilization ; a big, wild country with only one rather primitive railway running through it, the starting-point of which was about forty miles from Beira, up the river, at Fontesvilla, so that we mounted our horses and actually began our first march right in front of the Royal Hotel Martini at Beira, and plunged at once and with no transition whatever into the jungle and the game country. Gebhard and I were both young, enterprising, in high spirits, and great friends.

Although it is difficult, after so many years, to remember the various incidents of our trip, I shall never forget such moments as Gebhard shooting his first lion ; leading the caravan on his white pony ; or galloping, rifle in hand, behind the buffaloes and antelopes. He was then an excellent rider, shot, and hunter—in short, a perfect sportsman and, at the same time, after the hunt, in camp, a most agreeable companion and entertainer ; and I remember many unforgettable evenings when we sat near the camp-fire, talking and smoking and listening for the roaring of the lions and grunting of the hippos.

Beira, in those days, as Coudenhove points out, was simply a long stretch of sand fringed by a few tin huts amongst which was the inn grandly named the Royal Hotel Martini. George Pauling was not in Beira at the moment we arrived, but Rhodes' introduction was magical and Pauling's local manager, Alfred Leonard Lawley, did everything possible to help us. In 1892 Mr. Beit had sent for George Paul-

ing, who had previously built railways in Cape Colony, and asked him if he would build a railway in Portuguese East Africa from Fontesvilla, some forty miles up the Pungwe River from Beira, to a point some seventy-five miles away in the direction of the Rhodesian border. Pauling agreed, and Lawley, who had formerly been a business rival and was now his right-hand man, was put in charge of the job. In many ways an extraordinary man, he lived an extraordinary life. A typical South African pioneer, who spent his life in this kind of arduous work in sub-tropical and tropical regions. He was immensely powerful, and the climate did not seem to make any impression on him. He is reported to have been the only man who ever publicly stood up to Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Pauling tells the story.¹ During the building of the Beira-Umtali Railway Rhodes arrived by coach from Rhodesia three days later than he was due. The delay may have affected his temper ; anyhow, he proceeded to swear and abuse Lawley in the presence of the whole railway camp. Lawley retaliated, as he was well able to do and, referring to the odd fact that when Rhodes got excited he developed a sharp falsetto, told him that there was no necessity for him to squeal like a damned rabbit. Rhodes, obviously disconcerted at Lawley's daring and perhaps a little ashamed of himself, walked off in silence to a clump of trees. Lawley ordered the luggage from the coach to be put on to the waiting train and then notified all concerned that the train would leave within five minutes. Rhodes hung about and entered the train at the last moment—so much so that his carriage door was not closed when the train moved off. However, he finally sent for Lawley to come to his carriage, shook hands, and bore no malice.

¹ *The Chronicles of a Contractor*, p. 151 : London, Constable & Co., 1926.

After he finished the railway in Portuguese East Africa Lawley's next job was on the Arctic Railway on the Murman Coast, rather a contrast from South East Africa where he had been all his life. His enemies marooned him on an island on the voyage up there, but he had cleverly saved a case of whisky and lived on that until someone rescued him. Much to the surprise of both enemies and friends he very soon after bobbed up suddenly in St. Petersburg.

We of course made friends with all the members of the Railway Camp—about twenty hard-bitten customers, probably “wanted” in more than one country, but *we* found them, taking them all round, a most pleasant and interesting group, and their hospitality, such as they could give us, was boundless; but we did not envy them their lot; a more appalling occupation than the dredging of a river with a bed consisting of many millions of tons of black ooze, accumulated in the course of centuries, cannot be imagined; this, however, had to be done before the foundations for the bridging the Pungwe could be laid.

Native labour, then obtainable cheap from the Portuguese colony, was employed and they say that it cost two native lives per sleeper to complete the line between Beira and the Rhodesian border at the town of Umtali where it joins the Southern Rhodesian Railway system.

The Railway Camp consisted of a series of corrugated iron huts, clustering round a central building of wood and iron a little larger than the rest, where the railway officials had their Mess. Needless to say malaria was rampant and took terrible toll of both Europeans and natives.

No wonder, therefore, that the services of the one European doctor—Howard—were in constant request. He was a most charming man, who had found it

desirable to leave Europe for some trifling breach of medical etiquette, and was doing real penance by working on the line, living in a hut of which he was the sole occupant.

Coudenhove, on his way back to the coast, after leaving me up-country, had more opportunity of getting acquainted with this remarkable man who, in our opinion, deserves to be ranked amongst the pioneer heroes of South African colonization. Howard told Coudenhove that he was constantly being besieged by lions at night, and when he perforce had to venture forth on his errands of mercy to Europeans and natives along the line he was frequently pursued by them as he was travelling up and down the line on a trolley. He had many narrow escapes ; but almost miraculously was never wounded, nor did he succumb to various bouts of malarial fever. He also told Coudenhove that, his three years' term of penance having expired, he was hoping to get employment in the Transvaal under conditions more worthy of a white man ; it is tragic to relate, ill-luck, which apparently had pursued him all his life, soon ended it. He travelled by the train which left Johannesburg on the evening of December 30, 1895, and which met disaster between Dannhausen and Glencoe on the Natal line. It was wrecked by the collapse of a bridge across a deep valley. Most of the coaches crashed into the water below, but Howard's car remained on the track ; he himself was somehow hurled out on to the line, and it was discovered that his back was broken. In spite of this he managed to crawl on his hands and knees and gave first aid to about twenty passengers before he died in the arms of a railway man of the relief gang which had come to their assistance.

The death rate at the Railway Camp at that time was terribly high and I regret to say that when I

returned there two years later, of members of the Staff with whom I had made friends, only two were left.

III

At last everything was arranged and we set out from Beira. We had with us seventy native carriers and boys, the number considered necessary to accompany two Europeans. Twenty-five of these were occupied with the camping paraphernalia, while another twenty-five looked after the rifles and ammunition: the remainder carried food for the entire party; the average weight carried by each "boy" was about fifty pounds.

We expected to be away about eight weeks trekking up country by way of the Pungwe River to our objective which was Tete on the banks of the Zambezi. However, Tete was never reached as, later on, we changed our minds and simply went in search of game wherever the trail led us without any other object. Lawley had sent our baggage up in trollies to our first camping-ground which was pitched at Twenty Mile Peg on the partly constructed Beira-Rhodesian Railway, about thirty miles from Beira.

At Twenty Mile Peg we were not long in realizing that we had already actually penetrated into the game country, as on the second or third night after our arrival we were greeted by a perfect serenade of roaring lions. The impression it gave us at first was overwhelming; the gamut of voices began with a distant coughing sound and rose *crescendo* to a perfect thunder of roars almost to be compared with the deep notes of a giant's organ; although it reminded us of the roaring of the stags in the rutting season in our native forest, by which Coudenhove and I had been thrilled so often,

it was of course incomparably louder and more fearsome ; indeed it might fairly be said that it shook the earth—or, to the awed listener, seemed to do so.

I think that for six or seven consecutive nights we had about ten to fifteen lions round our camp every night ; such an event would in other parts of Africa have been fraught with danger, but the Pungwe flats at that time were so well stocked with game that the lions were always well fed, and hardly ever ventured close to a camp as long as there was a glimmer of light. Flashlights for shooting purposes had not in those days been invented, and it would therefore have been sheer madness to attempt to pursue lions at night in the blackness of the jungle.

IV

How can I describe our first trek in the forest ? Upon arrival we had to clear a place to pitch our camp ; this had to be done by cutting away the undergrowth, felling trees and removing stumps. In this work our boys of course disturbed many animals, reptiles and insects, such as pythons and lizards, one of which, about seven feet long and beautifully marked, I killed. While a native was skinning it, he, to my astonishment, passed his razor-edged knife through his mouth frequently, never cutting himself.

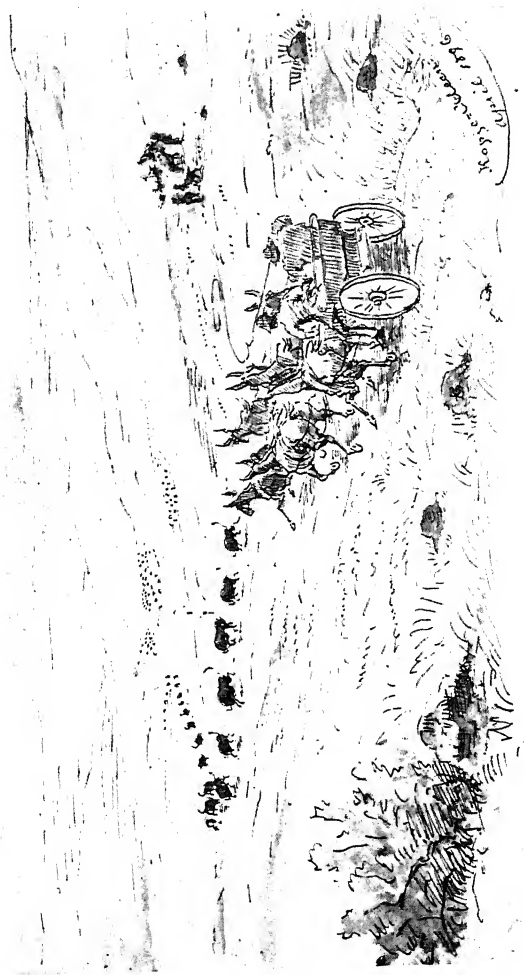
The Pungwe held promise of rich trading, but the climate and swamps are against it and the loneliness is terrible. Looking out of the aperture of the hut which served as a window, one could see nothing but a growth of impenetrable forest to one side, and, on the other, the banks of the river where crocodiles flourished. In spite of their bad name they utterly ignored us. Lazily lying with their snouts in the water we could get so near them that we could easily have knocked

them on the head from our canoes ; owing to the fact that it was virgin forest and swamp, the presence of man did not even disturb the beasts ; they would crawl out of the water and come quite close to our camp at night, and then it was dangerous to go out amongst them. I once counted one hundred in a pool or small lagoon, and once killed one outright, a difficult feat because, if only wounded, they dive and are lost.

Time ceases as one enters the weird darkness and silence of the forest ; many places must be tunnelled through, and one feels as if one were living in the atmosphere of a huge Turkish bath. Flowers are scarce because of the lack of sunshine. The trees, owing to the continuous dampness are more or less covered with moss, fungi and lichen. Insects are the special trouble and danger : mosquitoes, ants, beetles, spiders, bees, gnats ; then reptiles of every sort from lizards and boa-constrictors up to crocodiles. Ants have been described as the greatest curse of Africa : it is impossible to sit on the ground in the forest even for a few minutes because your legs are instantly covered with ants, beetles, gnats and all sorts of creeping things.

As we proceeded through this wonderful, bewildering and inspiring forest we would unexpectedly come across pools of stagnant water covered with green scum that had never been seen by human eyes. In a month our track would be completely overgrown again. Always the same long hard unremitting fight with Nature.

When we first entered the forest we were struck with admiration for the lavish wonders of creation ; but when the hardships continue from day to day, and we came down to realities, such as continual complaints from our carriers, sickness amongst them, a



HUNTING WILDEBEEST AND BLESBOK, KRONSTADT, ORANGE FREE STATE,
APRIL 1896

From a water-colour by the Author

sudden shortage of food so that we had to cut down supplies to fruit—bananas or wild fruit, thus producing dysentery, or some other illness—and so on, we began to lose some of our early admiration for the beauties of the virgin forest.

A storm in the forest is terrible, wind, rain, thunder, and lightning in assembly: the downpour of rain is so tremendous, it looks as if the heavens would empty themselves. The trees bend and sway, then crash, tearing up the ground around them; the noise is terrific. These tropical storms cease as quickly as they come. One comes out of them soaked, miserable, cold and depressed. The ground is soggy, the trees dripping. There is nothing to do but to pitch the tents, crawl into them, take off your soaked clothes and get dry and comfortable once more before the camp-fire.

V

We had not trekked very far before we came across a herd of buffaloes. Evans and I followed their tracks whilst Coudenhove went in another direction. Soon I espied, when peeping across a ridge, a dark line rising over the thorn bushes only about thirty or forty yards from me and, about a hundred yards from the dark line, I spotted a small herd of buffalo cows and calves, some lying down and some browsing on the fresh grass. My stalk had been successful, and the animal I had first seen—a fair-sized bull—was quite unaware of my approach, so I bagged him and accepted the incident as a good omen.

We camped in the bush and on the flats, being careful always to select a spot where water could readily be obtained; gradually we neared the remote wilderness where alone the rarer big game existed.

The traveller to-day journeying to the hunting-

grounds at his ease in a saloon carriage with first-class meals, passes through what seems to him an endless waste of low forest and scrubby bush ; often he thinks it very dull and uninteresting. Those who have not experienced it, can never appreciate the happiness of waking up on a wonderful, clear, starry night, on the banks of the Pungwe. There was no question in those days of monotonous scenery. Vast stretches of dense thorn jungle, open forest, scrub, very long grass, then country sparsely covered with low bushes and small trees—we found endless change and endless fascination.

Beyond all this was to be seen the wide stretching plains, the swamps, and the distant gleam of water. Everyone rushes everywhere in these days, but to do so through such country is to learn as much about it as a boy with a sixpenny telescope learns about the mountains of the moon. Travellers in these days of speed see everything and realize nothing. Sufficient time is never allowed for anything to sink in, to make that ineffaceable impression which is the deathless after-joy of all travel and all real adventure.

VI

Once we had an exciting experience with a buffalo. Coudenhove had shot one without killing him in a stretch of open country ; when wounded, the buffalo always makes for cover. This he did, accompanied by another, and as I was nearest them I jumped on to my pony and galloped after them through the high grass (which, even on horseback, reached well above my head), as I did not want Coudenhove to lose his animal. I finally caught sight of one of the animals just showing his head above the grass, and, reining up my mount, fired my heavy double (Holland) rifle at what I judged to be his neck. He disappeared in the

grass, giving the sure sign of having been hit mortally—the famous death bellow.

I had barely dropped my rifle off the shoulder when my pony suddenly got restless and started bucking, and I became aware that something was going on behind me. I jerked myself round, and in so doing caught the back-sight of my rifle against a tree and knocked it clean off, thereby nearly dislocating my wrist, and in that second the unwounded buffalo, which had stalked me silently from behind, was nearly upon me. Fortunately, my pony just as aware of the danger as I was myself, turned round on his hindlegs and went off like a shot, though the going was pretty bad in the dense jungle. The buffalo had missed the pony's quarters by a few inches only. We galloped away as hard as we could, and were pursued by the unwounded bull for about a hundred yards, but he was evidently too bored to go far, and hearing no more noise behind us, I wheeled my pony round and saw him standing about fifty yards away. I fired a couple of shots from the sightless rifle, but of course in vain. We unfortunately lost him, but picked up Coudenhove's wounded animal which, in the meantime, had died in his tracks. He lay where I had fired at him.

The next two or three days were entirely devoted to the chase of the buffalo, bagging a few of the smaller antelope on the way, so as to secure meat for our greedy boys. Coudenhove in the meantime was bringing in big antelopes such as hartebeest, wildebeest and bushbuck. One of his best trophies was a magnificent eland bull, which now adorns his apartment in Vienna.

It was after one of these buffalo hunts that I got my first sight of a lion.

Coudenhove, Evans and I had been up at dawn, and had camped for a rest and meal close to a nearly dried-

up creek from which we had taken the water for our tea. After having sat and chatted for about an hour, we felt the desire for a fresh cup of tea, and I told one of the boys to take a kettle and bring more water. Meanwhile, I just casually shouldered my Mannlicher and went for a look round. The creek was only about five minutes' walk, and we had been making quite a lot of noise conversing and singing whilst having our meal ; imagine, therefore, my stupefaction when, as the boy was parting the leaves to get at the creek, there was a violent commotion ; I saw the leaves streaked with yellow, and could hardly believe my eyes when I saw three lions making away to the right, whilst a fourth turned away to the left, bounding up the opposite side of the creek. The fourth animal was so close that I could see almost every hair on its back ; I aimed between the shoulder-blades and fired, whereupon the lioness—it turned out to be one—disappeared in her tracks. I still had my rifle shouldered, and as a precaution jammed a fresh cartridge into the magazine, when I saw in front of my sights a big black-maned lion on the spot where the lioness had fallen ; he was looking at me and growling ; I fired again and could see the blood squirting from behind his shoulder. He jumped high in the air like a stag shot through the heart and, with a fierce growl, vanished into the jungle just beyond.

Needless to say, my boy had made himself scarce, but fortunately he had stuck to the kettle. I hurried back to our temporary camp and there was great excitement when I reported my surprising adventure.

I was awfully sorry that just by chance Coudenhove had not accompanied me towards the creek, as there would have been plenty of room and plenty of opportunity for both of us to shoot : indeed, between us, we might even have secured the brace.

As it is inadvisable to follow up a wounded animal immediately after it has been hit, we rested while Evans went back to the main camp to try to get volunteers for a thorough search of the jungle for the lion; I was quite certain that the lioness was dead. The volunteers arrived, but when they saw the thorn scrub in which the lions had disappeared they all refused to move.

The natives of that part of the country are not great hunters (such as are the Zulus, Masai, or other African tribes); there was therefore nothing for it but to search ourselves. Soon Coudenhove and I picked up the lioness—she lay dead in her tracks with a bullet between her shoulder-blades—and then we picked up the trail of the lion. There was a good deal of blood at first, but it disappeared after we had penetrated into the jungle for about twenty yards. We beat about that impenetrable jungle the whole of that blazing morning until well into the afternoon. I frequently saw vultures gathering in the tree-tops and hoped they would lead us to the carcass, but we were disappointed each time. Finally, we had to give it up, realizing the hopelessness of our quest without any dogs or native trackers to help us.

Needless to say, when we reached our main camp late in the afternoon, my elation in having killed my first lioness was considerably marred by having lost my first lion. However, we reflected that it was probably just as well that we did not come across a wounded lion in thorn scrub where we could not see a yard in front of us.

When we returned to the same spot about three weeks later we met a professional hunter, Dan Mahoney, to whom I told my experience, whereupon he informed me that after burning that particular jungle, which had in the meantime dried up, he found

the skeleton of a large lion which was lying not a very long way from the place where I had fired. I have no doubt that this was my lion, although I cannot possibly claim it not having picked it up myself.

VII

I had wounded a wildebeest one day and was following it when I suddenly spotted three lions and realized that they were following the wounded animal at five or six hundred yards. I determined to try to get a shot at them, but as they were too far to put in a safe shot, I cast round to see how I could find sufficient cover to get within shooting-range; the only bit I could see was a stretch of grass about a foot and a half high resembling alfalfa; it seemed to me that I might be able to crawl round the edge of the grass patch and get within a couple of hundred yards of the lions, who in the meantime had taken up a position of observation on the top of a fairly large ant-hill, their eyes fixed on the wounded buck that was slowly crossing the plain. I could not quite make out what size the lions were, but so far as I could see, the troop consisted of a lioness and two yearling cubs.

I was squirming round the edge of the grass patch on my hands and knees and consequently had lost sight of the animals, when I was violently startled by a growl behind my back, seemingly not more than ten yards off. It took me no time to get on to my feet, and imagine my surprise when I saw what was evidently one of the lion cubs glaring at me from across the grass patch. As soon as I had exposed myself he disappeared from view, showing how wonderfully an animal of that size is able to conceal itself in apparently very scanty cover. The cub had evidently mistaken me for an animal (probably a monkey), and out of

sheer curiosity, was stalking me whilst I was trying to stalk him and his mother ! At first I could see no traces of the other two lions ; then suddenly I spotted one trotting away in between two ant-hills, but still quite out of shooting-range. I marked a large ant-hill crowned by a small tree, which I thought would offer me good cover, and, without any attempt at concealment, I ran as hard as I could, stopping once or twice to try a shot before reaching my objective. I missed the first shot and my second, though a long one, hit the animal, but I could see that the bullet had struck a little too far back, probably not entering any vital parts. Nevertheless, the animal collapsed emitting a series of hoarse roars and trying to bite its wound. I had in the meantime reached the high ant-hill and was just preparing to give the lioness (which it eventually turned out to be) her quietus, although the distance was still rather beyond safe shooting-range for that purpose, when suddenly I heard footsteps behind me. I turned round in surprise and saw the flushed face of my friend Evans, who was evidently intent on joining the fray. He had been walking with our caravan when he heard my shot. He told me afterwards that he had been anxious about my safety, and had run ahead of the caravan to assist me in case I was in trouble.

Although I was grateful to him for his intentions, I am afraid I could not rely much upon his shooting, for he was a nervous man and his weapon, an old military 303 carbine, was not very reliable.

All this takes more time to tell than to happen. When I turned away from Evans to see what the lioness was doing, I saw her coming on to us in great leaps and bounds, although her entrails were hanging out. I fired again, aiming at her head, but I had fired a little too low, and had only broken her jaw. I then dis-

covered to my dismay that my magazine was empty. Meantime the animal was rushing somewhat blindly along and it was a question of seconds before she would be upon us.

Giving Evans hurried instructions to let the animal come as close as possible, and then shoot, I slid down behind the ant-heap, rammed a fresh cartridge into my Mannlicher and jumped up alongside Evans. A glance revealed that the lioness had disappeared. Evans stood there rather crestfallen, and was somewhat incoherent in his explanations. He said, so far as I could make out, that the animal had charged to within about ten yards, when it suddenly whisked round to the left and disappeared into a clump of stunted palms. He maintained that he had not had time to shoot.

It was beginning to get dark, but we did not dare to move, as we had heard a low growl in the palm thicket, and so knew that the lioness was not quite dead. We therefore decided to wait for another quarter of an hour, hoping that within that time the animal would bleed to death. We then descended from our stronghold, and I made a careful survey of the two spots on which the lioness had been hit. I found a great deal of clotted blood, bits of entrail and liver, and also pieces of the two canine teeth of the upper jaw which, as it turned out, had been fractured by my last bullet. We next entered the bush, and found clots of blood on the ground and on the leaves of the undergrowth, but as the sun had set (which as is well known happens quite suddenly in the tropics) we had no choice but to abandon our search and return to camp.

Next morning early we went out again, this time led by our black head tracker. We advanced rapidly through the bush for about a couple of hundred yards until we got to a small sandy clearing where the sand was so fine that you could have tracked a small bird ;

at the farther edge of the clearing there was a pool of coagulated blood about an inch deep and a foot wide, and then nothing—the vultures had already done their work. Our boys stood round apparently puzzled as much as we were, but I noticed that none of them ventured a remark as to what had become of the beast. All day we scoured the country far and wide, but never found any more traces of the animal which seemed to have vanished miraculously.

But Evans and I shrewdly guessed that our boys, fully aware of the good prices skins were bringing on the Coast (about twenty-five pounds per skin of a full-grown lion) had secretly skinned the lioness and buried the carcass in the sand. The natives are noted for their great skill in covering their tracks. Later they would craftily disinter the skin and sell it.

VIII

I got the name of the Pathfinder from our boys because one day, during our trek up-country, we got lost and even the natives did not know what to do. Selous had given us a map, but on this occasion it did not help us much. I, however, had somehow an instinct which way to go and, in spite of argument and advice from the boys and others more experienced than myself, I insisted on following the direction in which the spirit drew me and—I was right. We reached the deserted Kaffir village of Montanda Chequa on the second day. We got to it by way of the native pass which I intuitively knew existed—although Selous had not told me of it and the natives denied that it existed—but I insisted, and was right. When we got there the boys grinned sheepishly at their own mistake.

I think in every task a man undertakes, if he is by

nature fitted for it, he will often find his sixth sense more useful than all the other five. Of course if there is any essential unfitness, spiritual or mental, for the job this sixth sense is defeated and cannot work. All big men and women engaged anywhere in a big undertaking have found this out for themselves. Even the most materially minded admit its potency : they say "in a flash," "instinctively," "by a happy inspiration"—and so on. The very clever, in love with their own cleverness, laugh at all this, sometimes derisively, because this form of inspiration only operates freely, surely and richly where there is some essential humility. Drawing a bow at a venture I should say that all great explorers and travellers have had it, all pioneers, all leaders, all great artists and writers and, of course, all Saints. Simple people still call it, and rightly, the grace of God. Its possessors in these days are faithful but few, because we live in an "advanced" age (whatever that may mean) and we are surrounded by discord and tumults. Man is so busy looking at himself in the mirror of Narcissus which he has so jauntily labelled progress that he ignores the wells of unseen wisdom : he is so domineering in his little scientific and mechanical successes that he cannot believe anything exists unless it makes a noise. Yet the initiated are undismayed because it was truly said long ago that He had concealed these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes.

IX

Evans and I nearly died of thirst on one occasion. Again we had lost our way, this time for fully forty-eight hours, and could not find the junction of the two rivers, the Pungwe and the M'Dingi-Dingi.

I had gone in advance of our caravan scouting for water and, almost despairing of success, had reached the top of a ridge. Suddenly I saw before me a limitless expanse of reeds, intersected by a broad water-course, sluggishly flowing eastward on its way to join the Pungwe, and I knew we were saved.

I then dismounted and sat down, looking over a wide valley, and gazed at the beauty of that stern scenery sweeping all around me.

I was alone, having outstripped my *shikaree* who was on foot, and it was at that moment that I distinctly felt what I commonly term "the Presence," that is to say, immediate contact with the supernatural. I forgot everything. I forgot time, thirst, hardships, as I gazed at the grandeur of the vast expanse below me. The reflecting hues of sunset creeping across the valley ; the plains ; the rivers ; the swamps ; the hushed silence ; the hue of the mist, and the haze softening the shadows. I felt the mystic magic of the Unseen enwrap me, and I was at peace.

The spell was broken as I heard the voices of Evans and the boys coming towards me.

Needless to describe their exclamations of delight when they at last caught sight of the river they had been so longing for. We had all been without water for forty-eight hours and it was difficult to restrain them from trying to drink the river dry in their eagerness.

This was undoubtedly the M'Dingi-Dingi. We found out afterwards that we had hit it about forty miles north-west of its junction with the Pungwe, owing to my having forgotten to regulate my little pocket compass before we started from Beira. I had taken my direction mainly from the pointers of the Southern Cross, not realizing that they did not point due south.

It is always said in the fox-hunting world, and maintained by most sportsmen of all sorts, that half the pleasure of a day's sport is looking forward to the return home in the evening : well, with us, this certainly was true. I find myself still looking back with utter contentment to those pleasant returns to camp—after a strenuous day's stalking and hunting—sitting round the camp-fire, with Coudenhove spinning yarns and cracking jokes ; always in a good temper ; always ready for anything ; always something new to relate or to suggest ; always keen and enthusiastic. People rightly maintain that one has got to be very careful in choosing a companion for an expedition in the wilds, as one either parts greater friends than ever, or enemies ; with Richard and myself it was certainly the former—but I defy anyone to quarrel with Coudenhove. His unselfish good-nature and his utter lack of jealousy as a sportsman makes him an ideal companion on a hunting expedition, as others besides myself have proved.

We floated down the Pungwe River in a barge piled high with uncured skins. The stench arising from these was indescribable, and attracted dense clouds of mosquitoes which continually enveloped us. In spite of this, being completely overcome with fatigue, and having no other means of obtaining rest, we lay down amongst the skins which, to our astonishment, proved quite soft, enabling us to sleep as peacefully and soundly as on a feather bed.

When Coudenhove left me to return to Austria I missed him dreadfully—we had had such a splendid time together. He went home to Vienna via Fontesvilla, Beira and London, sailing from Capetown on the Union Castle liner *Arundel Castle*. At Delagoa Bay Richard met Roger Casement and spent a week in what he describes as “ his hospitable home.” As

world-shaking after-events made Casement a criminal and a traitor I shall quote here Richard's considered opinion of the man, which he wrote only the other day for my benefit :

Much has been written and said about Casement, and I have no intention of dwelling upon his political career and tragic end. All I can say from personal experience and a long friendship is that I always found him most sympathetic, clever and fascinating, and that I have met very few men during my whole life who had such an exceptional personality. He was perfectly honest and true—from *his* point of view—without a trace of "showing off" or posing. He possessed an absolutely genuine but somewhat exaggerated idealism ; nothing whatever would stop him assisting the weaker against the stronger, because he simply could not help it.

X

If Richard Coudenhove was one of my very best friends his elder brother Hans was equally dear to me. We were lifelong intimates and I looked upon him as one of the finest fellows I have ever met. He was a queer, lonely sort of person who seemed to get more companionship out of nature, animals and birds than most of us do. I suppose many of us could get much more happiness out of such things if we were in earnest and disinterested about it ; but the cold fact is that the majority of people somehow miss the best things in life. Hans shook the dust of Europe off his feet, put its tinkling civilization out of his mind, went all over South Africa, spending the last thirty years of his life there and dying in British Nyasaland some six years ago.¹ Richard who can use a pen as well as a rifle, has written an account of his brother which, with his permission, I reproduce here :

¹ Johann, 1863-1925, second son of Franz Count Coudenhove and his wife Marie von Kalergis.

Hans Coudenhove was born in 1863 ; he was not an easy character, somewhat suspicious, easily hurt and offended ; inclined to believe that people hated him ; in spite of that he had, during his whole life, more and better friends than most people ; amongst whom were many exceptional and prominent men and women who offered to help him many times when he was hard up in Africa after the war.

When a youngster he loved to row on the Danube alone in his *Seelentränker*, or to sit and watch that mighty river after a good swim. Later, after many years in the wilds, he never missed, and always enjoyed, the "divine hour of the tropics" when at six o'clock in the morning the sun rises and the birds begin to sing. From his early youth he loved to wander and roam about in the open in the woods and forests, observing and studying the animals. Then, as many years later in the wilds of Africa, he already showed his extraordinary influence over European animals, wild and tame : without an effort and in no time he could tame and make friends with any wild animal.

His other great passion was the sea and everything connected with it : sailing, yachting, rowing ; the expression of these things in music and literature, as in the legend of the *Flying Dutchman*, the travel works of R. L. Stevenson, and so on. Of course, when quite a boy he wanted to enter the Navy ; but his parents were against it. So he first joined a cavalry regiment and for one or two years was a hard-riding cavalry officer. Then he entered the Diplomatic Service, where he remained for seven years, serving in Dresden, Athens, Munich, Berlin, and Rome.

Although he was a very brilliant and elegant young diplomat, enjoying good dinners, society and so on, he nevertheless never forgot his hobbies ; during his stay in Rome and Athens he sailed and yachted whenever he had time to do so. He was most popular everywhere and formed many friendships, some of which lasted a lifetime ; being on intimate terms with his superiors, especially with the families of his Ambassadors in Rome and Berlin, and being very clever, he had of course every chance of making a brilliant career. But his father having suddenly fallen ill and becoming paralysed, he did not hesitate for one moment, gave up everything, hurried to his parent's sick-bed, and remained with him until the end which occurred a year and a half later.

For a couple of years he lived in the country managing the estates of his brother (then in Japan) and interrupting this country life with prolonged sailing trips on his yacht *Madonna di S. Salva-*

*tore*¹ (formerly *Sleuthhound*), about twenty-five or thirty tons, which he had purchased in Scotland. He sailed her himself from Rosyth straight to Trieste, a trip which at that time was much talked about; with her he then scoured the Adriatic, of which numerous islands there were but few he did not know and visit. He was at that time a member of the Royal Thames Yacht Club and many others, and yachting correspondent of the *Glasgow World* and other papers.

Then came the moment when his elder brother made up his mind to return to Europe; Hans Coudenhove resigned the management of the estate and started for Africa; that was in 1896. He first went to Zanzibar, then to South Africa, to Johannesburg; he went gold-washing in the Ado Bush near Nyasna; back to London for a couple of months and returned to Africa on a cargo boat in 1897; he never left the country again, and it would lead too far to dwell on all his travels on that continent.

He developed into an expert traveller and prospector, and certainly knew more about the wilderness than most people; he was the born African traveller, did not mind roughing it, nor object to solitude. As Sir Lewis Michell, his old friend, wrote to me after his death: "To him one could apply what Tacitus wrote about his father-in-law, Agricola: 'He never was less alone than when alone.'"

The same friend once described Hans Coudenhove's relations to the animal world as "uncanny," and there is no doubt that the animals felt he was a friend. His love of them and pity for them was sometimes naïve, but always sincere and genuine, although it seemed occasionally a little exaggerated: for instance, once when watching the fishermen in Rome, he bought the whole catch in order to throw it into the Tiber again farther up; or when he got out of a cab in the same town, after paying the brutal driver, he made him promise to treat his horse less cruelly. Many of his friends remember these things and I am sure there is not one amongst them who ever believed that he was "showing off"; indeed he was incapable of doing so, and apparently did not know what it was. When he was twenty he once went into a cage with six performing lions; other men have done it, but he did it in the early morning while the lions were being trained, and the only spectator a baker!

Once, with a Swedish captain, he sailed about eight hundred

¹ Built 1881, sister ship of *Bloodhound*, built 1874. She was 54 rating (for racing) and was owned by Lord Francis Cecil in 1887; in 1892 she was still racing at Cowes.

miles from South Africa to Madagascar in an open boat of sixteen tons. I saw the boat. Another man would probably have written a book about it, but not Hans, and it was the merest chance that I came to Delagoa Bay and heard of it.

In spite of his love for animals there was a time when he hunted. One cannot wander many thousands of miles in the wilds without shooting. He was once charged by a wounded elephant which he had followed and fired at single-handed and with no second rifle, his only companion being an unarmed native: he succeeded in checking, and eventually killing, the elephant. The animal, a bull, was with two females, who also made much fuss, charging right and left; one of them in its excitement even stepped over the prostrate body of the unarmed native without seeing or hurting him! In the first chapter of his book¹ Hans Coudenhove relates this story of the charging elephant stepping over the motionless body of the plucky native in order to demonstrate how courageous a native can be, but he does not even mention the part he himself played in the interesting and thrilling episode.

Altogether he lived a most interesting and adventurous life, with many ups and downs, but a life for which he was certainly born. During his last years he became more and more aloof, and one of his friends said to him that "his attachments to his world were very loose."

He passed away on the 12th of September, 1925, peacefully and without suffering.

XI

1895 and 1896 were memorable years, not only for South Africa, but for Europe. In so far as the events we witnessed with our own eyes in South Africa drove a wedge between Germany and England, they may fairly be said to have directly helped to pave the ruinous way to the Great War.

Richard Coudenhove's return to military duty, leaving me rather at a loose end, I made for Johannesburg with a view to having a look round and planning another hunting trip. I knew nobody there, but had

¹ *My African Neighbours: Man, Bird and Beast in Nyasaland*: Boston, Little, Brown & Co., 1925.

a few introductions from Lewis Michell. I found a gold-mining town in the making, but carried on on a basis entirely different from the methods prevailing in Australia or America where, generally speaking, all that was necessary was to stake a claim and start working. The banket formation of the Witwatersrand is volcanic in origin and the gold-vein can be traced both horizontally and vertically for miles.

The reef, however, does not show much free gold, so that the extraction is a costly and lengthy process, but the microscopic particles of gold are continuous, and the lode can be determined with accuracy, both as regards its length and depth. In such conditions it was impossible for any individual, whether prospector or miner, to work his claim by himself or with a few friends. It required an expensive plant and a large amount of native labour to start and exploit a reef; furthermore, the final separation of the gold from the ore was at that time a wasteful process as only about fifty per cent. could be extracted by the methods then prevailing: later on, the amount extracted was raised to over ninety per cent., chiefly through the agency of the newly-invented electric process, first applied by the German firm of Siemens and Halske.

This was the cause of the two booms which occurred before the Boer War, and for which money was poured into South Africa both by the British and continental public. The Americans kept out, in spite of the fact that at the moment putting a few pounds into mining shares seemed to the investing public a safe, quick, and easy way of making a fortune! It was rather late in the day when I appeared on the scene. I therefore decided gold-mining was not for me as the various groups of financiers, many of whom were shrewd bankers from Northern Europe (mostly of Semitic origin), had already snaffled everything really worth while.

Alfred Beit (Rhodes' partner) and their General Manager, the late Sir (then Mr.) Frederick Eckstein, were not men such as I could hope to compete with. Mr. Rudd and Sir George Farrar and others, though in a different category, were equally able and far-seeing. However, apart from mining, I felt that I could not go wrong in investing some money on the outskirts of the rapidly expanding town of Johannesburg, the centre of the great Witwatersrand goldfield—called by everyone "the Rand."

In those days the town was ugly, dusty and uninteresting; the older homes were mostly hideous bungalows; the new ones pretentious red-brick villas, equally ugly. There were no trees of any size and very little green to soften the hard outlines of the brand-new streets.

Very soon I began to make friends. Amongst the first to help and welcome me was Mr. Edward Bennett Gardiner, the Manager of the Standard Bank, his attractive Austrian wife, their son, now a Puisne Judge at Capetown, and their daughter Madeline, who later on became Mrs. Ernest (now Lady) Clarke. It was at the Gardiner's hospitable home that I first met Mr. and Mrs. Richard Currie and Lady ffrench. Charlie ffrench¹ and I had been seeing a good deal of each other and, as soon as Lady ffrench arrived from Ireland I called on her at Erin Villa. A few days later I gave a picnic for Lady ffrench and her friend Miss Mary Sandford, and I included in the party Roger Casement, then British Consul at Lourenço Marques, whom I had met some time before. Even now I do not care to record my own impressions of Casement lest they should be unfair either way. I prefer to

¹ Charles Austin Thomas Robert John Joseph, 6th Baron, b. 1868, succeeded 1893; m. 1892, Mary, d. of M. J. Corbally, Rathbeale Hall, Co. Dublin.

quote the words of his own country-woman Lady ffrench, who writes :

I had been told that he was extraordinarily good-looking, and at first sight I recognized that it was true. He had, without doubt, great charm. One's critical faculties are all awake when one meets someone who has been highly praised. Something contrary in me, anyhow, makes me look out for the faults, but though Roger Casement was far from being dull perfection, there was nothing ugly or ordinary about him. He had a most romantic personality and an ideality of mind which was expressed in his type of looks at once Spanish and Irish. He was the strangest person imaginable to come out of Ulster. This was all very intriguing, but although I liked him and we made friends, he did not fire me to any extent with the enthusiasm for his causes and ideals in the way he did most people who admired him. I felt that mentally he lived on a different plane. I am quite sure that Roger Casement, even in his most condemned actions, had the highest motives for what he did. He saw things like that and he could not see them otherwise. Moreover, unlike most idealists he was prepared to sacrifice himself. . . . He was the only man of my acquaintance who could wear a beard and get off with it. . . .

Nothing could have been more friendly or attractive than the society of which I now found myself a welcome member. Charlie ffrench's brother Jack, who had a job on the Main Reef under Horace Walden, an Irishman and a friend of the ffrench family ; Lady ffrench's brother, Matthew Corbally, who was employed in the Golden Mines, as was Charlie's cousin William Wilson Lynch ; then there were Francis Lane Fox, Bertie Wolseley, Austin King and Oswald Mundy—all friends of the ffrench's and all to be met at Erin Villa when they came in from the Mines for the week-end and filled the house with fun and laughter.

In December 1895 the Jameson Raid startled the world and set the German Foreign Office by the ears. The Emperor sent his injudicious telegram. I shall always believe that he did so on the advice of Marschall von Bieberstein.

However, it had a bad Press and consequently Marschall denied responsibility. He was as vain as a monkey and, had the *coup* been successful, he would have claimed all the glory. It was by no means the first, nor the last, time that the Emperor was badly let down by his advisers.

In spite of the sympathy for the Boers expressed by the leading personalities in my country, I could not, after nearer acquaintance with the leaders of the Republic, do as our Representatives in South Africa probably wished—dash off into the Boer camp, especially as I very soon gained the conviction that our demonstrations of sympathy were entirely misplaced. Any admiration I may have had for the régime of President Paul Krüger (Oom Paul) was squashed by a small experience: I was in the Club with some friends, among others Sir Roger (then Mr.) Casement, who twenty years later became so tragically celebrated, when we were ordered to attend an “audience” in the Raatssaal, the room in which the National Assembly met, given by Dr. Leyds, the much discussed Dutchman, who was Krüger’s Foreign Minister and adviser.

For half an hour Paul Krüger listened to a speech which Leyds interpreted, without once turning his head towards us. He, so to speak, marked time by spitting past our faces into a spittoon about three metres off, with an accuracy denoting long practice. Only once did an expression of Dr. Leyds seem to arrest his interest and that was when he drew Krüger’s attention to my left hand, from which the four fingers were missing. In his youth the President had a hunting accident; his rifle burst in his hand, and blew half his thumb off; Krüger pulled out his pocket-knife and amputated the injured limb on the spot.

Presumably Oom Paul had a kindly feeling for

Germans at that moment ; if so he is the only chief of State, black or white, whom I have ever met that expressed an international courtesy by the active use of a spittoon.

In the early days of 1896 I had an interesting experience. I stood on the platform of the frontier station between the Transvaal and Natal, to see the train go by which contained Jameson and his party *en route* for England for their trial. They did not give me the idea of a very depressed set of captives : all of them sitting having a very good champagne luncheon in the dining-saloon of the train. They were, of course, treated as political prisoners and had every luxury for which they were prepared to pay.

I was almost present at the moment when Wolff Joel (brother of Solly Joel) was murdered by von Veldthheim. I happened to be in an office only two doors away from Joel's ; I heard the muffled shots and on going out to investigate saw von Veldthheim being led away by the police, looking wild and dishevelled, without a collar and with a bleeding face—evidences of a violent struggle.

It was a strange story. Wolff Joel was a member of the firm of Barnato Brothers and von Veldthheim, on his arrival in Johannesburg, went to his office to see him on business. No one knows exactly what took place but at the trial von Veldthheim proved self-defence. He said that, on entering the office, Joel was seated at his desk, his secretary Strange beside him. Suddenly, for some unknown reason, Joel whipped a revolver out of his desk and fired at von Veldthheim. In self-defence von Veldthheim snatched one from his hip-pocket and aimed with deadly precision. In the meantime, the secretary had crept underneath the desk from which sanctuary only the hinder-part of him was visible. Fearing assault from

Strange von Veldtheim shot all round his protruding portion, never hitting its owner, but wishing to scare him thoroughly. This incident greatly helped his defence ; he was acquitted as he successfully maintained that, had he been a deliberate murderer, he would have killed Strange as well as Joel.

von Veldtheim was treated as a tremendous hero, especially by the ladies ! Although he was acquitted of murder, later on he got seven years for bigamy.

As I have already said, I first met Sir Lewis Michell on the voyage out with Richard Coudenhove. He was then Chairman of the Standard Bank of South Africa and, as such, doubtless played an important part in financing the pioneers of diamond and gold mining in South Africa. He had always been a trusted friend and adviser of Rhodes and after Rhodes' death he became Chairman of De Beers Diamond Mines Company. Later he became Director of the British South African (Chartered) Company, and Director of the Rhodes Trust. In 1910 he published his *Life of Cecil Rhodes* ; it is very good indeed, as he took part in much that he describes, but the definitive *Life* of Rhodes has yet to be written.

Michell came to Pretoria when I was there later on, and if only I had taken the tip he gave me then I should be a millionaire now. He said to me : " I have come up here on behalf of De Beers with instructions to crab it " (i.e. the Premier Diamond Mine). At the same time he gave me a wink and a hint to buy. The shares were then being quoted at seven pounds, although at that time only a few stones had been found. I and my friends did not take the tip for two reasons, one being that we thought the price too high, and the other, as common as it is decisive—we hadn't the ready cash. Needless to say how we have repented since. People all round us were making

speedy fortunes from the world's two great lodestars—gold and diamonds—and we did not make a pfennig !

One of my friends, however, did buy : Edmund Fraser (whom I had known in Vienna when he was at the British Embassy there) and whom I met again in Johannesburg. After he left Diplomacy he joined the firm of Messrs. Goertz & Company, a big mining company, and I am glad to say he took their tip to back the Premier Mine and was amply rewarded for it. Edmund tells me that, oddly enough, his firm as such did not buy shares. It was Cullinan,¹ of the Cullinan Diamond fame, who actually discovered the Premier Diamond Mine, which is of course near Pretoria. Kimberley was of course made by the De Beers Diamond Mines and Pretoria by the Premier and others, just as Johannesburg was “made” by gold. I do not know if much German capital was invested in the gold and diamond mines of South Africa, but it is remarkable how greatly individual Germans contributed in various ways to their successful development. Cullinan had in the early days a great deal to do with Adolf Wagner, a German financier doing business in Johannesburg, and it was he who gave Edmund Fraser the tip to take part in the flotation of the Premier.

XII

During all this time I had been in constant communication with Erni Hoyos² and together we had planned a hunting trip on the Zambezi. While Hoyos was on his way out to South Africa the Matabele War

¹ Sir Thomas Cullinan, b. 1862 ; knighted 1910 ; D.S.O., 1916 ; member of the Legislative Assembly.

² Count Ernst Karl Hoyos (of the Catholic line), b. 1856, m. 1883, Maria Countess Larisch von Moennich (1862–1886).

had broken out and all our plans were put in confusion. A journey in Matabeleland was for the moment out of the question. Hoyos duly arrived and, as he kept a diary and I did not, I shall use his record of what happened. He has generously and characteristically responded to my appeal for help by preparing a special account of our hunting expedition for this memoir. But before going on to that I should like to quote Lady French's account of the impression we Germans made on her. Lest doing so should seem a little vainglorious let me say that I am acting deliberately because it is too often unwarrantably assumed that, especially in South Africa, the English and Germans never "got on" together, and that Germans almost invariably made a bad impression. Lady French says :

Amongst our most welcome visitors at Erin Villa were Austrian friends of Count Blücher's whom he used to bring to see us. I remember the interesting talks when they were there together, and how thrilling I imagined life in Vienna must be. Count Ernest Hoyos, who was one of the most charming, came out to go on a shooting expedition with Count Gebhard Blücher. They were all delightful people but Count Gebhard was by this time an old friend, and both my husband and I were devoted to him. Afterwards that wonderful character, and most original person, Count Hans Coudenhove, was of the party. He of course was not primarily a hunter, being so much a lover of animals that he could not bear to think of their being killed. Handsome and romantic, Count Erwin Wurmbrand was another friend. He was a marvellous man with horses, and started a riding-school in Johannesburg which became all the rage, and one went down in the mornings to meet one's friends and watch the jumping and the almost circus-like tricks of some of his child pupils. Jean Carr, St. John Carr's little daughter, was one of the stars. I think she was then about twelve.

Another invaluable friend made in those early days was George Pauling, whose *The Chronicles of a Contractor* I have already mentioned. He was in every sense of the word a rough diamond ; rose literally



COUNT ERNST HOYOS



COUNT RICHARD COUDENHOVE-KALERGIS (SENIOR)

from being a navvy, but was the finest of men of his type and quite the kindest, particularly to young men in Africa, always giving them a welcome and a helping hand. I say invaluable because on almost any phase of life overseas he was an authority. There seemed to be nothing in which he had not dabbled at some time or another, and no social circles in which he was without friends. Consequently, to the stranger who gained his friendship he was an earthly providence.

I think it was through George Pauling that I met J. S. Curtis, the mining engineer. In his book Pauling tells the story of the well-known "S. Syndicate" as they called it. He, Mr. Woodford the State mining engineer, Mr. David Benjamin and Curtis formed a small syndicate with a capital of one hundred and twenty one pound shares for the purpose of buying some old mining claims outside Johannesburg. For various reasons the S. Syndicate did not develop their ground themselves and it became a main part of the Rand Mines Company. It was generally said that Mr. Curtis and Mr. Benjamin received as much as eight thousand pounds for one one pound share. Pauling, who only held one share, sold it for one thousand five hundred pounds. It is true stories such as this that make mining gold or diamonds in a new country so unbelievably fascinating.

Amongst other South African friends of this period were Cuthbert Blundell and George Grey. I perhaps got to know Curtis best of them all and we always remained friends. In addition to the bungalow in Saratoga Avenue on the outskirts of Johannesburg, run by Karl, which Lord and Lady French shared with me for a time, I had a miner's hut in Rhodesia where I went occasionally for a change and to do a bit of shooting. Like everyone else I went from time to time to the hospitable Club at Bulawayo and it was there that

I first met George Grey, the brother nearest in age to Lord Grey of Fallodon, who was one of the best and greatest sportsmen I have ever known. Lord Grey tells us in his fine volume of reminiscences, *Twenty-Five Years* ¹ something of his attractive brother, and permits me to make the following quotation :

Early in 1911 George Grey, the brother next to me in age, was killed by a lion in East Africa. His work and his pleasure had been as a pioneer and explorer in new and in unmapped countries. Our work had been on different lines and in separate continents, but Fallodon had remained his home when in England. He had spent several months with me there or in my house in London in 1910, and we had planned to make permanent home together, when he should have given up travel and when I should be out of office. He had encountered exceptional difficulties in early life, and had surmounted them by great qualities. His thought on all practical sides of human work was clear and strong, and he had the power of decision and resolute action. He was a most excellent judge of men. To this was added an innate contempt for anything that was not straight, and courage, both physical and moral, that was impregnable. In times of danger, and in wild places, he was a leader of men. In these last years I had known also his unspoken tenderness and sympathy, a quality that is so particularly attractive, when combined with strength of character and courage.

His sudden death was a great shock and an irreparable blow to his family and near friends. . . .

I can from personal experience endorse every word Lord Grey says. Indeed his tribute to his brother is, if anything, an understatement.

Any mention of the bungalow in Saratoga Avenue shared by the ffrenches and myself always reminds me of the only time in my life when I was placed under arrest. Lady ffrench, to refresh my memory about details, has sent me such an admirable account of the incident that I shall give it in her own words :

¹ London : Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., 2 vols., 1925 ; pages 218 *et seq.*

Count Blücher (as he then was), Charlie,¹ Count Würrbrand, Bertie Wolseley, and Dr. Farrelly (an international lawyer employed by President Krüger), arranged to ride out one Sunday morning to see the battlefield where Dr. Jameson and his troopers met the Boers. There and back was a long day's ride, and they arranged to start after early Mass. I wanted to go too, but Charlie thought that I was not strong enough for the tiring ride. I did envy them when I saw them setting off; it was a lovely spring morning, not too hot, and they all looked so jolly. They took lunch with them—sandwiches and biscuits and things, and drinks—and said: "Expect us back to dinner at nine o'clock."

I went to my friends the Seymours, to lunch. They had a big house almost opposite to us, and Kitty Seymour had luncheon-parties every Sunday. I spent the afternoon there, and I think Kitty suggested that the riding-party should finish the day by coming to them for supper. She knew them all well except Dr. Farrelly, and I think she had met him. She used to have delightful informal supper-parties on Sunday nights, to which their more intimate friends were made welcome, and we used to be there almost always.

On this occasion, I thought our party would be a bit tired and dusty, and would like a quiet meal and early bed, so I declined Kitty's attractive suggestion.

At nine o'clock dinner was ready to serve, but no men were to be seen. Orders were given to put it back for half an hour. At a quarter to ten Francis Lane Fox, who had been at the Seymours' for supper, came across to hear the news of the travellers, and was much surprised to find they had not arrived. I was beginning to get a little uneasy. Ten o'clock—no sign of them. Karl came in, evidently anxious too, and asked if I would have dinner served for myself. No; I would wait another half-hour. Half-past ten—Karl brought me some food. Karl and I were thoroughly worried when eleven o'clock struck.

I thought of all possible reasons for delay, even trying to face the possibility of an accident. I was nearly panicky. Karl came in again—we talked of our anxiety. There was nothing to do but wait. Francis Lane Fox came over a second time from the Seymours' with a suggestion from Kitty that I should go there for the night—she feared I might be lonely—but I could not dream of leaving the house or sleeping anywhere as long as I had no news of them.

Francis Lane Fox and I sat on the veranda from whence we had

¹ i.e. Lord ffrench.

a good view of the length of Saratoga Avenue—which at that hour on a Sunday night was as lovely as a country road—so that we could see the first sign of approaching horsemen. Karl brought us coffee. It was now quite plain that he too was seriously worried. It was then about two o'clock.

At last, at four o'clock, a Zulu runner arrived with a scribbled message for me from Charlie. They had been taken prisoners for trespassing on the land of a Boer farmer, and were in Krugersdorp where they were detained for the night. They were quite well, and were at the hotel.

They turned up about midday on Monday very tired, but much amused at their adventure, and loudly demanding hot baths, lunch and a good rest. The hotel, I gathered, was not too luxurious.

This is what happened. The battlefield of Doornkop was on the farm of a Boer named Brink who had been accustomed to make nice little sums of money out of unwary parties of tourists from Johannesburg. These were, for the most part, young bank-clerks and others from the offices of companies, who were obliged to be in their places early on Monday morning.

Doornkop was a nice Sunday's holiday, especially for those just out from home; horses could be hired or borrowed; and the only thing that mattered for most of those taking the outing was that they should be back in time for work the next day. Brink made a habit of arresting them for trespass, taking their names and then making a great virtue of letting them off on payment of a guinea each. The poor dears nearly always paid up, not knowing that in the Transvaal trespass is not a crime so long as no damage is done.

But it was quite another thing when Mr. Brink attempted to arrest our friends, who did happen to know the law.

He came up to them in his usual truculent way—he could speak English in a fashion—accused them of trespassing on his land, and demanded their names, which they at once gave—Count Blücher, Count Würmbrand, Lord French, Mr. Wolseley and Dr. Farrelly. He looked as if he suspected them of having a joke at his expense. He then denounced them for giving false names, and being so stupid as to think he believed them! Wolseley now—that fair tall youngster—there was an English Field-Marshal called Wolseley! Count Blücher—that was another name he knew about. He felt that he had them without any possible doubt on the charge of giving false names—and he sent to Krugersdorp for the police.

Our party were brought to Krugersdorp to the police station, and then after about an hour, before a magistrate, who let them out on bail, and they spent the night at the Krugersdorp hotel.

They telegraphed to a Dutch lawyer in Pretoria, Mr. Wessels, to defend them. Next day at the Magistrate's Court, they were released almost at once, and Brink had to pay costs.

However, they put a stop to Brink's profitable little traffic by taking an action against him for wrongful arrest. The lawyers spun out the case for several months. Our friends won, and Brink had to pay them twenty pounds each and all the costs, which amounted to six hundred pounds. He went to bed for three weeks.

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CHAPTER SEVEN
THE EDGE OF WAR

I

I FIRST met Boris Czetwertynski in South Africa in 1896. After I left Erni Hoyos on the banks of the Komati, Czetwertynski joined him for the completion of the hunting trip : it was on their return to Johannesburg where, owing to the Jameson Raid, I had hurriedly gone to look after my business affairs, that my meeting with Czetwertynski took place. A member of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in Russia, with several branches, he was being piloted round the Diamond Fields by mining experts and financiers with a view to securing a flow of Russian interest and finance to South Africa. Some wise person has said that friends are discovered—not made—and I think that is so because, from the first moment I met Czet (as all his intimates called him), we became friends. He had a most charming and attractive personality and was immensely popular wherever he went—too popular in fact. For this reason his home life with his wife and daughter fell under a cloud, and he thought it best to travel for a time.

In 1899, on the outbreak of the Boer War, I decided to make London my headquarters for a bit. Czet and I travelled to England together, found a delightful studio in Aubrey Walk, Campden Hill, and set up a joint establishment with "old Karl" in charge. Czet had the true Russian taste for barbaric magnificence and he furnished the studio most luxuriously with

velvets from Paris, damasks, brocades, pictures and carpets. Some of our best African heads formed an attractive contrast and, by recalling the simple life of the hunter, emphasized our present comfort and luxury. On the other hand, the fact that it was a studio and not a house subconsciously implied for us both that at any moment it could be abandoned when we again heard the call of the wild.

Will there ever again be seen anywhere an existence comparable to that of England in general, and London in particular, during the fifteen years preceding the outbreak of the Great War? I doubt it. The conditions which made it possible are as remote, as incapable of revival, as are the great days of the Italian Renaissance.

The South African War aroused throughout the British Empire a sense of national self-consciousness and imperial destiny that was to have after-effects lasting up to the Great War itself. The earlier losses and setbacks revived the intense pride of Britons in the Navy and Army, awoke the fighting instincts of the Yeomen of England who have from time immemorial been her sure defenders, called together fighting contingents from every part of the Empire, created an impregnable will to victory, brought into popular knowledge and affection great imperial figures like Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and Cecil Rhodes, transmuted the world-wide admiration for Queen Victoria into something not unlike a religious cult, and baptized the British nation and Empire with the wonderful sense of unity expressed in the popular doggerel :

Duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted Earl. . . .

Towards this consolidation of the British Empire, Germany unwittingly contributed by her niggling and clumsy diplomacy, the Emperor's obvious jealousy,

and the building of a competitive Navy ; the significance of the Imperial rally to the Motherland in her difficulties was entirely missed by German observers and statesmen, and the hope of a lasting Anglo-German friendship fatally undermined.

Close upon British victory in the field came the death of the revered Sovereign and thanksgiving for tardy military success, and for the great glories of a unique reign, were consecrated around Queen Victoria's little grave. The Emperor William II who, almost exactly five years before,¹ had antagonized the whole British Empire by his ill-advised telegram to Krüger, largely owing to his personal magnetism, regained a good deal of his popularity by his presence at his illustrious grandmother's lying-in-state and funeral. It even appeared for a moment as if he and the new King did not too cordially hate each other.

With the hard-won success in South Africa, followed by immense material prosperity and the Accession of King Edward VII, London entered upon a period of brilliance unexampled before or since. In our own way, Czet and I took part in and enjoyed everything. In its odd mixture of luxury and Bohemian simplicity our Campden Hill studio had a distinction all its own. Czet and I had relations and friends all over Europe, we were both much amongst Diplomats and sportsmen and were therefore able to create a cosmopolitan atmosphere much more unusual then than now. Society ladies, travellers, writers, explorers, artists, financiers, came to us to meet each other, epitomizing in the ease, brilliance, verve and gaiety with which they endowed existence something not unlike the marvellous sunset that so often precedes a long night of storm and disaster. We were all taking the part of mutes at the

¹ The Emperor's telegram was dated January 3, 1896 ; the Queen died January 22, 1901.

obsequies of the old Europe, indeed of the old world, and fondly deluded ourselves that we were the vanguard of a new, nobler, more perfect and more permanent civilization.

Most of the great houses of London were open and showering a splendid, if sedate hospitality on all those who, properly accredited, had the right to climb their splendid staircases. Londonderry House, Stafford House, Devonshire House, Lansdowne House, Montagu House, Apsley House, Bath House, Dorchester House, Grosvenor House—vied with Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House themselves in the dignity and attractiveness of their entertainments. In Petersburg one could have found a more barbaric splendour; in Berlin more Court solemnity; in Budapest a more thrilling social environment; in Vienna an older, more artistic and more sophisticated aristocracy; in Paris a wittier and perhaps more polished social life deliberately and blissfully unaware of the existence of Jews and actresses; but only in London could you meet “everyone in the world who was anyone” by the simple process of being present at a fashionable dinner party and “going on afterwards,” as the English phrase it, to parties at one of the great, and one or two lesser, town houses. London was in name and in reality the capital of the world. Compared to her at this period Petersburg was childish, Berlin uncouth, Vienna languid, New York crude, Lisbon a village, Paris—in spite of its brilliance—a little tawdry. As for the little capitals—a few might by the more observant have been classed as pleasant country towns; the remainder were regarded even by the educated as little more than odd-sounding names upon a map, given to explosions of sound and fury, signifying exactly nothing. Yet within thirteen short, brilliant years a then unheard-of

capital called Sarajevo was going to leap into a sinister and imperishable historic fame on a lovely June day.

If King Edward's reign was sadly like a St. Martin's summer in duration, it had a quality of its own known to no other reign in history. The man and the moment were one. For King Edward VII the stage was perfectly set. His long apprenticeship had been well worth while in the sense that it perfectly prepared him for his representative role in one of those supremely typical historic periods for which in history we are always searching. Far from arriving late on the Throne blasé and indifferent, King Edward and Queen Alexandra assumed their regal duties with a happy zest typical of the childhood of the world. It had long been known that King Edward understood men, enjoyed and understood life, loved sport, movement, youth, beauty, progress. Perhaps for the first time in history a Sovereign who was a great national and Imperial figure was seen to be an equally great international figure as well. What finesse, what charm, what tact, what firmness and self-command ! How unique that aggregation of qualities that enables a man to put a gauche social tyro at his ease with the same unerring facility as he could put a presumptuous great personage in his place.

II

Needless to say, Boris and I were in it all and loved it all. His birth, training, temperament, and varied experiences particularly fitted Boris to shine in such surroundings, and I was myself perhaps not unprepared by my previous life to savour such a life to the full. Boris was well known at every European Court, and King Edward VII honoured him with his friendship ; while the King was still Prince of Wales they had been much together on the Continent and elsewhere.

Of course Czet and myself, with many of our friends, were all this time keenly interested in business. Czet's South African ventures turned out none too well ; he had no regard for money, his expenditure was large ; there was therefore some cause for anxiety. We were as much in business as in diplomatic and social circles. I used to go regularly to the City and work in Baron d'Erlanger's ¹ Bank ; later I had an office of my own ; family interests necessitated visits to Vienna. As for Berlin, like my father, I never went there if I could help it.

One of my best friends then, and ever since, was Lord Tyrrell the present British Ambassador in Paris. He had been at Bonn, and was at Balliol when my brother Gustave was at Christ Church ; his uncle Prince Radolin we all knew well in Berlin ; so he was both a family and a personal friend. Tyrrell's brilliant mind, command of languages, cosmopolitan outlook and acquaintance-ship made him in those days an invaluable official at the Foreign Office where he was at that time the right-hand man of Lord Sanderson, as, later on, he was to Sir Edward Grey. When Roger Casement was in London he would come and see us, charming everyone by his quickness and urbanity. About then I began to see a good deal of the Grant Duffs, and my father and members of the family appear frequently in the pages of Sir Mountstuart's famous Diary. Another fine friend made during those happy years was Douglas Dawson.² He had been British Military Attaché at Vienna for five years before being appointed to a

¹ Baron Emile d'Erlanger, senior partner in the firm ; b. Paris 1866 ; naturalized British subject, 1891 ; m. 1895, the d. of Marquis de Roehgude.

² Brig.-General Sir Douglas Dawson, G.C.V.O., C.B. ; Comptroller in Lord Chamberlain's Dept. to H.M., 1907-1920 ; State Chamberlain, 1920-1924 ; Sec. to Order of the Garter since 1904.

similar post in Paris where he served another five. Afterwards he became Equerry to King Edward VII and Master of Ceremonies to King George V. A first-rate soldier, a great gentleman and sportsman, and one of the most attractive Court officials I have ever known, he recently retired and settled at Medmenham Abbey near Marlow, a place once famous as the home of the Hell-Fire Club. Another friend of my early years in Vienna was Gerard Lowther¹ who was an attaché at the British Embassy at the same time as Douglas Dawson. Like all his family Lowther combined charm with brains and a distinguished presence. He worked his way right up to the top of the Diplomatic tree, eventually becoming British Ambassador at Constantinople, where he had Marschall von Bieberstein as his German colleague.

Not very long after our return from South Africa Colonel Hotspur Percy invited me to shoot with him at Rodel in the Island of Harris in the Hebrides, an invitation subsequently repeated many times. There was excellent fishing, good rough shooting and deer stalking. The deer were plentiful and wild, but the heads small; however, to me, the most attractive thing about the forest was that it ran all along the coast; the views were indescribably beautiful, and, on clear days, one could distinctly see St. Kilda.

I think it was about 1900 that someone brought Czet and myself a proposal to form a syndicate in South Africa to build a railway in Angola. I got an introduction to Sir Frank Bertie² who was at that time Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. My

¹ Rt. Hon. Sir Gerard Lowther, G.C.M.G., 1858-1916, nephew of 3rd Earl of Lonsdale; cr. Bt. 1914; m. 1905, Alice d. of Atherton Blight of Philadelphia, U.S.A.

² 1st Viscount Bertie of Thame, 1844-1919; s. of 6th Earl of Abingdon; Ambassador at Rome, 1903-1904; at Paris, 1905-1918.

reason for doing so was that German and British jealousies in Africa were very acute just then and I desired to proceed with caution. Bertie was perfectly charming but rather outraged my German mind by starting off with "my dear fellow, do tell me where is the dam'd country you are interested in?" He then dropped the subject and started telling me funny stories. The consummate ease with which British diplomats carry off this sort of diplomacy completely flummoxes the ordinary foreigner. I had a most pleasant visit to the Foreign Office, but what Bertie thought of me, of my scheme, or the reception of such a scheme by the German Foreign Office, I have no notion to this day. No Englishman for reasons of politics, diplomacy, or business, if it serves his purpose, ever minds in the least being taken for a fool, whereas a third-rate German or French official would rather lose the Empire than expose himself to the possibility of such a conclusion. Later the Angola Railway scheme was submitted to Rhodes who said he would take it on if Ernest Cassel would go halves over financing it. Douglas Dawson was tremendously keen on the scheme; everyone seemed friendly and keen when, quite suddenly, I one day got a letter from Lord Selborne enclosing one from Lord Salisbury which said: "Tell Count Blücher that we cannot consider the scheme owing to the jealousy it would arouse in Germany if we did so." This did not look to me as if England was out to seize every chance of wounding German susceptibilities in Africa.

III

Early in 1907 I paid a visit to Gervase Elwes and Lady Winefride. How it recalled that first visit to Lady Winnie's parents at Newnham some twenty-one

years before. As it turned out it was even more directly momentous. I instantly found that a fellow-guest, Miss Evelyn Stapleton-Bretherton, and I had an immense deal in common. First of all she was a Catholic and had the cosmopolitan outlook more usual amongst aristocratic Catholic families than amongst Protestants of similar rank. A Catholic child is taught from infancy that it belongs to a universal Church ; a Protestant child that it belongs to a sect. I next found that not only Miss Stapleton-Bretherton's eldest brother Frederick, but many of her innumerable relations and friends had been at Beaumont or Stonyhurst.

The richest family in Bavaria, the Princes of Thurn and Taxis, laid the foundation of their enormous fortune by obtaining from the King in the old coaching days a monopoly to carry the Royal Mail. To this day they preserve with pride at their huge castle in Ratisbon one of the original coaches, in much the same spirit as Napoleon's travelling carriage, captured by old *Vorwärts* at Waterloo, is shown to visitors at Krieblowitz.

The Mail Coach was invented in 1784 ; sixteen years later the Bretherton family took over the Liverpool coaches, and Bartholomew Bretherton assumed control. Just as it is with a motor-car, the manner in which a coach was constructed had everything to do with its safety and speed. Bartholomew knew this well and his greatest hobby and pleasure was the design and workmanship of his coaches ; the custom was to paint wheels and undercarriage red, but he had his painted yellow (after his coat-of-arms) and that colour became their distinguishing mark.

By 1832 there were a hundred mail and stage coaches running out of Liverpool of which Bretherton & Co. owned twenty. Seven of the twenty ran regularly

between the Saracen's Head and Angel Hotel in Liverpool and Charing Cross, the Swan with the Two Necks and other coaching Inns in London. Of all these the *Royal Umpire* was the most famous and used to do the journey to Charing Cross via Knutsford, Lichfield and Northampton, a distance of over two hundred miles, in twenty-three hours and forty-five minutes. The Royal Mail, following the shorter route via Lichfield and Coventry, did the journey in the twenty-three hours.

The *Royal Umpire* used to change horses at the Ship Inn, Rainhill, then the last stage before Liverpool, in under the minute. The original of Pollard's famous picture of the *Umpire* is in the possession of my brother-in-law Major Frederick Stapleton-Bretherton,¹ the present head of the family. As might be expected he takes a keen interest in coaching and is himself an excellent whip. The fate of the old coach was not unworthy. When my father-in-law inherited Rainhill he pulled down the extensive stabling opposite the lodge gates, where there was room for two hundred and forty horses ; in the general tidying up the old coach was burned in the rubbish heap by Joe Ashton.

When railways were started in 1830 Bartholomew Bretherton, who was a far-seeing man, realized what was going to happen. Moreover, he seems to have had a keen sense of the value of a good advertisement preceding a sale. With the *Venture* he raced one of the first trains from Liverpool to Manchester, beat it by twenty minutes, promptly sold all his coaches and horses to Chaplin and Horne, and invested the money in what is now the London Midland and Scottish Railway. The head of the firm of Chaplins, until

¹ Major Frederick Bartholomew Stapleton-Bretherton, Lancashire Hussars, b. 1873 ; m. 1895, Bertha, g.d. of 19th Lord Mowbray and Stourton.

lately carriers to the South-Western Railway, was a direct descendant of Horne's partner.

Bartholomew built the beautiful Catholic Church at Rainhill some time after he went off the road. When he was planning the family vault the contractor, a builder from Sankey Bridges, said to him :

"Are you going to be buried there, Mr. Bretherton?"

"I certainly expect to be—but there's no hurry."

"Well, when you hear the Last Trump you'll very likely think it's the old *Umpire* on the road again."

It was my father-in-law who assumed the additional name of Stapleton. His aunt Mary who married Gilbert Stapleton, brother of the eighth Lord Beaumont, died leaving a large fortune to her nephew on condition that he assumed the name of Stapleton—which he promptly did ! I learned this and a lot more of interest about the family after I became engaged. As a matter of fact, I was becoming allied by marriage to some of the oldest and most distinguished Catholic families in England—the Beaumonts, Cliffords, and Petres. My fiancée's mother, one of the most remarkable and delightful of women, was a daughter of the twelfth Lord Petre, head of a family not only world-famous for undeviating devotion to Church and King, but for the prominent rôle it has played in English history for hundreds of years ; for many generations the Petres and Stourtons were related, and my future brother-in-law Frederick married Bertha, daughter of the Honourable Albert Stourton and his wife Elizabeth Throckmorton. The Stourtons are one of the oldest, if not *the* oldest family of consequence in Wiltshire.

I at once felt at home amongst all those people because of that strange, somewhat mysterious affinity that unites Catholics of all countries. I wrote as follows to Richard Coudenhove :

You must come over for my wedding. I want you—one of my very best friends—to see how happy I am.

Thank you for your letter of congratulations. You understand me so well. I knew you would. Some of the Lobkowitzes and Larisches are coming, so we shall be quite an international gathering, and then I am going to bring Evelyn straight out to Silesia and Austria and introduce her to everyone.

Caroline and Max Lobkowitz are already here, and are already quite at home with all my future in-laws—the telepathy of Catholicism once again.

Yes ; the family I am marrying into is as Catholic as any of our Austrian families, in fact in a way one notices it even more as, in non-Catholic countries and countries where there has been much persecution, the religion always seems to be so very much more real and noticeable. My wife's family on the mother's side come of a long line of saints and martyrs—Petres, Cliffords and Stourtons—who had never lost their faith : and on her father's side also, the Stapleton-Brethertons, being the backbone of Catholicism in Lancashire. Their Aunt was made a (Roman) Marchioness for her many religious and charitable works. Amongst other benefactions she gave one of her large country homes, Ditton Hall, Lancashire, to the German Jesuits when they were expelled from Germany in 1872.

Strange, or perhaps not strange, but maybe the working out of the great scheme of life ; but it is remarkable that on arriving at my wife's home, I found the names of many of our well-known Jesuit friends who had found a refuge in their exile cherished there, my future father-in-law being one of their chief benefactors.

IV

We were married in August in Westminster Cathedral by the Archbishop, Cardinal Bourne. His Eminence, who was assisted by the Bishop of Liverpool (Dr. Thomas Whiteside), Dean Hendren, and Father Walter Weld (a relation of the bride's). There was a huge crowd afterwards at Claridge's, and we had hundreds of presents. Gustave was my best man, and the gathering was, in its small way, an historic one. Of course all the English Catholic clans congregated,

and from the Continent came members of the Lobkowitz, Liechtenstein, Fürstenberg, Mensdorff, Coudenhove, Starhemberg, Hoyos and Larisch families. How astonished they all were at the number and fervour of the English Catholics, and how they confided to me their amazement at this because they had expected to find in Protestant England a languid, struggling Catholicism and a few small scattered Catholic churches with a sprinkling of people attending them. The extent and strength of their religion in Lancashire particularly stirred them all.

In honour of old *Vorwärts* and Wellington the nine bridesmaids wore gowns copied from those worn by young ladies present at the famous Ball given by the Duchess of Richmond in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo, and in compliment to Belgium, the bride wore Brussels lace. His Holiness sent us the Papal Benediction which was pronounced by Bishop Whiteside.

My grandfather Lobkowitz had given each of his daughters as part of their dowry seven rows of exquisite pearls. These my mother left to me; my father had three rows added, and the result was a superb ten-row necklace. On my engagement being announced my father wrote me saying that he was sending me the original seven rows as they should be worn by my wife. They never arrived! If pearls bring tears, these certainly brought bitterness into the family relationships. Curiously enough, another lot of family pearls, a long row of pear-shaped ones, perfectly matched, were missed, and were eventually redeemed by my father from a pawnshop in Brussels for the comparatively insignificant sum of twenty-eight thousand francs.

Amongst the many friends present at our wedding was Edward Law. He was a trustee of our marriage

settlement, which was a great advantage to us, as he was one of those very odd people who have a genius for managing everyone's finances but his own !

Just about the time of our marriage Zdenko Lobkowitz and his wife were celebrating the anniversary of their silver wedding. I thought it an excellent opportunity of introducing my wife to them all, so we went to Schloss Eisenberg, near Prague, where some seventy-odd members of the clan were assembled for the occasion. Later on Evelyn told me that she had not looked forward to the visit, but had always looked back on it as amongst the most delightful experiences of her married life. Being the only English guest they one and all went out of their way to be charming to her and make her feel perfectly at home. Another memorable honeymoon visit was to Eckersdorff in Silesia to stay with Toni Magnis and his wife Bianca, a daughter of Franz, Count Deym, for so many years Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London.

By the autumn we were back in England and settled down in a pleasant house near Windsor. In November we were commanded to Windsor Castle, the occasion being one of the most representative gatherings of Royalties at which I have ever had the privilege of being present. As such a thing can never happen again it is worth recording. There were present two Emperors, India and Germany ; two Kings, Spain and Norway ; one Empress, Germany ; four Queens, England, Spain, Norway and Portugal ; and a score or more of Princes and Princesses. The Prince and Princess of Wales (King George and Queen Mary), the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia and Prince Arthur, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, the Princess Royal (Duchess of Fife), her sister Princess Victoria of Great Britain, the delightful Infanta Isabel of Spain (aunt of King

Alfonso), Princess Beatrice of Great Britain, the Duchess of Aosta, Prince and Princess Johann of Saxony, and the Crown Prince Olaf of Norway. Sir Charles Wyndham's company came and presented *Still Waters Run Deep* in the famous Waterloo Chamber. There was no applause, and the imperturbable Lewis Waller who was in the cast confessed afterwards that he had a spasm of stage fright when the curtain went up revealing the unique gathering of Crowned heads within a few feet of him. The cast, which was perfect, included Miss Mary Moore (Lady Wyndham) and matchless Miss Marion Terry.

In the Waterloo Chamber after the play we were examining the portraits—especially that of Blücher—with great interest when we met Prince and Princess Münster, who came to look at the portrait of his ancestor Count Althan who also fought at Waterloo. Lord Athlone whom I knew quite well from the time when he was at the British Embassy in Vienna, joined us and in his charming, good-natured way joked about the English wives being taught English history by their German husbands. Princess Münster was of course born Lady Muriel Hay. This was the beginning of our lifelong friendship with the Münsters. King Edward, who was a perfect host, spoke German to my wife, and the German Empress spoke English to her, so the "balance of power" may be said to have been tactfully preserved!

In January I had to carry my wife off to Berlin to be presented at Court, and go through all the rather frightening business of meeting many more of her new German relations. To neglect this would have been considered very rude. Evelyn made an instantaneous success and, at a Court Ball, the Emperor himself asked her to christen the new German armoured cruiser *Blücher* when it was launched in the following



Schneider, Berlin.

PRINCESS BLÜCHER

May. She of course accepted the honour, looking upon it as in a way a compliment to England.

The Court Balls in Berlin always ended at such an early hour that it became the custom for many of the guests to go on elsewhere and finish the evening dancing at a friend's house or an hotel.

On this special evening we all reunited at the fashionable Esplanade Hotel; the Royal Princes always managed to get away and join us if they felt so inclined. They were all there that evening and we were having a very wild set of kitchen lancers. My wife was dancing with Prince August Wilhelm, and Nancy Leishman (afterwards Duchess of Croy) was dancing with the Crown Prince and, at the climax of the lancers, things became so vigorous that Nancy fell and broke her wrist. She came up smiling, as usual, but the bandaging of the wrist and the summoning of a doctor caused the episode to leak out; the Emperor got to hear of it and from that time he forbade his sons to attend dances at Hotels. I don't think, however, that his orders were very strictly adhered to; but there was a temporary lull in the practice of going on from Court Balls to dances held in public places.

In April of that year the civilized world was shocked by the brutal, stupid murder of the King of Portugal and his eldest son the Crown Prince. Beautiful, clever Queen Amelie, who had been so gracious and had looked so handsome and queenly at Windsor a few weeks before, won the admiration of everyone by her courage and patriotism. Refusing to be cowed or bullied by the cruel act of fanatics in no way truly representative of the Portuguese people, the Queen stood firmly by her second and only surviving son the gallant young King Manoel. Yet courage and devotion availed but little; three short years later mother

and son were both in exile and, ever since, Portugal has groaned under a long and ever changing series of minority dictatorships, each one set up, and as regularly cast down, by a biennial revolution.

We duly went to Kiel for the launching of the *Blücher* and, because of after-events, the incident has perhaps more than domestic interest. Prince Henry of Prussia, a man of personality and character, and a practical sailor, represented his Imperial brother. The new fifteen thousand tons armoured cruiser was designed to carry twelve 11-inch guns, and to attain a speed of twenty-four knots. She was then in a class by herself and was, moreover, the first of a series of new cruisers which were to be considerably larger and more powerful than their predecessors of the *Scharnhorst* class. I don't know if his advisers kept the Emperor away because they feared one of his bellicose and injudicious speeches. If so they gained little because General Baron von der Goltz made a speech which could hardly have had exactly a soothing effect in France and England. After loudly praising old "Father Blücher" the hero of the Wars of Liberation, who saved Prussia from her enemies, inspiring the country by his example, and the Army by his indomitable will, the orator went on to bid defiance to the world. Moreover, the speaker quite forgot to remind his hearers that England had borne some small share in the wars against Napoleon. My countrymen have great and admirable qualities but, as many post-war conferences have dishearteningly proved, they are not always at their best when addressing an international audience.

V

And so, for us all, time went most pleasantly along—to disaster. Finding the neighbourhood of Windsor a

little out of the way we bought a pleasant house in South Kensington, went everywhere, did everything, saw everyone. I remember particularly the pleasure I enjoyed in being a member of the somewhat exclusive Shikaree Club of which Selous, Captain C. E. Radclyffe, Captain P. B. Vanderbyl, and some other equally famous hunters and sportsmen, were the founders. We met but once a year, dining together on the Oaks night, usually at the Savoy Hotel. In June 1910 President Theodore Roosevelt was in London and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, then United States Ambassador, gave a banquet in the visitor's honour at stately Dorchester House. The Shikaree Club presented Roosevelt with a rifle and in acknowledgment he made a clever and witty speech in which he spoke with admiration of such great nature lovers as Lord (then Sir Edward) Grey, and such universally admired sportsmen as King Alfonso of Spain. Lord Lonsdale presided and made the presentation; he also made a wonderfully clever and tactful speech which pleased all nationalities of sportsmen who were present. Since then Lord Lonsdale has often had to make similar speeches under much more difficult circumstances; indeed, his fame has spread so far that it has become a password amongst international sportsmen, and if the League of Nations were made up of sportsmen, with Lord Lonsdale as President, there would be no more wars!

The year was saddened for us by the unexpected death of Edward Law. He was an example of that very small class of men who, in early life, sacrifice a chosen career at the call of honour, and subsequently win success in an entirely new profession. Originally in the Indian Army he left it in consequence of a quixotic determination to stand by a friend who appealed to him for help. It was one of those youth-

fully chivalrous actions so easy to sympathize with and understand, yet so difficult to defend or explain in a somewhat cynical world.

When I first met him in St. Petersburg he was Commercial Attaché on the staff of Sir Robert Morier, the British Ambassador. Later he followed Lord D'Abernon (then Sir Edgar Vincent) in the Ottoman Debt department in Constantinople. His next important job was to go to Athens on a Mission connected with Greek finances. There he met and married his wife, a beautiful Greek. Years later—after the manner of a hero in a romantic novel—he returned to India as Finance Minister during Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty. Towards the end of his life he joined the Board of the Baghdad Railway, a course which some of his best friends, notably Lord Tyrrell, considered somewhat ill-advised. With an altruistic outlook and a marked gift for friendship, his premature death in London was a great loss, not only to us, but to all his many friends. Monsieur Johannes Gennadius, who was for so many years the well-known Greek Minister in London, wrote a eulogy of Law's work for Greece, which was published in *The Times*. It is the sort of tribute which, all down the ages, British diplomats, pro-consuls and public servants have so often won from the countries in which they served. It is such men who build up, embellish, and maintain the prestige of their nation and Empire wherever they go.

How one's memories hark back to all the friendships of those glad pre-war days. Another dear friend of my wife and myself was Percy Howe Browne, the second son of Lord Richard Browne and a cousin of the present Marquess of Sligo. His great-grandmother was the second daughter of the famous Admiral Lord Howe, and his grandmother was an aunt of the last Marquess of Clanricarde whose vast fortune was inherited by

Lord Harewood, husband of the Princess Royal. The Marquisate is extinct, but the Earldom of Clanricarde is now held by Lord Sligo. Percy's mother, one of the Amesbury family, was indirectly descended from the great and sumptuous Sir Walter Raleigh. Percy married Alice, daughter of Captain C. H. Marillier, C.M.R., whose family were Huguenot refugees, tracing their ancestry back to the old Marecliers and Maregliers, many of whom held important offices in France in the Middle Ages. Oddly enough, a member of Browne's family became a Marshal in the Austrian army and a statue of him is still to be seen in Vienna ; this ancestor was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, so that presumably Browne might have advanced a claim to the title. Richard Coudenhove used to chaff him about this.

During the Matabele War Percy was responsible for the route taken by the Victoria and Salisbury columns on their march to Bulawayo, and, with Dr. Jameson, he selected Gwelo as the second township in Matabeleland. Percy, therefore, has his place in the building up of British South Africa and, as pioneers and adventurers have always appealed to me, I am proud to record it, particularly as so much of his work lay in what is now Southern Rhodesia, where I also spent so much time, and in the brilliant future of which I so firmly believe.

VI

An expedition to the Caucasus which I made in 1911 was not primarily for shooting purposes but for business ; nevertheless we did rent a large shooting-area, and were going to exploit it in 1914 when the war put a sudden end to our enterprise.

In 1911 we went to inspect a timber concession which

I and some friends had acquired from the Kuban Cossacks under the ægis of General Babitch then Commander-in-Chief of the Caucasian Cossack Army, a fine old fellow whom I went to see on this matter several times.

A man named Neame was the representative of the timber firm that was working the business for us there, and de Boursac, a Russian landowner, came part of the way with us, as he was considering joining us in the venture. I stopped with him at his house in Ekaterinodar where I received great welcome and hospitality from him and his mother ; they had staying with them, besides the family, a most attractive little Russian Princess, aged about nineteen, whose ideas of life and society in Europe and, as she called them, strait-laced European morals, were most amusing. She told us she would love to be captured by the famous brigand, Selimkhan by name, an Asiatic, who at that time was haunting the plains and would at times swoop down and clutch some wealthy or, better still, some attractive female victim. She said she would love to be captured by him ; that she would then betray him and thus earn the Government reward for his capture. It was my first experience of the modern maiden's worship of the Sheikh—the prelude as it were of the American “ treat 'em rough ” films in which lovely and virtuous females are always being clutched fiercely by villains—or heroes temporarily disguised as villains.

I became great friends with de Boursac during this visit. I saw him once again the following year when he came to London on this same timber business. He was a descendant of one of the famous Cossack chiefs who had served under Blücher in the Napoleonic wars, and he told me he had in his possession several orders of the day signed personally by Blücher, which he inherited from this ancestor. I never saw de Boursac

again after the war, and to my sorrow I heard that he had been captured by the Bolsheviks and killed in the most inhuman manner.

The expedition lasted six weeks. Karl was with me and, as far as possible, we followed the mountain trails, deliberately avoiding the travellers' huts on the plains. We preferred to set up our own camps in the great open spaces or in the forests. It was intensely cold ; snow abounded. Once we were lost for forty-eight hours and I really thought the end had come. Karl behaved admirably, but in his shrewd, quiet way had some stinging things to say about our Caucasian guide who had led us wrong.

The expedition prevented my being in London when the German Emperor paid his last visit to England. He was present in May at the unveiling of the National Memorial to Queen Victoria that stands opposite the great entrance gates of Buckingham Palace. As always—when he wanted to—the Emperor made a good impression, and I am absolutely convinced of the reality of his love for England and the sincerity of his desire for peace. It is the fashion now to belittle his political insight and judgment because he did not foresee the abyss towards which we were all blindly hastening. But did anyone foresee it ? Could it have been foreseen ?

Between 1907 and 1914, as I have already said, my wife and I went everywhere ; heard everything. Our cosmopolitan outlook and continental connections gave us unusual opportunities, and the coming and going of innumerable continental relatives and friends kept us in touch with most phases of European public opinion. We went about in Society (as it was then called) in London, Berlin, Paris and Vienna, meeting in each city courtiers, politicians, soldiers, journalists, travellers, and business men. We visited Scotland and Ireland,

went on shooting expeditions to Silesia, Austria and Poland, visited Rome and Petersburg. Yet, were we in reality any better informed or wiser than anyone else? I doubt it. Like most people we took the continuance of our world for granted. Everyone naturally thinks his world *the* world.

One thing I must and will say. Together with a good many others I considered Prince von Bülow a danger to the peace of Europe. I remember as if it were yesterday lunching in Rome in 1913 with Gottlieb von Jagow the German Ambassador to Italy, who afterwards became German Minister for Foreign Affairs. He and I were real friends and he voiced in plain un-diplomatic language his distrust of Bülow. He always worked with the Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg for an Anglo-German agreement and his words were: "No negotiations with England will be of any use so long as Bülow has influence with the Emperor." Within three months of that conversation Willie Tyrrell said to me in London: "No one here in England ever trusted Bülow or his policy—his double-faced policy."

I formed the, perhaps rather impracticable, notion of somehow arranging a meeting and a good talk between Tyrrell and von Jagow. Some trifling event at the last moment prevented it coming off: had it done so would it have made any difference? Or was it already Kismet!

VII

A last memory of pre-war London. In June 1913 Queen Alexandra, human, gracious, regal, exhaling kindness, was present at a Charity Ball at the Albert Hall. It represented a fête at Versailles in the year 1680. Members of the greatest families of England and of the Continent swept past Louis XIV and his

Court : the French King was represented by a cousin of Queen Mary, the handsome young Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and his Consort Maria Theresa was impersonated by lovely Lady Dudley. Sixteen Courts, beginning with the English, passed in procession before the thrones of the French Sovereigns. My wife and I organized the procession of the Court of Brandenburg ; I representing Frederick William the great Elector, and Evelyn his second wife Dorothea of Brunswick-Celle. My rôle amused me very much because not only was Frederick William uncle and guardian of the Prince who afterwards became William III of England, but he was the first of the Electoral Princes to withstand the ambitious designs of Louis XIV. Moreover, his son was crowned at Königsberg first King of Prussia as Frederick I.

I have attended many functions in various parts of the world and don't think I ever witnessed anything so representative and brilliant as this particular ball. As I have said, the flower of English beauty and aristocracy were present. The Royal Party included the King and Queen, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Patricia and Prince Arthur, King Manoel and his mother Queen Amelie, Princess Beatrice and the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden. Then there were such noted beauties as Lady Curzon (now Lady Howe), Lady Desborough, Lady Astor, Priscilla Lady Annesley, marvellously handsome as the Electress Sophia, Lady Bute, Lady Lytton, Lady Mond (Lady Melchett), Mrs. Leopold Albu, Mrs. (now Lady) Lavery and many more. In fact Lady March (Duchess of Richmond and Gordon) who organized the "English Court," ransacked London for handsome bearers of great names. The men were equally representative and included Lord Bute, Lord Lascelles (now Lord Harewood), and someone from each of the Embassies.

The "Brandenburg Court" included my young sister-in-law Monica Stapleton-Bretherton as a maid of honour, Herr and Frau von Kühlmann from the German Embassy, Hans Hoyos, Herr von der Heydt, Baron Schroeder, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Vincent Stapleton-Bretherton, Eleanor Trafford, Donald Forbes and Lady Young.

Serbia was represented by Prince Paul, Spain by the Infante Don Fernando of Orleans-Bourbon and Count Ramirez de Arellano, Germany by the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, ourselves and those already named—truly an international gathering. After all the processions had "passed the Presence" Pavlova the incomparable and her partner Novikoff came and danced.

Exactly fourteen months later each one of these friendly merry-makers was engaged in a dance with death.

VIII

Not long before the war I had the great misfortune to lose my friend Czet. The following tribute, written by a friend, appeared in the old *Westminster Gazette* soon after his death. It is so true and fair that I quote it as written :

There has recently died in South Africa one of the most remarkable men of the last century. This was Prince Boris Czetwertynski, aristocrat, linguist, sportsman, traveller, and explorer, who has, after a life of the most varied character, died comparatively poor at the age of sixty-five.

Prince Boris was a Russian, a prince of one of the oldest Russian families. Educated at Dresden, he came into a large fortune when he was seventeen, and at once set out to enjoy life. A charming man, a delightful friend, he rapidly became the best-known man in Europe.

A favourite in every European Court, he was particularly the friend of the late King Edward, and at Baden and elsewhere our

King (then Prince of Wales) and Prince Boris were much together. Courts, alone, could not however satisfy this remarkable man ; he had too strong a taste for the jungle.

He was the first white man to penetrate Somaliland, and was a great expert on all matters connected with Central Africa, which he visited first in 1889. Previous to this he had travelled extensively all over the world, being at Zanzibar with Emin Pasha and Sir Charles Euan-Smith. Not the least remarkable of his attributes was his power of turning direct from the wilds and its ways and taking on again the habits and masks of the civilized man and courtier. And everywhere he went he became rapidly the most popular man in the district, whether he was sojourning with savages or living a life of luxury and ease in one of the capitals of Europe.

All his life he was a little before his time. Concessions which were granted to him at certain periods and appeared worthless at the moment have since proved themselves valuable properties.

A man of iron constitution, he was the most tender of doctors and nurses, and would sit up for nights attending to a native who had fallen sick on an expedition, and would journey any distance and spend any money to save the life even of a comparative stranger.

Yet he could not tolerate malingering, and, on one occasion, allowed his dislike for this form of cheating to make him forget his usual courtesy.

He was going up-country when one of his companions—a white man, too—complained of being ill. Prince Boris was suspicious of this illness from the first but, none the less, nursed the man tenderly. One morning his patient turned to him when he entered the tent and asked plaintively :

"Prince Boris, do you think I shall die?"

And the great traveller, smoothing the sick man's pillow, made soft reply :

"I pray to God every morning that you will."

In two days the patient was well and travelling again.

In the great break which followed the South African boom, Prince Boris lost all his fortune and found himself a poor man, dependent on his own exertions for his living.


He did not despair, as many men on the wrong side of fifty would have done, but at once started work as a miner at Johannesburg. And here, as elsewhere, he won the friendship and respect of all with whom he came in contact, the rough miners finding as much pleasure in his company as kings had done in former days.

Not long did he stay mining, however. The call of the jungle was too strong for him, and he went up to Portuguese West Africa.

And here, until his illness brought him down to the south to die, he stayed and worked, calm and satisfied, accepting without complaint exile from the life of splendour and gaiety which had formerly been his at will.

Like many other Russians, Prince Boris had the gift of languages in a marked degree, and he was one of the four best linguists in the world, with a wonderful aptitude for picking up a native dialect in a few weeks. The strength of his constitution was such that, although he spent years in the very unhealthy country on and around the Equator, he never suffered either from fever or liver trouble, easily a record for a European.

By his death the world loses a pioneer who has done much to open the unknown to us, while everyone who knew him, from emperor to labourer, feels that he has lost a friend. To the forest and the swamp he took the ripe judgment and shrewdness of the man of the world—a judgment which made his opinion on new countries the most valuable of any man's in Africa. To the city he brought the broad humanity which comes to men who go far into the wild, and wherever he stayed men felt the better for his presence.



●

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE WORLD WAR FROM INSIDE
GERMANY

I

IT is not my purpose to say much about the Great War. The subject is threadbare. Nevertheless, it cannot be ignored entirely because, consciously or unconsciously, the war and its after effects dominate the whole world and all our thoughts : the ancients understood just what we are suffering when they used the word Nemesis.

Just as a guest in a house often perceives cross currents of irritation and ill will far more quickly than does a member of the family, so I had, from about 1912 onward, become increasingly aware of the growth, violent and secret, of ill will between England and Germany. After an epoch of prosperity, peace and consolidation, an epoch of disruption and strife seemed to be on the horizon. All the signs of storm were there ; the marvel was (and is) that so few seemed to have either the desire or the ability to read them aright.

The last social function we all attended was the wedding at Rainhill of my wife's youngest sister Gertrude to Kenneth Dewar¹ on July 28. On that very day I received an urgent wire summoning me to the German Embassy ; my wife's two brothers Freddie and Wilfrid were ordered to rejoin their Regiments ;

¹ Admiral Kenneth G. B. Dewar, C.B.E., R.N. : Deputy Director Naval Intelligence Division.

Edward Charlton, the husband of my wife's sister Winefride, and Herbert Throckmorton, the husband of her sister Ethel, both of whom were in the Navy, were summoned to rejoin their ships.

We remained in the country staying with my wife's relations during the first week of August 1914. I was much disturbed and worried.

Late on Tuesday afternoon (August 4), having hurriedly returned to London, we were told by the German Embassy that we must leave England almost immediately. My wife was then faced with the necessity of making one of the most cruel decisions of her life, and one which by its very nature prevented my helping her in any way. To remain strictly neutral was my dreadful task: she decided to stick by her husband and her adopted country; she decided rightly and her loyal parents, then both alive, with a noble stoicism, fully approved of her decision. I hope that few people of their age in any country had to go through what my parents-in-law did during that first week of August 1914. They had to smile while saying good-bye to a daughter going off to live in the country with which their own country was at war, and whom they might never see again. Even before that daughter left England two soldier sons, and two sailor sons-in-law had been summoned by the trumpet of war.

The recollection of the way my English relatives rallied round us during those last two hectic days was something that heartened me again and again throughout the war. Rowland Feilding and his wife Edith packed with a care and speed that would have turned Trollope's head man green with envy; relations, friends, even acquaintances were splendid, and my wife's sister-in-law, Bertha Stapleton-Bretherton got to Liverpool Street Station at five o'clock in the morning and waited till half-past seven to see us off. England

was aflame with enthusiasm and determination. When I got to Germany I found a similar spirit there, but I felt that for me personally my life's work was ended. England and Germany, friendly for over a hundred years, were at war.

My wife, in her book *An English Wife in Berlin*,¹ has so fully described all that happened to us in Germany and the book has been so widely read and reviewed that I shall only mention here such things as escaped her, or which I desire for some special reason to recall or emphasize : one of the latter is the very splendid send-off the British Authorities gave at Harwich on that dull, rainy morning to the Lichnowskys, Herr and Frau von Kühlmann, the Embassy staff and the two hundred and fifty Germans accompanying them. The Ambassador was received with full royal honours ; the route from the train to the boat was lined with troops and sailors at the present ; the Admiral commanding the Station awaited the Ambassador and, followed by A.D.C.'s, escorted him and his weeping Princess to the boat. Very sporting ; very English.

Two last talks lodged in my memory. On the afternoon of August 4 I saw Willie Tyrrell at the Foreign Office. We had been friends almost from boyhood ; he had been at Oxford with my brother Gustave ; my wife and I were both devoted to Lady Tyrrell and the family ; now we were officially to become enemies. England, at that moment, was furious—or rather the popular Press was furious—at Germany's proposal that, in the event of war with France, England should remain neutral on condition that Germany guarded the Channel Ports.² It was this offer, presented by von Kühlmann to Sir Edward Grey, which was denounced

¹ London, Constable & Co., 1921 : ninth impression.

² German proposals to secure British neutrality were made on Wednesday, July 29, and rejected on July 30.

by the popular Press as "infamous," and I did not gather that Tyrrell, or his chief, Sir Edward Grey, thought much of it. The other talk was my last one with Edward Charlton,¹ husband of my wife's sister Freda, who on parting warmly pressed my hand and said: "At any rate we in the Navy have no contempt for the German Fleet; indeed we admire its efficiency."

Like millions of others I have often wondered if *anything* could have stopped the war and, all things considered, I am inclined to think that Briand was right when he said: "If England alone had promised joint action at the end of July there would have been no war." Lord Grey of Fallodon took a different view and the result we know.

II

Directly we arrived in Berlin I went to see the Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg, and von Jagow the Foreign Secretary. For the first time in my life I was genuinely sorry, and genuinely glad, that the loss of the four fingers of my left hand having rendered me ineligible for military service, I had not the right to put on a military uniform and fight: it was at once an acute pain—and a relief. Through von Jagow, who was a true gentleman in the English sense, a lover of peace, and a firm and consistent believer in an Anglo-German-French agreement, I at once obtained work with the Knights of Malta. Very soon my wife,

¹ Admiral Sir Edward Charlton, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., b. 1865; Admiral of Mine-Sweepers, 1914-1915; Commander-in-Chief Cape Station, 1916-1918; President Inter-Allied Commission (Naval) of Control, Berlin, 1920-1923; m. 1st, 1903, Laura, d. of Hon. Arthur Strutt; 2nd, 1910, Miss Winefride Stapleton-Bretherton, sister of Princess Blücher.

in association with Daisy Princess of Pless and Princess Münster (both Englishwomen) and many others, was busily engaged in work for British prisoners, wounded and missing. Each of us thus endeavoured to do what we could for the sufferers from the war, regardless of nationality. Regardless but not oblivious.

I should like to record a few of the impressions made upon me when I first arrived in Berlin. The fashionable Hotel Esplanade where we stayed was the favourite meeting-place of the military officials and social world. I was deeply moved by the temper of the officers and higher officials whom I met : their loud enthusiasm, after the sober comprehension of the situation shown in the country we had recently left, was distressing, more especially when compared with the effect made upon me by my first visit to Herr von Jagow and other members of the Foreign Office. They made clear to me the real seriousness of the situation. Von Jagow had grasped the position correctly. He and I had been friends for thirty years, had maintained a regular correspondence throughout that period, and I learnt to know intimately and sympathize with his policy of a closer understanding with England. Nevertheless, I got the impression during this first visit to the Foreign Office that the need for an enormous and prolonged defence effort, necessitated by a possible World Coalition against us, was insufficiently taken into account. The extent of enemy forces which during the course of a long war might eventually become anti-German was not correctly foreseen or gauged. It was not, for example, even realized that England with her " insignificant little Army " could be a danger. I must confess that, in spite of my knowledge of the British character, I was myself astounded when she first produced her Army of a million men, and as amazed as most Germans at the promptness and generosity

with which the Colonies and Dominions sent their large contingents.

From various utterances I heard in Berlin I felt from the first that from the very beginning there was not that co-operation between the political authorities and the Army leaders absolutely essential to success. Later on I concluded that this ever-increasing lack of liaison between the political and military parties was the reason why so many favourable opportunities of negotiating an honourable Peace were lost, and we were eventually saddled, largely by our own fault, with the so-called Peace of Versailles. In pre-war Germany the Army had never been the obedient instrument of policy as it is in England and France—hence our undoing. Fortunately for herself England has never had a military party; when war was declared all the political parties—except the small Communist group which is everywhere and at all times evil and disruptive—rallied loyally and spontaneously to the Commonwealth. In Germany, on the contrary, there was a military, and a political, party throughout the whole war and their mutual rivalry, jealousy and distrust brought about the downfall of the Fatherland. As for the Imperial Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg he was quite unequal to the task of dominating the military party, asserting and maintaining the constitutional rights of the Reichstag, or imposing his will on the Emperor and the Ministry. As for the Emperor himself, once war was declared he was increasingly helpless. I am convinced, as history will prove, that his love of Peace and his love of England were genuine. Early in 1914 the Emperor received Wilson's great friend Colonel House and assured him of his personal devotion to the cause of Peace. This was genuine. But Tirpitz, and most of the Foreign Office officials with the exception of von Jagow, were inimical.

House, I think, exaggerated his own importance and influence and had not always a just view of the great personages with whom he came in contact. He did not always allow for the somewhat exaggerated amiability with which the Emperor, in common with other prominent Europeans, was apt to bespatter distinguished visitors from the United States. Nevertheless, he was a keen, trained observer—even if his attitude towards his friend Wilson amounted almost to foolish adulation. Unfortunately, after the war House's excessively sentimental hero-worship for Wilson became general amongst the Allied and Associated Powers, with lamentable results. Excessive adulation is not good for any human being—it turns his head—which is exactly what happened later on to this new Moses with his ten Commandments : unlike his great predecessor, he did not even pretend that they came from God. Like Topsy they just “grow'd”! And all out of that poor head which on trial proved to be so soft, so easily turned by a little cheap European flattery!

I was very proud to wear for over a year the uniform of the Knights of Malta, and the white Cross of the Order which for nearly a thousand years has been accepted as the badge of service to God and man, and only reluctantly ceased to do so by the orders of my doctors. Founded to defend pilgrims journeying to and from the Holy City, the members of the Order were for nearly three hundred years known as Knights of St. John; after Saladin captured Jerusalem they became known from the seat of the Order as the Knights of Rhodes, and retained that designation until Charles V granted them the Island of Malta in 1530. When, two hundred and seventy years later, Malta became British their seat was moved first to Ferrara and then to Rome. The parent Order is, of course,

Catholic ; in the beginning of the nineteenth century a Lutheran Bailiwick of the Order was founded in Prussia. It was almost solely devoted to hospital service, and did fine work in the wars of 1864, 1866 and 1870. In England there are two Orders each, like their continental counter-parts, claiming to be "Sovereign" : the Sovereign Sacred Military Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Protestant Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, both of which have distinguished records. The Knights of the British Association used to meet at the Chapel of the Hospital of St. Elizabeth of Hungary in Great Ormond Street, London,¹ of which my wife's grandfather, the twelfth Lord Petre, was, with the Earl of Granard, one of the founders, and to which he gave one of the altars. My friend Edmund Fraser, who is stoutly Protestant, and I have had many arguments and much correspondence about the relationships of the parent Order and the English, Prussian, Spanish and other Bailiwicks and offshoots. Such arguments, apart from intrinsic historic interest, seem to me largely futile and my views on the matter were summarized in a letter I wrote to Fraser not long ago :

. . . As far as your very detailed explanation regarding the connection between the Protestant and Catholic Orders is concerned, I have no doubt that your knowledge of the matter is better than mine, as I have hitherto accepted the position as it exists in Germany, and looked upon the matter less from a material than from a spiritual and, if you like, idealistic point of view, one which I do not think is sufficiently appreciated by non-Catholics—especially as regards our attitude towards what you call Papacy, which is not in any way a subjection, in the sense which non-Catholics attribute it. In any case I do not think that the questions involved should warrant a religious controversy, which cannot in my opinion lead to any profitable result.

¹ Founded in 1856. The Hospital and Chapel were transferred to St. John's Wood on October 5, 1927.

My Red Cross duties in charge of an Ambulance Train equipped by the Silesian Knights took me all over the Continent ; Father Joppen, a Jesuit priest, acted as Chaplain on the train. We became great friends, and it was often my privilege to assist him as he administered spiritual consolation to the wounded and dying. The Father had spent the best years of his life doing missionary and teaching work in India. As a German he had, of course, to leave when war was declared. This service in India was a great bond between us, and was not weakened by the knowledge that he had compiled an Historical Atlas of India from earliest times to the present which was much used in British Schools and Colleges in India. Later he used to come occasionally to Krieblowitz and act as private Chaplain there.

III

Egged on by the French, the English Government requested my father to leave Herm in the early days of September 1914. After a short stay in London he went to Krieblowitz, and was out riding one day in July 1916 when he had a seizure, fell from his horse, and was killed. Although we never really understood one another, the ill fortune of war had to some extent drawn us together and I sincerely mourned his death. My wife and I had been living with the utmost simplicity, indeed almost penuriously, in our apartments in an Hotel in Berlin when suddenly everything was changed. Instead of Count Gebhard von Blücher I was Prince Blücher von Wahlstatt, owning a huge palace in Berlin and several country estates.

From that time onward certain inescapable duties devolved upon me. However great my love and

admiration for England, however warm my cherished memories of happy years spent in London and South Africa, I was a German ; my country was at war ; I must pull my full weight. I was an hereditary member of the *Herrenhaus* or Prussian House of Lords. My father had long neglected his duties as an hereditary legislator ; I must therefore all the more assiduously do what I could.

The castle of Krieblowitz had naturally been much neglected owing to my father's long absence abroad. A great deal has been written in English and in German about the curtailment of German freedom during the war, but very little notice has been taken of the extraordinary amount of freedom we enjoyed in certain directions. For example, I was at once able to begin altering, repairing and improving Krieblowitz. There was plenty of local labour available and practically no restrictions about using it. In Breslau I found contractors and tradesmen not only able and willing, but anxious, to carry out all my wishes : indeed, my friend and neighbour Prince Pless continuously carried out most extensive rebuilding and alterations at Fürstenstein throughout the whole war ! More remarkable still, many of his workmen were Italians and, so far as I could make out, were left undisturbed even after Italy deserted her Allies and joined the Entente !

In a sense my wife and I had never had a real home. That is to say, until I bought a house in London shortly before the war, we had always lived in hired abodes. She has a great talent in such matters so, with her advice and help, I built a private Chapel, installed electric light, put in large English fireplaces, built a new library ; displayed some of my best heads and hunting trophies and so on. I devoted particular care to the domestic quarters and the estate cottages, all of which were old-fashioned and uncomfortable.

The old oak front door, dating from the time when the castle was a monastery, and beloved of Marshal *Vorwärts*, I had removed to a position on the upper veranda where it can be conveniently seen by the thousands of visitors who make a pilgrimage to see the Field-Marshal's room, and his tomb in the Park some half a mile from the entrance gates. Some of the historic paintings, such as the Battle of Katzbach and the Battle of Waterloo, I had cleaned and rehung.

Another delightful change at Krieblowitz was that we had, for a time at least, plenty of food, dairy produce of all sorts, poultry, geese and turkeys and, of course, game in great abundance and variety. After our Berlin rations this was wonderful.

IV

In 1916 I asked von Jagow to get me a billet in the Foreign Office where my somewhat extensive knowledge of foreign languages would be really useful. He suggested that there would be ample scope for both knowledge and energy in Erzberger's office. Now Erzberger did not belong to a type that appeals very much to me. Yet there was no denying his ability and in wartime one may not be too particular. Originally a schoolmaster, he got on by sheer push—of the particularly disagreeable brand called "cheek" by the English. The type finds ample opportunities under modern democratic conditions, and is one of democracy's greatest dangers. The enormous influence of Erzberger in the Reichstag was well known to me; I acknowledged his adroitness in disentangling and—if he wanted to do so—tangling the skein of politics for his own profit or pleasure. I had reason to believe that he had some relations with the Vatican, and close ones with the world, perhaps we should say the under-

world, of international finance. In dealing with him I would be wise to exercise caution. Some time previously Erzberger had made an offer to the Chancellor and Foreign Office. If twenty million Marks were placed to his credit he would organize and run a propaganda office that would very materially assist in winning the war. During the war every nation, including England and the United States, went stark, staring mad on the question of propaganda. The "democratic" Erzbergers incited them, nay hounded them, into it. When people lament the deadly slowness with which post-war international amity and confidence is being built up they forget their common war guilt in poisoning by every vile means the minds and imaginations of the rising generations: they forget that such sins against the soul of man bear their evil fruits even unto the third and fourth generation. For over twelve years Europe has been wrestling with post-war problems, has failed to solve them, and will fail to solve them, until she realizes that, fundamentally, they are not economic or political—but spiritual.

I went into Erzberger's office with my eyes open. I knew that as early as 1915 peace overtures of one sort or another were being made. It was always my idea to work for a real peace and to do my utmost to stop useless slaughter. I soon found that the head of the office, although in his way a very able man, was totally unable to grasp what he was doing, or the effects it would have abroad. He was totally ignorant of foreign languages, had no international connections of any sort or kind, and had no means of even guessing how foreigners thought. One of his great successes was bringing Italy into the war—but on the side of the Allies! Needless to say I did not remain at this post for long. I soon found that *genuine* peace propaganda in neutral countries such as I was anxious to do was

impossible because I could never get any clear and definite statements from our Government what their intentions regarding Belgium were.

My work was entirely confined to interpreting articles from the foreign Press. I did not know till long afterwards that Erzberger made no secret of the fact that he was the instigator of the plot to unchain the revolution in Russia ; he it was, or so he boasted, that got in touch with Lenin and Trotski and had them transported in sealed carriages from the Swiss frontier through Germany into Russia. I feel that a man who for any cause, patriotic or otherwise, unloosed such rivers of blood and infamy deserved death, and that Erzberger met a just fate at the hands of an assassin.¹ I also heard later that many of Erzberger's propaganda staff were the riff-raff and scum of the German journalistic world, or renegades—and worse—from all nations. The retribution for Erzberger's infamous policy was swift. Less than nine months later Joffe, the chief of the Bolshevik delegation at Brest-Litovsk, saw at Kiel the complete success of his policy of spreading revolution amongst Germany's armed forces. I have been told that famous English journalists descended to such depths as allowing themselves to be used as instruments for fostering the revolution in Germany ; I have preferred to believe that this is not so. But, if it was so, an even more bitter and sanguinary retribution may be extracted from Britain than from Germany. If the German people were made by their rulers to connive at and encourage the Revolution in Russia they have since paid dearly for a sin committed in innocence : nevertheless, only their sturdy will and character has so far stood between Europe and Bolshevism ; should that barrier fall Europe will suffer indescribably, and England not

¹ On August 21, 1921.

least. Then, perhaps, a certain type of publicist will see the infamy of encouraging revolution in another country.

I wish I could think that all danger of a Bolshevik plague—spread unwittingly through Europe by a bound and helpless Germany—was safely past.

V

It is a commonplace that there is no overtaking a libel, and a libel on a nation, once it gains currency, is practically deathless. Sedulously propagated during the war, there are two libels, one against England and the other against Germany, that cause me the utmost pain, because both are untrue. The first is that over a long period of years England deliberately aimed at isolating, encircling, and finally destroying Germany, and that during the ten years preceding the European War King Edward VII was a potent, active, Machiavellian apostle of this policy. This theory (like nearly all propaganda) ignores inconvenient psychological facts. It is simply not in the British character, as history amply proves, deliberately to outline or adopt a policy and follow it ruthlessly throughout a long period of time—and, even if it were, the English Parliamentary Party system would make any continuity of policy quite impossible. The British have never consciously had a continental—or, for that matter, any other—policy. They are simply a nation of opportunists living from hand to mouth. And this deeply ingrained national characteristic, which has been their strength in the past, is in danger of being their undoing in the future. It may have suited the nineteenth century when, commercially speaking, England dominated the world : it can hardly be successful in meeting present-day methods of competition, organization and machinery :

it cannot, or so it seems to me, adapt itself with sufficient rapidity to the ever changing conditions of twentieth-century world competition. England muddled into the great war ; muddled the Peace. Is she irretrievably muddling her own future and, with that future, the future of the whole world ? As I write it looks as if she were.

England did not like the new German Navy begun with such a fanfare of trumpets in 1900 ; she was vaguely jealous of the rapidity and success of German commercial expansion between 1870 and 1914 ; she wisely distrusts Generals, Sovereigns, Pro-consuls, and other prominent and responsible people, who make frequent and sensational speeches ; she distrusts even more the mock heroic, sabre rattling, shining armour, and all the political paraphernalia of Ruritania. The British are essentially a sober people. Therefore they did not like the theatrical goings-on of the German Emperor. Who would ? But to assert that England deliberately conspired over a long period of years to induce Russia and France to join her in encircling and finally destroying Germany is so palpably false that it would be ridiculous were it not, even now, widely believed in Germany. Many young Germans, the Germans on whom the future peace of Europe depends, are being brought up in the belief that the encirclement of Germany which took place during the European War was the direct result of England's long-laid and nefarious schemes. Quite naturally they resent this : nor can they envisage friendship with a nation capable of such a policy.

No one had a greater admiration for the late King Edward VII than I had. But to believe that he had either the will, the ability, or the power, to be the leader of an anti-German policy in Europe is sheer nonsense, and displays an utter ignorance of English

character, and politics, and of the British Constitution. Nevertheless, it was a mistake made by many prominent Germans before the war, and I am afraid that the Emperor was, to some extent at least, one of them. The truth is that neither Germany, France, nor the United States understand the British Constitutional Monarchy. In Germany we have no experience of such an institution, and it is in some ways foreign to our temperaments and character. King Edward VII moved about Europe with an incomparable ease, grace and assurance so uncharacteristic of the English Monarchs of the house of Hanover, that efficiency-loving people like the Germans, lovers of logic like the French, admirers of political regal manners like the Austrians, and worshippers of "pep" like the Americans, could hardly bring themselves to believe that this perfection in discharging the high duties of his office did not denote in Edward VII the possession of the powers of a Metternich or, at least, a Bismarck ! They were all wrong ; King Edward was quick but not profound ; charming but not subtle ; worldly-wise, but without an atom of cunning. I note with contentment the possession of a great many of the King's happiest and most invaluable qualities in his eldest grandson the Prince of Wales, yet surely no one would be so crack-brained as to believe that his journeys to the United States and South America were made on behalf of some deep plan to engage them as allies in a secret British scheme to dominate Europe !

The other libel, equally perverse and unfounded, propagated for all it was worth throughout the war, and kept dangerously alive in France to this day, is that the Germans are a low, brutal people whose fundamental necessity is destruction. Why, the first word in the indictment is itself a falsehood. There is (as yet) no such thing as a German, and the word Germany is

merely a convenient, but very misleading, geographical expression. What could be more different than a Prussian and a Bavarian, a Rhinelander and a Westphalian, a Saxon and a Tirolean or—to narrow the issue—a Berliner and a Viennese? Yet we are all roughly lumped together as “Germans.” True, we all speak the same language (with very varying accents), but does the same language, even the same blood, link the inhabitants of the United States and Great Britain so closely together that their ideals and interests never diverge? If the legend of German unity was ever accepted by thinking people, all true Germans feel that it has been devastatingly shattered by the history of post-war German politics. The bonds of unity so painfully and faithfully forged by Frederick the Great, by Bismarck and, let us be fair—to the best of the light that was in him—by William II have been broken. Not by the continental policy of England, not by war, not even by the relentless enmity of post-war France, but by the weakness, indecision, political inexperience and disunity of the German peoples. No wonder so many true Germans everywhere, more especially the young, turn longingly to our Imperial past for light and inspiration, or despairingly to Bolshevik Russia for some sort of a way out.

I feel so bitterly the degrading stigma of this infamous libel of brutality charged against the chivalrous German peoples that I cannot trust myself to speak of it. I shall therefore let a far greater than myself, and a lifelong Republican at that, do so for me. Gerhart Hauptmann, our greatest dramatist, who amongst much noble literature so potently shaped into poetry the rough lives of our sturdy Silesian miners, was himself the son of a Silesian innkeeper and the grandson of one of those Silesian weavers whose sordid and painful existence he has immortalized in one of his finest early

plays. It is nearly forty years since Hauptmann wrote *Vor Sonnenaufgang—Before Sunrise*. He is now the accepted poet laureate of the German *Reich*. This is what he states :

We Germans are strong because our roots go deep into the soil from which we have sprung. We are autochthonous, *bodenstaendig*, like the Dutch. So long as we cling to the soil, we are invincible ; we cannot be destroyed. Like the giant Antæus we gain new strength whenever we touch Mother Earth. I attribute whatever strength I have to my propinquity to the soil. . . . To you, Germany may seem no larger than this ant-hill. But it is a very respectable ant-hill, peopled by most formidable ants. No sooner is it destroyed than the ants are already at work to build it up again. The German people are characterized by unique perseverance and unique idealism. Throughout the World War we were portrayed as ruthless destroyers. That is a libel on our people. Our deepest need is to create, not to destroy.¹

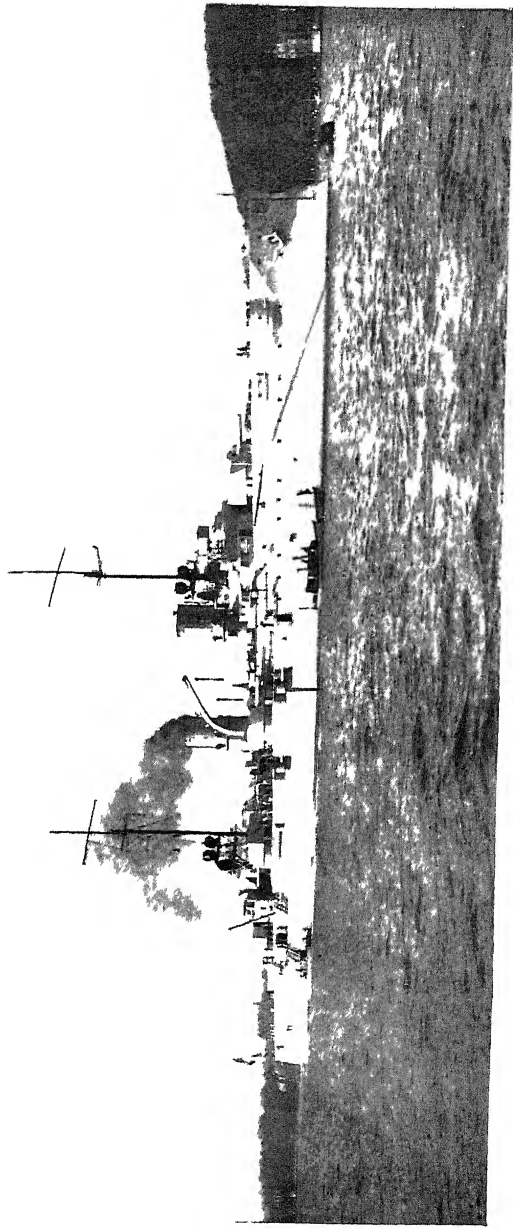
VI

Even reviewers of detective novels now admit that no invented coincidences could be more startling than those of real life. When my wife so proudly christened the *Blücher* six short years before the outbreak of war no one could have foreseen its dramatic fate, or of how a young Naval officer named Herbert Throckmorton,² who within four years of the launching of the cruiser was to become our brother-in-law, would, in the course of performing his duty, be associated with its capture by England's Navy.

It was said by experts that the *Blücher* was one of the best, indeed probably the best, armoured cruiser ever built. I did not at the time she was launched know enough about such matters to realize that, as such, she

¹ *Glimpses of the Great*, p. 311 : by George Sylvester Viereck, Duckworth, London, 1930.

² Herbert J. Throckmorton, R.N., nephew of Sir William Throckmorton, Bt., of Coughton Court, Warwickshire.



GERMAN ARMORED CRUISER *BLÜCHER*

was looked upon by the British Admiralty as a distinct challenge—the upstart German Navy squaring its fists, so to speak, in the ancient face of British Naval supremacy. The *Blücher* was magnificently armed and, like all the pre-war German battleships, much better and more strongly protected than the English. She was famous amongst German Naval officers for her fine shooting. Because of our personal associations with the ship I had followed her career with keen interest, and listened to every bit of gossip about her that came my way. In 1912 she was secretly fitted with a tripod foremast of British design. At the Dogger Bank ¹ she put up a magnificent fight and her shooting, like that of the whole German Navy, was far better than that of the British—as Admiral Beatty discovered later on at Jutland.

The *Blücher* was sunk by a direct hit at seventeen thousand yards and when her crew were struggling in the water she was mistaken by a Zeppelin for a British ship and was bombed from the air. British destroyers engaged in rescue work could not approach and, as a result, hundreds of the crew were needlessly drowned.

By an interesting coincidence Herbert Throckmorton happened to be on the Staff of the King's Harbourmaster at Rosyth at the time, and received orders to go to Hawes Pier and superintend the landing of the *Blücher* survivors. His sailor-like words are :

It was a pitiable sight, as many were still suffering badly from gas, and some had hideous wounds, and could hardly stagger. I got into touch with the *Blücher* Commander, Ross by name, who spoke perfect English, and went up to Dalmeny station with him and three others. The conversation turned to the action they had just gone through, and Ross told me the *Blücher* had been launched by an English lady, whose photograph went down with

¹ January 24, 1915, when the *Blücher* was sunk.

the ship. I told him I was well acquainted with this fact, as the lady happened to be my sister-in-law—which rather astonished him.

Speaking of coincidence, it is perhaps not without interest that Herbert Throckmorton's Aunt Minnie, daughter of Sir Robert the eighth Baronet, was for years a member of the Austrian Imperial Household. She first went to Vienna as companion and lady-in-waiting to the Archduchess Valerie, younger daughter of the Emperor Franz Josef and the Empress Elizabeth. She became the confidential friend of the Imperial family, so much so that when the Archduchess grew up and no longer required her she was invited by the Empress to remain as her own *Dame d'honneur*. The young Crown Prince Rudolf was especially devoted to Minnie Throckmorton and begged her to remain in Austria saying, "If you leave who will there be to act the peacemaker and settle our quarrels?" She remained until a year or so before the Crown Prince's tragic death.

VII

My wife is distantly related to the Howard family, of which the Duke of Norfolk is the head. This gave me the idea of putting out on my own initiative another peace feeler. It also proved disappointing. The late Duke was universally regarded as the lay head of the English Catholics. I told my friends in the German Foreign Office of this and offered, if facilities for opening a correspondence were granted to me, to address to the Duke a discreet inquiry as to how England would be likely to receive a peace offer. At first this line of approach seemed promising. One of my wife's letters to the Duke was answered comparatively quickly, but it was of a nature to discourage further steps. Although

it was evasive, I refused to regard it as in any sense final because I knew well that, except in matters of religion, the Duke seldom concerned himself with international affairs.

During the winter of 1916-1917 the tension between the German Army leaders and the politicians took a more pronounced form. It is generally known that, after the fall of Bethmann-Hollweg and his Cabinet in July 1917, during the short Government of Michaelis, the influence of the Foreign Office and the political authorities diminished more and more until, finally, under Count Hertling whose outstanding prestige could not be fully utilized because of his great age and general breakdown in health, the power passed entirely into the hands of the military party.

To these circumstances I attribute the fact that yet another peace feeler in which I was the go-between was turned down by the Chancellor. One day in February 1917 at my house, deputy Hausmann was announced ; I knew him on the floor of the Reichstag where I often met the members of the Centre. Hausmann made me the following proposal : Fehrenbach, then the leader of the Centre, Hausmann himself, and a third deputy (whose name was not divulged) should shortly go to Switzerland and, through a neutral mediator, bring about a meeting with Lord Buckmaster, Lord Newton, and Sir George Cave (later Lord Cave). Einsiedeln was suggested as the meeting-place. Hausmann assured me that the negotiations had already gone pretty far, and promised good results from the meeting, because all the members of the English group were important personages. I knew that Lord Buckmaster and Lord Newton were prominent in the English Parliament, and I held the conviction that this group, friendly to peace, could carry it through, if an acceptable offer were made by Germany. Doubtless, too,

Lord Lansdowne's proposal,¹ published about this time in the *Daily Telegraph*, would have proved helpful, but, as it turned out, that wise and experienced statesman received such violent attacks concerning his patriotism that no one in England would dare listen to him.

After a few meetings with Hausmann, at which the details of the plan were discussed, I decided to ask the Chancellor, Count Hertling, whether he was in the position to afford facilities for such a journey and whether he was, on the whole, in agreement with the plan. Count Hertling, who was a devout Bavarian Catholic and a true patriot, listened attentively to me and expressed himself as benevolent to, and appreciative of, my intention to use my experiences for the weal of the Fatherland, but refused all responsibility for such a step, and even advised me to put my pet plans aside, as the time had not yet arrived. To my great regret I had therefore to communicate the Chancellor's decision to Herr Hausmann saying that, under existing circumstances, insufficient inclination existed on the enemy's side to justify such steps as were proposed.

Whether Hausmann and his friends pursued the attempt without my co-operation is unknown to me. At any rate, if they did, their efforts like many others came to nothing. Nevertheless, I had reason later to be quite convinced that Herr Hausmann's assertion about the wish of the English Parliamentarians whom he mentioned as desirous of meeting German mediators in a neutral place rested on good information. I even discovered that Mr. Lloyd George had ranged himself behind these gentlemen and was actually ready to step in at a favourable moment and, once success was assured, characteristically collar all the credit.

¹ Lord Lansdowne's letter was published November 1917; Dr. Georg Michaelis was Chancellor July to October 1917; Count Georg von Hertling (1843-1919) was Chancellor 1917-1918.

We now come to the ill-fated efforts for peace made by Austria in 1915, the breaking-off of which brought that Empire to a violent end in 1918. They consisted chiefly of conversations between Count Revertera and later Count Mensdorff, the former Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and General Smuts in Switzerland. Both the Austrians are well known to me. I enjoyed meeting Count Mensdorff and he recounted many interesting conversations with Smuts. Personally, he was in no doubt regarding the possibility of a separate peace for Austria being reached. None the less, it was the opinion of Count Mensdorff, and of many foreigners with knowledge of Austria, that had Germany favourably backed Austria in her efforts for a separate peace, it was at one time well within the bounds of possibility, and it would in all probability have led eventually to a general peace. Instead of that Germany pursued an opposite course. It would have been better to have used the Austrian situation with skill and diplomacy, let it develop successfully and, in the end, lead to a German peace which even then might still have been on a *status quo* basis.

Clearly Austria would have had to put up with the sacrifice of the Trentino, and Germany with a loss of Alsace-Lorraine. The first condition, however, attached to any peace conditions acceptable to the Allies, was the evacuation of Belgium. The fact that any assurances regarding Belgium were never given by our statesmen without mental reservations, I, and other observers, consider to be the real reason why no peace move of any kind ever stood a real chance of proving successful. From first to last Belgium was the crux of the whole situation.

Owing to my relationships in Austria and Germany I was in a position to get accurate information on the subject of the final attempt at a separate peace negotia-

tion between Austria and the Allies. I not only heard all about it, but saw much of the correspondence on the subject at the time.

If the peace negotiations between Austria and England, which were inaugurated at the request of the Emperor Karl and the Empress Zita by Prince Sixtus of Parma, had been conducted entirely by different men they might have borne fruit ; but they were made abortive by Lloyd George and Clemenceau, both of whom detested the idea of a negotiated peace—as if, in the end, every Peace was not a “ negotiated ” one ! It was Clemenceau who actually tore up the preliminary draft submitted by the Emperor Karl. There is no doubt that in it the Emperor, from a German standpoint, went too far in his concessions to France at the time ; even so, he did not go far enough for “ the Tiger.” I saw a facsimile of a letter from a great personage, declaring Karl had no business to suggest such terms. In the end the Czechs, Masaryk and Beneš, upset everything for Austria ; their propaganda, gaining the day with France, was successful in preventing the separate peace so greatly desired by Austria.

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CHAPTER NINE

“THE SHOUTING AND THE TUMULT DIES——”

I

AFTER four years of war it is just as difficult for individuals to adapt themselves to post-war conditions as it is for nations. This logical and inevitable fact is usually unrecognized or disregarded ; hence many of our post-war international infirmities. For people like ourselves, owing a twofold national allegiance, all perplexities, war and post-war, were inevitably intensified a thousandfold.

During the post-war days of November 1918 we were at the Blücher Palace in Berlin ; on the 16th we went to Krieblowitz and, while there, had our first personal glimpse of the misery of exiled Royalties. The King of Saxony¹—my friend of student days at Strasburg—has a hunting castle in Silesia called Sybillenort, not far from us. He had come here from Dresden. The place was only intended for hunting and was without heat, light or ordinary comforts. We offered him the loan of Krieblowitz. The Saxon Crown Prince was living incognito in two small rooms in Breslau and, as he had no name nor occupation, he could not obtain a food card and was obliged to subsist

¹ His Majesty died at Sybillenort on Feb. 19, 1932 ; his body was taken to Dresden where the whole nation turned out to receive it in deepest grief. He was given a truly kingly burial in the Hofkirche amongst the dead of his Royal House.

on what we and other friends could smuggle into him. At Krieblowitz we did what we could to employ some of the countless men returning in hordes from the front by having timber cut, ponds filled up and so on. But how little was possible !

Very soon the report that the Poles were marching into Upper Silesia forced us to decide to seek refuge in Holland. On the way we spent a short time in Berlin. One night Sir Richard Ewart, the Commissioner in charge of the repatriation of British Prisoners of War, and Lieutenant Breen his A.D.C., dined with us and gave us our first direct and authentic news of England. On February 4, we were in the train for Holland.

We resolved to settle down for a time at The Hague and wait quietly for the moment when we could return to England. No contrast could be greater than that of turbulent Berlin and the little serene Dutch capital. Without crowd, bustle or ostentation it rests quietly, but with a certain royal dignity, in its pleasant surroundings of gardens and parks. Wide avenues lead to the beautiful lake of Vijier with the quaint old Palace of Bennenhof rising direct out of its waters. The sturdy Dutch people have won the admiration of history by their long and in the end successful fight for national freedom, and their agelong and equally successful fight against the ever encroaching sea. During the World War the much-loved Queen, and the Government and people, held the scales of neutrality evenly, justly, and mercifully amid all distractions and temptations.

Naturally one of the first things I did was to pay my respects to the Prince Consort who was born a Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He had acted as head of the Dutch Red Cross throughout the war, invited me several times to visit him at his office, and

discussed with me German Red Cross activities in general, and my own war work as a Knight of Malta in charge of a Hospital Train. Count Roden, the Prince's cousin, who was badly wounded in the war, was acting as his A.D.C. One day soon after our arrival my wife sat next to the Prince Consort at luncheon and said that at first she thought she was going to find him difficult to get on with, but gradually she began enjoying listening to him. His conversation was brilliant, serious, and at the same time witty. Later on we occasionally met him at parties in the German Legation at The Hague, and in Berlin. One would gather from his conversation at times how he must have suffered during the war, married to the Queen of a neutral country, not daring to show his sympathy or air his political views lest doing so should be construed as a grave breach of etiquette.

I had many interesting conversations with the Foreign Minister, John Loudon, his successor van Karnebeek, and various other Dutch Ministers and public men. The Hague is noted for its little quiet restaurants where you can get the best cooking in the world. They look so unpretentious from the outside, and inside they are as luxurious as you could find anywhere ; if they could speak they could tell many an interesting tale, as innumerable private international interviews took place in them during those dangerous years of the war and post-war periods. For instance, when we were there the German Minister and a high Dutch official had to be roused and fetched in the middle of the night to suppress an orgy at one of these little restaurants, and the whole matter had to be hushed up and kept very quiet ; as gossip at The Hague had it that there was present a great personage whose unwanted visit, were it acknowledged, would cause international embarrassments.

Amongst our many friends at The Hague were Henry Thyssen and his wife, a beautiful Hungarian, *née* Bornemesza, whose mother I had met when I was a young man shooting in Hungary, and with whom I was delighted to have opportunities of speaking Magyar. They had a lovely house at Scheveningen where they gave some splendid dinners. Baroness Thyssen, with her Hungarian charm, was most popular and it was at their house that international entertaining first really began once again after the war. We met there the most interesting members of Dutch society and all the Diplomats.

Baroness Thyssen's greatest friend was Lady Marling, whose death some time after through a motor accident was so tragic.

It is interesting to look back on that time and to realize how we scattered refugees from all over Europe met in that little neutral haven of rest and clung together through those long months when the peace terms were being drawn up. The Thyssens, I suppose, could hardly be considered refugees, yet anyone who had visited their marvellous works at Mülheim, been entertained by the elder Thyssen amid all the luxury and wealth of his wonderful estate, been shown over the works, and then seen their son living in The Hague, would realize that, like everyone else, those rich industrialists were being hit by the aftermath of the war, even though, owing to the father's foresight, they were able to save most of their money as they had transferred much of their capital to Holland before the war. As a result they were able to keep a very fine house at The Hague and entertain lavishly. Henry Thyssen told me that his father had begun as a young man practically without any money, had gradually built his factory and, as he said, made a rule of never keeping any money in his purse. His theory

was that money should always be kept moving. Henry also told me how strictly they were brought up, and said that they were still in awe of their father.

The famous Stinnes had begun life in the Thyssen works. Stinnes started on his own after having received all his training and education and laid the foundation of his fortune there ; he then broke away from them, made himself independent, and began his long career of speculation which even during his life earned him the name of the Croesus of Germany. But like nearly all such men he overreached himself and in the end his sons had to bear the consequences of his folly, after his death. It was then that the Thyssens stepped in and saved the Stinnes family from bankruptcy or even worse. This, considering Stinnes and his history, displayed a generous and magnanimous disposition quite unusual towards business rivals.

As a result of innumerable talks with all sorts of people, including Henry Thyssen who knew England and Holland almost as well as he did Germany, I came to accept the dictum of Stinnes that economic leadership would either save Germany or seal her doom.

About two months after our arrival at The Hague we heard of the death of my father-in-law, and that my mother-in-law was seriously ill. We felt that this gave us a moral right to importune everybody in Germany, Holland and in England whom we thought might assist us in obtaining authority for my wife's return. It was too late for her to have the melancholy satisfaction of seeing her father ; we prayed that we should somehow be in time to see her mother.

Naturally the first moment we arrived in Holland we had begun working for my wife's return to England. The legal situation was that she could not do so until Peace was actually signed. But who has ever known a woman pay any attention to legal subtleties

ties once her heart is set upon something. The amusing thing was—although no one at home could believe it—that she went home on an English transport vessel from Rotterdam! It happened like this. All the British soldiers returning home from Cologne were sent down the Rhine to Rotterdam as it was cheaper and, owing to congestion, quicker than sending them by rail through Belgium and France. The alertness and immeasurable kindness of the British officials at The Hague served to send my wife home like a returned soldier after four years of warfare and—as I think—not unfittingly.

However, I shall let her tell the story of that memorable journey in her own words.

II

(BY PRINCESS BLÜCHER)

My May letter will never be finished. It is June¹ now, and to-morrow *I am going home to England*.

Can you imagine what that means? No, you can't possibly, never having been in a similar situation. I shall see my mother once more. It is not only time that lies between our last meeting and this one, but worlds of passions and emotions let loose; whole volumes of history; success and failure; great deeds and dastardly ones; all crowded into four short, seemingly unending—years. The only thing that has remained unaltered is our love and affection, or so it seems to me.

Quite suddenly a telegram was put into my hand saying that a special emergency warrant had been granted me by the Home Office permitting me to return at once to England. I have just time to write

¹ June 1919.

these last few lines before starting. Colonel Oppenheim,¹ and my cousin Edward Trafford² have arranged everything for me, my passport, my cabin on a transport, all the tedious formalities required to please three nationalities—Dutch, German and English ; my husband has changed a sum of money into English, my maid and our man have packed my things, and in a short quarter of an hour I shall be off. Obtaining permission to return was beset with endless difficulties, but by equally endless wire-pulling of my family at home I was at last allowed to go, as my mother was dying and asking for me, and I was the only one of her surviving children not with her. My brothers, brothers-in-law, and sisters never left a stone unturned and at last suddenly permission came, telegraphed to me through the British Legation at The Hague, and Edward Trafford personally brought me the good news.

Now I must tell you something about my journey. All the formalities and difficulties which generally take weeks to overcome, were surmounted with lightning speed, thanks to the kindness of Colonel Oppenheim and Edward Trafford and the indefatigable devotion of my husband. My husband and Eddie motored with me to Rotterdam where we all dined together, and then Eddie took me on board an English transport where I found a most luxurious cabin and a very attentive stewardess awaiting me ; I was the only lady on board a vessel containing fifty officers and eight hundred men. In spite of my excitement I slept well, and only awoke in time to see the first grey line on the

¹ Lieut.-Colonel Lawrie C. F. Oppenheim, C.M.G. 1871-1923 ; Military Attaché at The Hague, January 1915-April 1920 ; at Berne, 1920-1922.

² Major Edward Bernard Trafford, Scots Guards, grandson of 12th Lord Petre.

horizon, which I knew was England. As I gradually became conscious of what it meant to me, and that there before me was the land for which I had been longing for so many dreary years, an indescribable feeling of gratitude took possession of me, not only at being allowed to set foot on my native soil once more, but also for all the kindness and affection which I had met with in my adopted country during the sad years of exile.

Gradually out of the morning mists, indistinct contours took form and, in a waiting khaki-clad figure, I by degrees recognized to my great delight Rowland Feilding my brother-in-law—in the uniform of a Colonel and covered with medals and decorations.

There were many formalities to be gone through before I was allowed to land, but for the marked civility and consideration shown to me by everyone I shall always feel grateful. An official came on board and asked to see my papers, explaining that he would have to ask a few questions, but, before doing so, he wished to tell me that a telegram had been received from my brother saying that my mother was still living and expecting me. My emotion and relief at these words were so great that, had I not been surrounded by such a large number of military men and officials, I should have burst into tears. However, at that moment my brother-in-law came on board, and was the first member of my family to welcome me back to England, and, with this warm hand-clasp from one of my own people, I felt I had indeed at last reached the bourne for which I had been steering so long and anxiously.

Of our journey to London I shall not go into details except to say that it was almost like an adventure into some new country known in one's dreams, and at

every renewed discovery of old landmarks, I found myself saying, "Yes, so it was in my dream." But there was Rowland Feilding the real man sitting near, looking very bronzed, but not a day older, and telling me of his experiences and all the hardships he had endured.

Another surprise awaited me at Liverpool Street Station, where I found my sister-in-law Bertha, and her sister Nora Stourton,¹ waiting to welcome me, and speed me on my way again ; I hardly had time to express my delight and surprise at seeing them as we dashed across London to catch the train for the North ; I was just able to thank Bertha and mutter, "You were the last relation I saw standing on this very spot when I left nearly five years ago."

At Crewe, at eleven that evening, I met with the first of my own kith and kin, my eldest brother Freddie, who was waiting there in uniform, a smile of welcome on his face ; I was simply speechless with happiness. I could only look at him and smile. He hurried me into a motor-car, and together we did a two hours' journey at record speed through Cheshire and Lancashire to my old home at Rainhill.

How describe my feelings as I at length caught sight of the crowd of figures waiting on the doorsteps to greet me ? There were eight members of my family, our old nurse, some of the old servants. . . .

Nor had I any reason to be ashamed of the war record of my family. From the very altar on the day of my sister Gertrude's wedding her bridegroom Kenneth Dewar was recalled to his ship, as was my brother-in-law Edward Charlton, while my two brothers Freddie and Wilfrid were summoned to rejoin their Regiments. For us as a family, therefore, the war might have been said to have begun a week

¹ Eleonora, g.d. of 19th Lord Mowbray and Stourton.

before the Declaration. My parents had already given one son to their country during the South African War¹; Wilfrid fell in action on November 11, 1914, and Edmund and Vincent who volunteered, I think, almost before war was declared, served throughout with distinction. Edmund served in Egypt and Mudros, and, later, in France. While he was in Egypt he was connected with the organization of the Camel Corps, a most interesting job. The camels were brought from Palestine to Suez at the rate of two thousand a week.

In the intervals when I was not watching by my mother I spent my time talking to my brothers and sisters, listening to their experiences, and recounting mine during those nightmare years of woe: theirs were so numerous and varied I will not try to recount them; they would fill a book. It is enough to say all of them have "done their bit." Each of my three surviving brothers has been specially mentioned in dispatches, and my youngest brother had been wounded. Each of my married sisters have had their husbands either at the front, or on the sea, the whole time since 1914, whilst Monica, the youngest, had earned a name for herself as the most popular nurse in a hospital for wounded officers in London. My eldest sister Agnes devoted her life entirely to the care of our parents, who were both broken down in health, and had not been away from them one whole day or night for two and a half years.

Of my brother-in-law Rowland, who has always been like a brother to me, and of my sister Edith, his wife, I feel I must make special mention because of their unswerving goodness and unselfishness towards me. All through the time of their own hardships and

¹ Robert Charles Stapleton-Bretherton, Lieut. Royal Fusiliers, b. 1876; K.I.A. January 30, 1902.

trials, they never once forgot to write to me, or to watch over my interests, and guard my affairs and belongings in London ; and to crown all they at last succeeded in obtaining permission for me to come home, after having been refused over and over again. But they have the " guts " that has made England what she is ; they never accepted " no " and so, because of their importunity, the Authorities at last gave way and I was free to return. Yes ; certainly Rowland has done his share. He left a flourishing business in the City and volunteered at the first sign of danger to his country, not waiting for conscription, or to be asked, and, almost before the half of England realized that the order for mobilization had been issued, he had joined a Territorial Battalion. Success and promotion quickly followed and by the Spring of 1915 he was Captain in the Coldstream Guards, and those who know the exclusiveness of that famous Regiment will be able to form an opinion of his soldierly qualities. Success followed success, until he was in command of a Regiment. He was again and again mentioned in dispatches, won the D.S.O., refused a Staff appointment because he wished to remain " in the thick of things," and came through without a scratch.

To my brothers and sisters, and to a few others I feel I owe a debt of gratitude which I shall find it difficult to repay : Amongst the latter I must specially include Mr. Haldane Porter, the Head of the Aliens' Department in the Home Office. He it was who finally gave the permission for me to come home, and this, I have since heard, was done at the express wish of His Gracious Majesty, King George himself, who said that my mother had offered so much for her country she should most certainly have her dying request granted.

III

For various reasons we saw but little of Sir Walter and Lady Susan Townley while at The Hague, but I shall always have a kind and grateful feeling towards them for their kind and sympathetic remarks on us in our anxious situation.

To Colonel Oppenheim we owe a special debt of gratitude as he proved the kindest and most sympathetic of friends in the hour of need ; apart from this, we share with many others a great admiration for his energy and ability. He had been nearly five years at The Hague, and won the highest opinions from the English, Dutch and Germans. While Sir Walter Townley was Minister Colonel Oppenheim was Military Attaché. He had able colleagues in Major Trafford and Major Christie Miller ; these two were amongst the very first to befriend us on our arrival. In due course the Townleys were succeeded by Sir Ronald and Lady Sybil Graham ; later the Marlings¹ were there for a time and became as popular with the very critical and exclusive Dutch as with the members of the Diplomatic Corps.

Amongst the officials of the Central Powers Dr. Rosen was one of the few Germans who had a correct insight into English mentality, having made real friends amongst his English colleagues in various posts in the East. He is well known as a Persian scholar and has translated classical Persian poets into German. Under the new German Government he was given very little scope for his powers and experience as, owing to the upheaval in the German Foreign Office, the diplomats of the old régime were at a discount. His wife is

¹ Sir Charles Marling, G.C.M.G., b. 1862 ; Minister at The Hague, 1921-1926 ; m. 1909, Lucia, C.B.E., d. of General Sir John Slade ; Lady Marling d. in 1927.

English and we were soon on very friendly terms with her. All Dr. Rosen's Staff at The Hague were notably tactful and efficient.

Perhaps one of our most intimate acquaintances among the diplomats of the Central Powers was Baron Franz, the representative of Austria. He told us he had been happily able to keep up with his English friends throughout the whole war as he was Austro-Hungarian Minister in Copenhagen and intercourse with England was therefore quite easy.

Needless to say, we often went to Clingendaal, Baroness de Brienens's lovely place near The Hague. There one met many English people, amidst an international circle hardly to be matched elsewhere. No one will ever know all the Baroness did throughout the war to help its victims. The soft green of her gardens with their sleeping waters soothed many an aching heart. Holland was of course the first common post-war meeting-ground for Germans and English and everyone we met, official and non-official, cordially did their utmost to make the rough places smooth.

Soon the time came to return to England—and it was not altogether easy. Whatever one does in life one is open to misrepresentation; that inevitability had to be resolutely faced and deliberately ignored.

In the end I, like so many royalists, aristocrats and landowners, had to decide to leave Germany because of the oppressive measures of the Socialist Government. We each had to choose some *foreign* country to live in. I knew how my wife longed for England. I had seen how bravely she had suffered for me during those five war years in Germany: how often she stifled a shudder or tried to hide her ache when she heard of some British defeat or casualties, for my sake, and out of loyalty to me.

I wanted to do the same for her. She volunteered

unhesitatingly to come with me to Germany on the declaration of War, and to suffer with me there. I, therefore, in return, volunteered to come with her to England on the declaration of Peace—to suffer for her there, as I knew that in so doing I should be laying myself open to a certain amount of criticism, to social exclusions and slights, to cold shoulderings and signs of aversion ; but it was worth it, as the genuine kindness I received from genuine old friends has fully compensated for the minor insults handed out to me on account of my nationality by a few small-minded, quite insignificant new acquaintances.

I did not decide to come to London until I had consulted the British Foreign Office and asked if they had any objection to my living in England. The answer was : on the contrary ; Germans must come, and we prefer that a beginning should be made by those we know and who have lived here before. I was strengthened in my resolution to make England my principal home by the strong feeling I had (and still have) that the paramount duty of every German was to exert his whole strength to gain friends abroad, to renew pre-war friendships, to dispel dislikes and misunderstandings, however difficult the task.

IV

Naturally we had to be a good deal in Berlin between 1919 and 1924. It was the period of the Inter-Allied Commission of Control of which General Sir Francis Bingham ¹ was the notable head of the British section.

¹ Major-General Hon. Sir Francis Bingham, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Lieut.-Governor of Jersey, 1924-1929 ; b. 1863, s. of 4th Earl of Lucan ; m. 1896, Kathleen, d. of Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke ; Deputy Director of Artillery, 1913-1916 ; Head of Inter-Allied Commission of Control, Germany, 1919-1924.

I don't know who selected him for his onerous and difficult mission, but he was in every respect a brilliant success. He was assisted by a very able Staff Officer in the person of Colonel Anstey of the Royal Artillery, and other able and tactful officers.

The whirligig of time out-whirligigs itself during, and after, periods of war. When we left London in August 1914 with the words of my brother-in-law Ned Charlton ringing in our ears which proved that he at any rate did not undervalue the power and skill of the German Navy, little did I imagine that just four years and four months later he would be seated in Berlin as Chief of the British Naval section of the Inter-Allied Commission of Control.

I could not but be glad for my poor country's sake that such a fine sailor, true gentleman and good sportsman as Edward Charlton should be in charge of the, to us terribly humiliating, task of taking over the German Navy.

In course of time I formed the distinct impression—and I wish to state it here with all possible emphasis—that the British Commission had, almost from the beginning, a true and realistic understanding of all the dangerous and terrible possibilities involved. The British section of the Mission took the *longer* view of the political and economic situation, and even then foresaw the *danger to the whole world* of a German collapse. The Mission was also fully alive to German leanings towards Bolshevism during this period, how those tendencies were being skilfully played upon by Russian agents, and the grave dangers of Germany being pushed by injudicious and ill-advised political and economic pressure into the ever-ready arms of Soviet Russia.

Nothing that has happened in the United States or in France during the past ten years has convinced me

that their Statesmen have ever clearly grasped these facts ; and I have seen little indication elsewhere in the world, or even in England, that they were then, or are now, understood in all their implications.

As for the Treaty of Versailles, one of its chief framers, no less a personage than Clemenceau himself, is credited with the cynical but truthful remark that : It contains all the elements of a just and durable war !

This is not the place, nor is mine the pen, to record the achievements of the work of the British Naval and Military sections of the Inter-Allied Mission of Control. I have stated what I believe to be true about a fundamental aspect of their work and am content to leave it to history to bear me out. So I pass on to a few of the lighter aspects, some of which I remember hearing at the time ; some of which have since been related to me in conversation by friends.

Throughout the whole period, as Lord D'Abernon points out in his splendid book *An Ambassador of Peace*,¹ the French, characteristically enough, were always on the lookout for " incidents " and, as every servant girl knows, if you look out for slights and insults you are sure to find them ; and perhaps I may be allowed to say in passing that the superb British obliviousness of petty insults and puerile pinpricks displayed throughout her history has always seemed to me the perfection of aristocratic good-breeding.

V

Of course until January 1920 when Lord and Lady Kilmarnock² arrived there was no British Diplomatic Agent in Berlin.

¹ London : Hodder & Stoughton, 1929 : 3 vols.

² 20th Earl of Errol, K.C.M.G., 1876-1928 ; Chargé d'Affaires, Berlin, 1920, till Lord D'Abernon's arrival ; British Commissioner in the Occupied Territory : S. July 1927 and died 7 months later.

When General Bingham first reached Berlin he found German public opinion very bitter against England on the ground that it was she who had exposed millions of German men, women and children to starvation. Long before he left five years later Germany had come to look upon England and the English as their best friends. This was largely owing to English ease, elasticity and moderation as compared with the rigid and aggressive attitude of some of the members of the other Missions. General Nollet,¹ Chief of the Inter-Allied Commission, was himself a fine soldier and a man of moderation and tact, but he was always being driven by the Paris politicians and they in turn by the French Press, which is in some ways the most unstable in Europe and which, again and again, has led the excitable French people into international broils and discourtesies totally out of harmony with the truest characteristics of the French people.

The French disliked the appointment of Lord D'Abernon to Berlin because, as a business man and a realist, he could never be coaxed, flattered, stampeded or bamboozled into admitting the validity of any French claim which he considered either unfair, impracticable or unreasonable.

At the same time the British were no more ready to stand what they call "nonsense" from the Germans than they were from the French. The futile arguments in the early days of the Mission of Control as to whether the Germans or General Nollet had the best right to preside at Conferences, and the childish

¹ General Charles Marie Edouard Nollet, b. Marseilles 1865; educated for the Army: during the war was promoted from Command of a Division to a Corps: President Inter-Allied Military Commission of Control, 1919-1924; Minister of War in Herriot Cabinet, 1925; Member of War Council in Briand Cabinet, 1926.

decision that the German officials and the members of the Mission were to enter a room simultaneously (by different doors), would I imagine have been settled amicably in a moment by General Bingham who would most probably have said : " Come on like good fellows, sit how and where you like, light a cigarette and let us get down to tin tacks." I must, however, regretfully admit that there is an element amongst my countrymen who would have disliked such informality quite as much as did the French.

During 1919-1920 when the German Government under Ebert and Noske were anything but firm in the saddle they sometimes requested the officers of the Inter-Allied Commission not to appear in uniform in public on occasions such as the first anniversary of the Revolution, when they might have been exposed to annoyance or insult. The Commission always scrupulously complied with such requests until the Berlin newspapers stated that the officers were afraid to appear in uniform. General Nollet promptly ordered the officers into uniform again and demanded, and received, an apology from the newspapers concerned. The following incident, if I remember correctly, happened at the commencement of what was known as the " Kapp Putsch " in the Spring of 1920 when Ebert and Noske and their Government abandoned Berlin for Stuttgart. On the morning of the outbreak General Bingham's priceless soldier servant awoke him with the words :

" It's eight o'clock, sir, a fine morning and there's a Revolution."

Another incident made all Berlin laugh. An enterprising burglar raided the Adlon one night, taking something substantial from several of the rooms adjoining General Bingham's suite. From one close by, occupied by a wealthy American lady, he took a

valuable pearl necklace, but from the General's only a revolver and some cigars. Next day the papers had huge headlines : " Thief steals valuable pearl necklace from General Bingham's bedroom." Lady Bingham was not in Berlin at the time, so everyone yelled " Who's the lady ? " ; the General and Lady Bingham enjoying the joke as much as anyone.

The steady economic decline of Germany after the Treaty of Versailles was so tragic that, for sanity's sake, we had to laugh at it. When the Inter-Allied Mission arrived in March 1919 the Mark was ninety to the pound sterling ; in May 1924 it was 19,000,000,000,000 (nineteen billions) to the pound sterling ! At Munich after playing golf General Bingham asked what the caddy's fee was and was told half a million Marks ; a morning or two later at the Adlon in Berlin he asked how much a porter's tip was that day and the answer was a million Marks !

Naturally there was much coming and going between Paris and Berlin while the Peace Conference was sitting and we used to hear some good stories. One was that Paderewski, who was for a time Prime Minister of Poland, sat in a box in a Paris theatre with the British Prime Minister listening to the Royal Artillery Band. At the end he congratulated the Bandmaster on an excellent performance and said : " They tell me I am the only Prime Minister who is a musician." To this General Weygand, Marshal Foch's Chief of Staff, neatly interjected : " Yes ; and he has come here to bring harmony to the Conference."

An even neater story was fathered on Sir Eyre Crowe.¹ One of the most loathed and resented clauses in the earlier drafts of the Treaty of Versailles was

¹ Sir Eyre Crowe, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., 1864-1925 ; Permanent Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs until his death ; Minister Plenipotentiary, 1919.

that the Germans should give up the larger proportion of their milch cows to the French. During a session of the Conference he was handed a wire which said : "The monks of Mount Athos have renounced their cows !" Crowe took his pen and wrote : "Clearly this is a case for a Papal Bull."

VI

But when all is said the most powerful figure in Berlin during those post-war years was Lord D'Abernon. A great business man, great sportsman, great negotiator, he was a novel type of Ambassador, and in deciding to send him to Berlin the British Government showed a keen sense of the unique necessities of the situation.

On June 3, 1920, a crowd of Berliners witnessed the Union Jack being hoisted over the British Embassy for the first time since August 4, 1914 ; on July 2, Lord and Lady D'Abernon arrived and were received with full honours. The British Embassy had been done up ; it contains some fine things and is dignified and imposing ; it very soon became famous as the neutral ground on which English and German could meet on terms of cordiality. The D'Abernons were more than kind and considerate to us. At their hospitable table my wife sat next to General Dawes and discussed with him his famous Plan ; I met there with delight such outstanding men as Mr. Reginald M'Kenna and Sir Josiah Stamp. Lord D'Abernon's conversation was witty and wide—he could talk well and with authority on a score of subjects. I personally loved to change sometimes from politics to racing and horses.

In the political sphere, what struck me most about Lord D'Abernon was that he was always against fixing

the sum of Reparations Germany was to pay. His view was that so long as it remained unfixed, and if it was found Germany could not pay, there could be no charge of bad faith. I have the impression that Mr. M'Kenna shared this view. On the other hand, General Bingham, at any rate at one time, did not do so, and used to say : Unless Germany knows definitely what her obligations are to be, how can she settle anything or make any future plans ?

In everything the British Ambassador did he was nobly seconded by the Ambassadors. Lady D'Abernon will long be remembered as quite one of the most popular and beautiful English Ambassadors that have ever been in Berlin. A perfect hostess, her charm of manner and tact did more to break down enmities and reintroduce friendly intercourse and co-operation between Germans and their former enemies than all the discussions of the League of Nations.

Soon after their arrival the D'Abernons gave a ball at the Embassy which was, in its way, as historic as that of the Duchess of Richmond before Waterloo—only it had no Byron to immortalize it in song. It was fancy dress which in itself was an inspiration. The host and hostess were magnificent in becoming costumes. Sir Francis Bingham wore a very splendid costume which had belonged to one of his ancestors, as also did Ned Charlton. My wife and I wore the costumes (they have since become quite celebrated) that were made for the Versailles Ball at the Albert Hall in 1913. It was almost the last international social event in which Germans and Austrians appeared publicly in society in England ; we therefore felt it particularly suitable to use them again the first time the Germans were again entertained publicly by the British Ambassador in Berlin after the War. Next

day some of the newspapers severely criticized certain German officials who were present, which showed that a certain amount of moral courage and independence were essential in the early days.

Many lapsed friendships and acquaintanceships were renewed that night. The D'Abernons had set the fashion and quite soon members of the German aristocracy, members and supporters of the new régime, industrial magnates, distinguished foreigners and so on, began to meet one another, and the resumption of civilized national and international intercourse was once more well under way.

During one of our visits to Berlin in 1921 Prince and Princess Bülow were staying at the same hotel. We knew this to our cost because our names were being constantly confused, we getting their telephone messages, telegrams and letters and they ours. Sometimes their visitors were shown into our drawing-room without a word of warning in the dreadful way hotel servants do such things. Occasionally they themselves came to see us, but how different to the magnificence of their appearance in the old days when he was Imperial Chancellor. He was a broken old man; she a little old lady so deaf that she could hardly hear a word. One had to shout, and I defy any *loud* conversation to be comfortable or informing, much less brilliant! However, seeing them brought back much past history and aroused speculations in one's mind as to Bülow's place in history. It will not be high. He had a brilliant if somewhat superficial brain, and great charm, but they were based on a shoddy character and, in the long run, a man's place in history is decided by his character more than by his achievements. Bülow and I never had much in common, but my wife liked to try to talk over old times with the Princess. A few years later, after Bülow had published the first volume

of his Reminiscences, a friend of ours came to Bournemouth to lunch with us. He had been to Doorn on the way and reported the Emperor as saying : " Judas sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver ; Bülow sold me to exalt his overweening vanity ; and his paymasters, Ullstein, are fifty thousand pounds out of pocket ; history will judge Bülow as he deserves."

Dr. Wirth, successively Minister of Finance, Chancellor, and Minister of the Interior, I met only once or twice, but formed a high opinion of his patriotism, disinterestedness and courage. I remember a dinner at which Wirth was present when there suddenly passed over the assembly a cold, unaccountable wave of emotion. Some officials came in and had a whispered conversation with Wirth. At the end of it he suddenly left the room. We were told that the police had discovered a plot to murder him as he left the house. They insisted on his going early and leaving by a side door—which he did.

One night at a dinner given by Lord and Lady D'Abernon at the British Embassy, Stresemann took my wife in to dinner ; he was much interested in old *Vorwärts* and promised to send some pictures he had connected with the Field-Marshal. Like Elizabeth Asquith (Princess Bibesco) and many others, Evelyn formed a great admiration for Stresemann. In the Spring of 1927 a play on old *Vorwärts* was produced in Berlin that seemed to me to reflect on the honour of the Field-Marshal. I wrote to Dr. Stresemann about it, and he helped me in every possible way by having the play either censored or withdrawn. Stresemann's death a little over two years later was a loss to Germany from which she will not easily recover. Those who accused him of being wanting in feeling for the dismemberment of Germany were wrong ; but, unlike some Prussians, he never let his private feelings swamp

his political poise and judgment. An incident told by a Press Correspondent who was present at a Geneva Conference when the German Foreign Minister was there illustrates this. The correspondent wandered into a restaurant late one evening and found Stresemann drinking beer and eating sausages. After a long and tiring day and a sixth beer or so he showed some excitement over the question of the Polish Corridor. His sombre face lit up ; his great body heaved ; then, in his harsh Prussian accent he let forth : " Look at my foot ; it is cut off ; it lies there in the corner ! You ask me do I suffer ! "

In 1926, jointly with Briand, Stresemann was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Briand welcomed this. These two men were statesmen, not politicians, and had Stresemann lived longer Europe might have been spared much. Fortunately for his fame Briand had nothing to do with the Peace Conference and this made his collaboration with Stresemann easier.

Field-Marshal von Hindenburg is one of the few great figures thrown up by the war. One day we met him at luncheon in Berlin and Evelyn sat next to him. They did not talk politics ; the President passed most of the time by cross-questioning her about sport in England and grouse shooting in Scotland. After luncheon I had a short chat with him and, like everyone in those days, we got on the question of social unrest, *putsches* and revolutions, when he said : " Give me a battery of Artillery and I guarantee to stop any revolution in Berlin or anywhere else."

There spoke the upright, uncompromising, instinctive soldier. Old *Vorwärts* and Hindenburg would have loved each other, and had much in common, in inheritance, character and history. If any one man can be said to have saved Prussia, and incidentally Europe, from Napoleon, Blücher did ; it

might with equal truth be claimed that Hindenburg saved Germany, and incidentally Europe, from disaster.

VII

In October 1922 the Emperor Karl of Austria made his gallant, if ill-advised, attempt to snatch his beloved Hungary from the maws of the Peace Conference. Had he succeeded I am convinced Hungary would not be in the humiliating position she occupies to-day. Say what you like, think what you will, the Head of the great historic House of Habsburg with five hundred years of experience and prestige behind him could have obtained better terms for his country than any other spokesman could have done.

I am equally convinced that there should be a retiring age for Monarchs. Had the old Emperor William I of Germany abdicated after the war of 1870 his eldest son, the Emperor Frederick, would have reigned eighteen years instead of eighteen weeks, and William II would have spent his early years under the discipline of responsibility and education as Crown Prince and, in that way, been better equipped and prepared for the evil destiny of discharging one of the most difficult tasks in history. Equally, had the Emperor Karl been Heir Apparent to the Austrian Throne from say 1900, instead of from 1914, he might have succeeded in maintaining the Empire, broadening its basis, and steering it through an honourable negotiated peace to security, unity and prosperity. I even venture to suggest that it might have been better for Europe had Edward VII come to the Throne say ten years earlier than he did. He had his fingers on the pulse of Europe and his soothing, guiding, experienced personality might have succeeded in warding off disaster.

I always sympathized very warmly with Austria in her manifold national and international perplexities—she had such a difficult rôle to play. She often felt, and many agreed with her, that those difficulties were insufficiently understood in Berlin. A high-spirited, sensitive, loyal people like the Austrians could not fail to note and resent this. From my student days at Prague I, in common with all my boyhood friends, had been preoccupied with the ultimate position within the Austrian Empire of all her unmanageable and in many ways incompatible constituent parts. Like the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and most of my friends I was in favour of the Federation of the States of the Austro-Hungarian Empire under a scheme inspired by the success of the British Empire which is, so far, the most successful political experiment of its kind in history. I, and those who thought with me, shrank with something not unlike horror from the prospect of the great and potent Austrian Empire divided up into a jumble of petty, impotent units, denying their past, and sinking into inevitable impotence in the future. The magnificent old Emperor Franz Josef was, naturally enough, against risky experiments, and when time gave his successor the belated opportunity of trying them it was too late. It is true that William II and Franz Ferdinand hated one another; I have heard von Jagow say that the Emperor would come away from an interview with the Archduke white with rage. But my idea of an earlier assumption of responsibility would have taught both Princes self-control, circumspection, moderation and tact—as it taught King Edward VII—and, anyhow, their personal relationships need not have been allowed to influence adversely the fate of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Owing to the unholy glee with which the English Government of the day hailed as a millennium the fall

of the Russian Empire, the Tsar, most honourable of men and most faithful of Allies, his wife, his harmless children, and most of the members of his family, were done to death by the foulest and most wantonly useless and cruel crimes in all recorded history. England has since suffered, and will I fear long continue to suffer for the eagerness with which she rushed to clasp blood-stained hands. Germany, at Brest-Litovsk, shouldered a similar, though less horrible, guilt.

It was more characteristic of the ancient gallantry and sportsmanship of England when, directly after the Austrian Revolution the War Office sent Colonel Strutt ¹ to Vienna to do what he could to ensure the safety of the Imperial family. The Foreign Office took no interest, and would give no assistance. The Colonel could not, of course, realize the state of demoralization everything was in, in Austria, or the potential power he had in his hands ; but it is now clear that if he had been free to walk into Vienna, turn out Rownner the self-made President of the Republic, and Dr. Bauer his henchman, he could easily have done so, and, so to speak on his own, restored the Monarchy. However, at the moment his only thought was that a live Habsburg was better than a dead one. He conducted the whole Royal family safely across the frontier into Switzerland ; the Empress was reluctant all the time ; but the Emperor accepted the inevitable.

After the attempted return to Hungary they charged the Emperor Karl with breaking his parole and, largely at the instance of their Allies, the British Government transported him and his family to Madeira. Admiral

¹ Lieut.-Colonel Edward Lisle Strutt, C.B.E., D.S.O. ; g.s. of 1st Lord Belper ; b. 1874. Educated Innsbruck and Christ Church, Oxford. High Commissioner, Danzig, 1920 ; second-in-command Mount Everest Expedition, 1922.

Troubridge,¹ who had been British Naval Attaché in Vienna many years before, was given this invidious task and carried it out with a tact that did not conceal his evident distaste.

At first their Austrian Majesties lived in reasonable comfort, if with little privacy, at the Hotel Victoria in Funchal. Soon there came a time when they could not afford even that and a local banker (all honour to him) who held interests in practically all the hotels in the Island, placed an empty villa at the disposal of the harassed Emperor. It had no electric light, water only on the first floor and in the kitchen, and one indoors water-closet. The villa which was quite nice, being high up in the mountains, was cold and damp. A mouldy smell permeated it and the atmospheric conditions were such that people's breath was constantly visible. For heating only green wood was available and it chiefly wore itself out in smoke. All clothes had to be washed in cold water until a copper tank was obtained from somewhere and set up in the garden. Shrouded in mist, the exiles would gaze longingly down on Funchal bathed in sunshine. The only means of communication were a bullock wagon or a motor-car, and the Emperor and Empress could not endure one or afford the other. Although the "suite" was reduced to the minimum there was not nearly room enough, so the Doctor who taught the children lived in a dilapidated garden house patched up for the purpose and the two footmen, whose wives acted as housemaids, lived in another one-roomed shack with a temporary wooden partition down the middle. Only three meals a day were to be had; meat was a luxury and dinner mostly consisted of vegetables and

¹ Admiral Sir Ernest Troubridge, K.C.M.G., C.B.; Head of Naval Mission to Serbia, 1915; Admiral commanding on the Danube, 1918.

pudding. The Empress Zita was expecting a baby, but for some unaccountable reason a doctor of medicine or a midwife were forbidden, and Her Majesty had to rely on a local "wise woman" with very limited experience. The few servants, who were whole-heartedly devoted, were desperate about the situation, but, inspired by the serenity and patience of their Sovereigns, did their utmost to make things more bearable. From the point of view of the health of the children the Empress was in despair because milk from the mountain cows was infected with tubercle and every drop had to be boiled, thus destroying completely the feeble nutritive content. The boy Archduke Karl Ludwig nearly died of a cold; as might have been expected, the Emperor caught a very bad chill and, enfeebled in body, mind and spirit by ten years of unmerited adversity, failed to resist privation, and coughed himself to death.

The Empress Zita has had her critics, more particularly during the war, when she was branded in Austria and Germany as "pacifist," "Italian," "anti-German" and all the rest of it. But both during and since the war she has shown many of the signs of true greatness—intrepidity, supreme sense of duty, unselfishness, the capacity to bear sorrow and poverty uncomplainingly, and a devotion to her country and children that is beyond praise.

Subsequent to the Emperor's death things were somehow made a little easier for the Empress. Chivalrous King Alfonso offered her and her family an asylum in Spain. They spent some months as his guests at the Royal Castle of El Pardo near Madrid, until a suitable house was found for them on the coast close to San Sebastian. Later, in order to educate the young King Otto and his brothers and sisters, the Empress has lived in Brussels.

Politically the present situation of King Otto is somewhat ironic. In order to smash Germany, France, after the war, strenuously supported the most extreme pretensions of the Austrian Secession States ; now, for the same reason, reinforced by their fear of Russia, French politicians, or so it is said, would welcome a Habsburg King of Hungary if only he occupied his throne as a satrap of France !

Linking up memories old and new, I should like to make a few more observations before leaving the subject of Austria. Someone—was it Metternich ?—said if Austria did not exist it would have to be invented. Well, Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George, in a spirit of light-hearted ignorance and cynicism dismembered her, and there will be no peace in Europe—no, nor prosperity either—until she is reconstructed as an economic unity. This is one of the penalties democracy must pay for employing leaders equally ignorant of history and economics. Their whole attitude towards the problems of Austria suggested to me the fate of a man who, having become somewhat stiff and unadaptable from age, went to the doctors who, instead of giving him suitable gymnastic exercises to restore his freedom and responsiveness, decided that the only thing to do was to dismember him limb from limb ! It may be thought that I am obsessed by the Austrian question. But Austria was, is, and will long remain, the crux of the whole European situation. Her geographical, racial, economic and cultural history makes this inevitable.

●

CHAPTER TEN

THE TRIBULATIONS OF PEACE

I

AFTER the war the situation of a German subject domiciled in England before its outbreak, and owning property in both countries was not an enviable one. Apparently it would have taken several long and costly lawsuits in England, and possibly in Germany also, plus an International Conference or two, to decide what was meant by the homely Latin word "domicile." The Enemy Clearing Office in London did good work and, all things considered, did it expeditiously, but its task was almost an impossible one. Delay, and uncertainty, were clearly unavoidable ; injustice was, one must suppose, almost unavoidable. My own position was a dubious one ; I owned considerable property in Germany and in England and was, to some extent, I suppose, suspect in both countries. My father's career, coupled with my English marriage and domicile did not help me in Germany, and my German name did not help me in England.

Immediately war was declared all enemy property in England was of course seized. This one understood. What was difficult to understand was that when the time came to claim it back the attempt to do so should be regarded as somehow dishonest and, that if one eventually succeeded, the results should be negligible.

I remember reading in a book somewhere that money is only important as a lie—the biggest lie that

civilization has told man, a means of procuring false lovers and friends, a false, unreal environment, the portal to a world of unrealities. During the last ten years thousands have discovered this lost truth for themselves and, until the millions also discover it, content will not return to the world. Money is only valuable (as we all now bitterly know) if everyone concurs as to its value. I must agree with a legal friend of mine who said there seemed to be something sinister in the way its malignant influence has worked in the Blücher family.

One of my first concerns after the war was honourably and promptly to do everything I possibly could to see that no one in England with whom I had any dealings whatsoever suffered by the fact. I was too much in a hurry, too quixotic and, had I been more dilatory, while no one in England would have lost anything by the delay, I and my family would have benefited.

In both countries claims to property, even when successfully established, very often seemed to be hardly worth the trouble and expense involved. One German I know of received from his Government the equivalent of four pounds five shillings for a legitimate claim of five thousand pounds ! Had he been allowed to wait until the inflation was over this could not have happened. All this was of course the unfortunate result of the inflation policy adopted willingly or unwillingly by the German Government—but all to the ruin of the aristocracy, landowners and property owners. I am of the opinion that this confiscatory policy instead of helping my country did her harm and laid the evil foundation of much of the financial instability from which she has suffered ever since, and from which she will inevitably suffer for years to come. Foreign lenders and investors are not exactly fools,

and are apt to conclude that a Government which robs its own nationals to-day is not unlikely to start robbing foreign nationals to-morrow. Hence Germany's countless short-dated foreign loans, and the high interest she has had to pay for them. Socialism in our time, as Russia surely has proved, is only a euphemism for forced labour, starvation and commercial extinction in our time.

My grandfather, it may be remembered, entailed Krieblowitz about 1845 and Wahlstatt in 1860 in accordance with the terms of Prussian law. Therefore the estates could not be sold without the consent of the next of kin ; moreover, as Krieblowitz was a gift from the Crown the State claimed a say in the matter. A man is naturally reluctant to sell such a property if it can possibly be avoided ; I therefore decided that the wisest and most feasible plan was to try to sell the Blücher Palace, where it was now quite clear we could never afford to live again. Moreover, its wonderful position in Berlin and its historical associations made it unique ; there were rumours that the United States Government would consider it for an Embassy ; therefore a good price might reasonably be anticipated. The palace was also entailed as part of the Wahlstatt estate and therefore could not be sold without the consent of the two next of kin and the Trustees, which was eventually secured. Owing to the fact that my father was married three times, and had a family by each wife, many interests which should have been, indeed were, identical, were made to appear divergent and had to be satisfied, and considerable sums of money dissipated in legal and other charges.

Meanwhile, income from the Krieblowitz and Wahlstatt estates had completely ceased ; owing to the inflation—for which Germany was not of course entirely responsible—the entailed capital of one and a half million Marks was worth something like eighty

thousand Marks ; within two years of the sale of the Berlin Estate the receipts dwindled down to nothing ! The proceeds had to be invested in German Government Trust securities, instead of in real estate or some other suitable foreign security. Worst of all, we were prevented by law from accepting payment in dollars ; had we been allowed to do so I might be a millionaire now ! Needless to say there were those who advised me to resort to underhand methods, have two contracts, one in Marks and one in dollars, or, in other ways, try to evade the law. Many, holding that dishonesty may honourably be met by dishonesty, did such things, investing their capital in Switzerland, the United States, England, even France. Such suggestions, however well meant, were entirely unacceptable to me, and, to the very utmost of my abilities, I have always striven to act in accordance with the laws of both Germany and England.

II

To go into the endless details of all those financial post-war transactions in which I was unavoidably involved in Germany and in England would be tedious and futile. Most people have some idea how nerve-racking, time wasting, and obsessive they can be. However, in time the unpleasant memories fortunately pass away and only the happy ones remain. I wish only to record the *human* wealth that came to me during this long period of tribulation. I would forget those who did me wrong, or who unnecessarily hindered me, and remember only those who helped.

First of all, as always, there was my wife. Being English, we sometimes thought that she could do more than I could and, although temperamentally unfitted for such tasks, and hating the sordid side of finance as

much as I do, she put aside her feelings and did her utmost. Amongst many other things, she went several times to see Lord Blanesburgh of the Blanesburgh Committee whom she always found polite and courteous, and Lord Brentford,¹ the Home Secretary. And her relations were splendid : with the help of her brothers and brothers-in-law and sisters, and other friends in both Germany, Austria, and England, we struggled through most of our difficulties.

I think that only people like ourselves, who suffered peculiarly during the war because of previous associations or connections, were really and fully in a position to realize all we suffered—and how splendid some of them were to us. One of them, Baron Schroeder, it is difficult to describe. He has a character apart. Perhaps no man has been more hurt and suffered more silently than he. Cynics will say he has ample compensation in being a millionaire ; but there are many sorrows and some trials which money cannot solace. The dignified manner in which he had to watch, without a murmur, all his international financial schemes jettisoned at the outbreak of the war and since. And then, like ourselves, to have to submit to the criticisms of both countries : his wounded feelings because he was misunderstood in Germany and in England : and then his endless kindness and generosity. The dignified way he accepts ; his handsome face and courtly manner, so admired and welcomed in diplomatic and financial circles in London. His fine nature shines out especially in his attitude towards his friends, not one of whom he has ever left in the lurch. And the way his help has been tendered, with consummate tact ; his nature would make it impossible for him to hurt even in the slightest degree anyone whose friend-

¹ Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, 1st Lord Brentford, 1865-1932 ; Home Secretary, 1924-1929.

ship he valued, and he could never bear to make anyone feel under an obligation to him.

And in all his doings he has throughout been so ably seconded by his charming wife who has earned the name of being such a perfect hostess—without ostentation. Their week-end parties at The Dell, Englefield Green, are quite famous amongst the discerning. How well I like and remember all the members of their attractive family, and the many pleasant visits we paid to them both before and after the war in their hospitable home, with its marvellous orchid houses and wonderful gardens.

Another friend to whom we could turn in those early post-war days, certain of sympathy and understanding, was Lady Tyrrell. From the very first day I met her I felt we understood each other—that she was a kindred soul—and ever since, and it is now nearly thirty years ago, it has been the same. I seemed somehow to foresee that she was to go through great trials and sorrow, yet they neither soured her nor made her unaware of the sorrows of others : all through my worst times I have always found a real sympathetic ready friend in her, and so has my wife. That her husband's friendship for us was equally true and enduring, made everything perfect. There is something very compelling about him. His friendships are warm and enduring. *Il a un charme enorme et beaucoup de race.* How proud I and all his friends are that he has won the highest prize in the British Diplomatic Service—the Paris Embassy ; how we rejoice in the thought of his success in that supremely difficult post.

III

Something trivial, or perhaps sanely self-regarding, induces men in periods of great stress to turn for relief

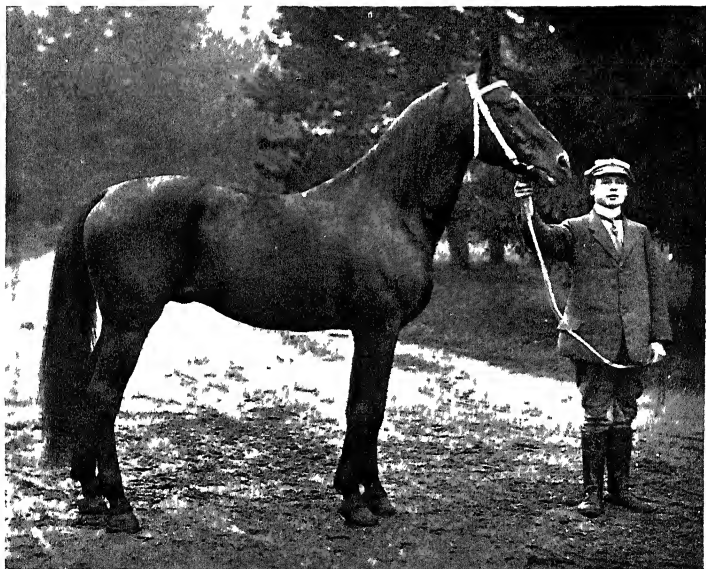
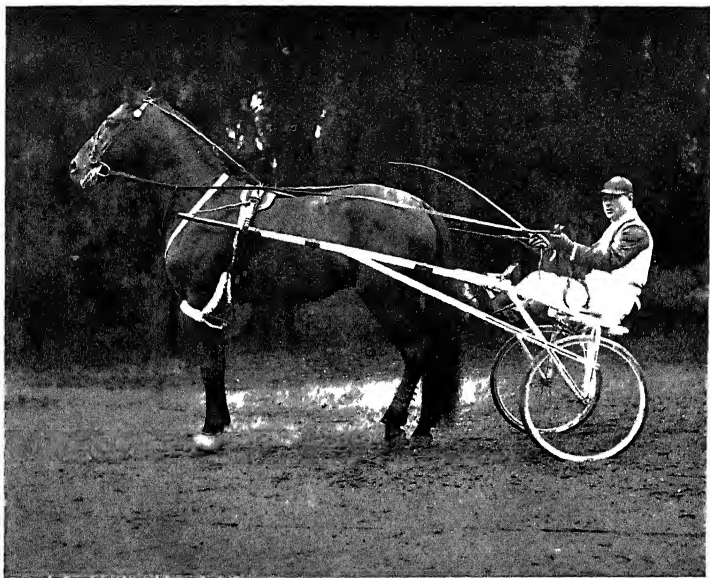
to relaxation, even to dissipation. The history of all wars provides evidence of this, and during the World War it found expression amongst soldiers and civilians alike in seemingly senseless orgies of dancing and cheap pleasures of all kinds. For myself, I found my most complete sense of relaxation from two sources: all plans regarding the future being out of the question one's thoughts instinctively went back to the best things in one's past, and tried in a halting way to drag those things into the horrible present.

When re-arranging Krieblowitz during the war and making it what has been described by an Englishman as one of the most English-like country houses in Silesia, I got my greatest pleasure from hanging and arranging my sporting trophies. One of the most valued of these is the head of a European bison shot in Pless, which (because it possesses the most important coal seam in Germany) is now Polish. I had seen the European bison wild in the Caucasus and had followed his spoor, but never got near enough to try a shot. We were four guns; Prince Pless, Count Magnis, Count Maltzan and myself—all old friends. From an Englishman's point of view the arrangements were perhaps a bit too spectacular; the pageant of uniformed foresters, retinue of keepers, horn blowing and so on. Nevertheless, the sport was good, and danger by no means entirely lacking. The animals had been driven into a temporary enclosure of some hundred acres or so and consequently were excited and in a bad temper. I got my head, and as Pless is the only place in Europe where these bisons can be shot I considered myself extraordinarily lucky. A head each in such circumstances was royal sport, and no one less fabulously rich than Pless could possibly have afforded it. But Hans Heinrich XV liked to do everything in a regal way, and when asked why he wanted to spend

half a million on rebuilding Fürstenstein, already enormous, he is reported to have said : " Well, it is a very old place, so most of the doorways in the state apartments are not wide enough for the three Emperors to enter and leave the public rooms side by side, and any other arrangement causes annoyance or confusion ! " The three Emperors were of course their Majesties of Austria, Russia and Germany !

But my most real relaxation during and immediately after the Great War was breeding Trotting Horses as a hobby. I cannot overstate the enjoyment I got out of showing a man like Lord D'Abernon round my stable in Berlin after one of our Trotting Meetings. As President of the British Bloodstock Association and himself a breeder and owner of race-horses and bloodstock, his interest was great. I explained the points that make the difference between trotting and race-horses. He insisted on getting every detail regarding the training of trotters. I pointed out that the chief aim is to strengthen, indeed over-develop, the hind-quarters and hind-legs, thus producing an enlargement of the bone of the hocks, so that some people might think the animals were spavined. Indeed my brother-in-law Freddie Stapleton-Bretherton (who is a breeder of bloodstock himself) thought so when he first saw my trotting horses in the stable at Krieblowitz. He advanced the criticism quite seriously, saying : " Are you aware that all your horses have got spavins ? "

Trotting races and the breeding of trotters originated in America ; oddly enough it really began through a horse being unable to gallop because he was deformed. He was broken-down, could not gallop, but had a marvellous trotting action. This gave observers the idea. He was of the Suffolk-punch breed and his name was *Romisdyke Hambledonian*. He was over-built, like a kangaroo, with very short forelegs, high



IMIN, A FAVOURITE TROTTER

crupper and tremendously powerful hind-legs. Owing to the shortness of his forelegs he could not gallop. It took the Americans one hundred years to increase the speed of trotters from one mile in three minutes to one mile in one minute and forty-eight seconds.

Tmin, my best stallion, although speedy enough to win some races, was not sufficiently speedy to breed winners for modern requirements, owing to a Russian strain in his pedigree. None of my horses I am sorry to say were quite speedy enough to win any big post-war races, but we had one or two successes. *Tmin* was half-bred Russian and American, therefore not of the fastest nor most up-to-date cross. *Tmin* in Russian means cloud. His mother was *Idolita*, American bred out of *Tomanaya*, Russian bred, meaning the cloudy one. I bought him in Berlin. I had at times thirty or forty in the stables, either mares or foals, or yearlings being broken, and we used to drive the three-year-olds ourselves a good deal; sometimes I drove into Breslau from Krieblowitz, and could get them to go almost as fast as a motor-car!

Greipl, my Hungarian trainer and manager, was a real sportsman, understood his job, and was wonderful with horses. It became a great show place, and the poor old Krieblowitz stables, which had been closed and overgrown with weeds and dust for so many years, were suddenly thrown open, reconstructed and repainted, until in the end we had stabling for about fifty horses; and, as the villagers said, it put life into the whole place, seeing the stable-doors open, the lights there at night, the boys at work all day, and the sound of the hoof-beats which, as they trotted over the cobblestones, could be heard all through the village and neighbourhood. As for the nights immediately preceding the birth of a foal the whole countryside was agog! We had on an average about six or

seven births a year and the excitement and attention it caused, and the joy it gave, was almost equal to that shown at the birth of a Royal princeling !

Tmin, quite properly, won his first race for us at Breslau. Winning one's first race engenders a wonderful pride, difficult to describe. After the race all the Krieblowitz staff and employees rushed into the paddock, stroked and hugged *Tmin*, and then came and shook me warmly by the hand. No owner of a Derby winner ever had a greater ovation than we received after our first local win ! Two weeks later *Quicksilver*, a lovely mare, won at Mariendorf, but by then I was quite equal to assuming the detached air of a man whose racing stable had long occupied a foremost place in the history of the Turf !

IV

After all the hospitality, kindness, and practical financial aid, I had received in England from my wife's innumerable relations few things gave me greater gratification than to have the happiness of welcoming at least some of them to Krieblowitz. Towards the end of 1921 Bertha Stapleton-Bretherton (Freddie's wife) arrived in Berlin to pay us a visit. She was disappointed that we could not receive her in our magnificent apartment in the Blücher Palais, but it had long been requisitioned by the Government and we were not even allowed a bedroom in our own house ! However, Ned Charlton and the Smyth-Pigotts¹ comforted Bertha by taking her sailing on Wannsee on Ned's lovely little yacht, dining her at the skating rink, lunching her at the fashionable hotels ; or my wife and I would take her to dine at the British Embassy with

¹ Group-Captain Ruscombe Smyth-Pigott, D.S.O., R.A.F. ; m. 1919 Lady Clare Feilding, 5th d. of 9th Earl of Denbigh.

the D'Abernons, escort her sightseeing, to the Opera, and so on.

Nevertheless, in spite of her interest in post-war Berlin it was Krieblowitz that she was pining to see. As Bertha says the place is *gemütlich*—a German word for which there is no English equivalent, but which includes all that is meant by the English words, friendly, cosy, livable, homely, jolly—and much else as well ! At the moment of Bertha's arrival we had a delightful old monk staying with us and, in view of our English guests and a large dinner-party in their honour, Evelyn sent Karl to inquire if he would prefer to dine in his room. Karl duly returned and somewhat pompously answered : “ No, Your Highness, the friar is a brave man and will face anything ! ” One of our dinner guests Countess Henckel, who was born a Kinsky, interested Bertha very much by telling her that some English officers were billeted at her house, Schloss Romolkwitz, some six miles from Krieblowitz, and were astonished at the perfect English spoken by their hostess, and more astonished still when she told them that through the Duchess of Kent she was related to Queen Victoria. But indeed in Germany it is difficult *not* to meet people who are connections of Queen Victoria. Another night the whole Pless family dined—the lovely mother and her three stalwart, handsome sons. We spent a week-end at Fürstenstein and nothing astonished our visitors more than the extraordinary state kept up there even after the war. At that time, in spite of the one hundred and fifty men engaged continuously throughout the war, the rebuilding was not finished and, as Bertha put it, the new dining-room reminded one of Westminster Cathedral and, like the Cathedral, made one wonder if it would ever be finished.

At this time poor Silesia, eternal bone of contention,

was overrun with Allied officers of one sort or another ; Inter-Allied Military Mission of Control ; ditto Naval ; ditto Air, plus wandering Plebiscite Commissions of one sort or another. The Monopol Hotel at Breslau reminded one of Paris during the Grand Prix. One day we overheard a group of English officers at the next table talking and were quite pleased when one said : " During the War anti-German propaganda was really overdone in England ; I have never met the sort of German who would eat his grandmother." The Silesians, of course, wrongly blamed the English for the decision that gave the richest part of their country to Poland and anti-English feeling, which had quite subsided, broke out again. If blame lay anywhere it was upon the League of Nations, the body responsible for the personnel of the Plebiscite Commission.

One night Bertha, who has a witty pen, read a passage from her diary which I shall quote here as it shows that quite ordinary sensible people knew years ago what those, whom old *Vorwärts* would describe as Their High Mightinesses, are only just now *beginning* to discover. The conversation took place in the spring of 1920—over ten years ago !

There is a great deal of screaming in England and France by the man in the street about " making Germany pay." Mr. B., one of the heads of Cox's Bank in Paris, told me that it was madness to bleed Germany as the longer she was kept under, and therefore unable to revive her own trade, the longer the world would be depressed. He talked to me for nearly two hours and said there was not a man in our Parliament, nor in the French Senate, who understood the rudiments of economics, and added that he had held many public meetings in England to explain the bad policy of keeping Germany in bondage. From what I remember of what he told me, it seems to me it could be explained in this way : compare the world to a motor-car, destroy one vital part, and it puts the whole machine out of use. I must have listened very attentively

to Mr. B., though his conversation was far above my head, and in my most lucid moments I can't put two and two together, because he afterwards said to someone that it had been such a pleasure to meet at last a woman who thoroughly understood economics !

While I am quoting from Bertha's diary I cannot do better than give the extract describing the fancy-dress ball at Krieblowitz at which we wore our Court of Brandenburg dresses for the third and last time : it is odd how they seem to keep coming into the story ! The ball, like that of the D'Abernons in Berlin, had this special interest that it was the first post-war social gathering in Silesia of what might not inaptly be called an international character. Prince Pless brought a party of thirty, Count Magnis and Count Henckel also brought large parties, and besides our own big house-party we invited some of the British officers from the occupied area in Silesia ; this was the first time since 1914 that Allied officers danced with Silesian ladies ; our historic costumes were rather suitable as they in a way emphasized the fact that we were taking part in the first large post-war cosmopolitan gathering that took place outside Berlin :

Last night the great fancy-dress ball took place. The house was beautifully decorated, fir trees all up the big marble staircase. Gebhard and Evelyn received their guests at the top of the stairs. They were dressed in magnificent costumes and represented the Elector and Electress of Brandenburg ; Evelyn had two little boys from the village dressed as negro-pages to hold her gorgeous train. It was quite mysterious to see the variously arrayed people filing up the staircase all closely masked. By ten o'clock everyone had arrived. Then Evelyn and Gebhard walked arm in arm to the further end of the ballroom where we dowagers unmasked and sat down to watch the fun, which began at once to be fast and furious. After half an hour the pages toured the room beating a large gong which was the signal to unmask, and the cotillion then began. The partners walked round the room in procession and it was really a gorgeous sight : Prince de Rohan with Mrs. Barron led it, helped by Freddie, Geoffrey Throckmorton and " Mouse "

Platen, and they kept the whole thing going in the happiest way. They ended up by making a long chain and tearing all round the house, and one did not know where they were going to appear from next, as the chain continually became longer and longer and more involved and confused. Mercifully nobody fell. The men's costumes were as beautiful as those of the ladies. A good-looking Count Henckel, son of old Princess Henckel, wore a most fascinating costume which his father wore at a ball given by the Empress Eugénie at the Tuileries ; a blue velvet coat with fur, a belt round the waist, white breeches and high boots. The Pless boys also had gorgeous clothes. The supper was perfectly delicious and the dancing was kept up till four in the morning.

Unlike the English, the Germans are never unwilling to display their knowledge of foreign languages if it happens to be meagre. Bertha had worked some tapestry to cover a small stool she wished to give Evelyn as a Christmas present. Here is a letter she received in amusing English from the people who were making it up :

We beg to send you herewith a sketch of the tabouret which in reality becomes a little more tiny than the hasty drawing shows. The price for the finished piece of furniture is Mks. 4800.—off this place. It will scarcely be possible to render it for Christmas, the sculptor only working at it for two weeks, the other work will claim also at least two weeks. We shall do our utmost to be ready in time, but cannot give a sure promise, therefore we beg to propose that we do a nice drawing of it which Madame order to be placed on the Christmas table of Her Highness. Certainly the Princess will also enjoy that. Awaiting your early resolution, we have the honour to remain. . . .

Another warmly welcomed visitor at Krieblowitz was my handsome popular sister-in-law Monica. She and her brother Vincent came together, and he was I believe almost the first Englishman to shoot roebuck in Germany after the war. Monica did Canteen work or nursing throughout, first of all in England and France and then at Cologne for the Army of Occupation ; while there she met and became engaged

to Jim Dorgan.¹ He is a splendid fellow, a real Irish sportsman who has hunted and shot everywhere, including Africa and India. We were all delighted. While we were at The Hague Monica came to visit us and Dorgan motored from Cologne and back—five hundred miles—just to see her. That is the sort of lover a girl likes !

V

The Silesian question is so important, so little understood, and is so far from being in any way finally settled that I trust something more serious about it will not be unwelcome.

Silesia in some respects resembles Alsace-Lorraine. The inhabitants of Silesia are "Prussians," and yet there is the difference of the two poles between your "Silesian Prussian" (*Musspreusse*), and the real article. The origin of the land, the nomenclature, where it has not been Germanized, the indigenous inhabitant, are all Slav : this does not necessarily mean Pole, but it does mean non-Teuton.

Now your true evangelical Prussian in Berlin entirely failed to rule with understanding their Slav-Prussian, more or less Polish-speaking, Catholic population of Upper Silesia. They started out with the assumption that, merely because they preferred to talk their Slav dialect, which closely resembles Polish, they must therefore be an inferior people. The Upper Silesian was always laughed at as a *dummer Oberschlesier*. As inferior beings they were barred from rising to any but a minor position in any public services. Did an Upper Silesian elect to go into the priesthood he was sent to a living on the Rhine, while a priest from the

¹ Colonel James Dorgan, m. June 5, 1924, Miss Monica Stapleton-Bretherton.

Rhine would be sent to Silesia instead ! Did he seek advancement at the Bar, he was faced with all sorts of difficulties ; a German University certificate was a *sine qua non*—to obtain which every conceivable obstacle was placed in his way. To make a long story short, your “ polak ” was systematically sat on by your real Prussian from the word “ go.” The majesty of the law, and the power of the sword, were ready at all times to descend crushingly on anything tending to show signs of a national Polish feeling. The feeling of “ Anti-Prussianism ” therefore not only remained, but grew steadily with the persistence of these prods and kicks.

Where a people is being sat upon like this reaction must come sooner or later. Leaders with sufficient spirit to stand up to Prussia soon appeared, but they could not pass their examinations in Germany, so they went and passed them in Cracow. The Prussians in Silesia talked German, so they cultivated their Polish dialect in spite of the school statutes and education laws forbidding it ! They went further. They learnt real Polish, and they read Polish history, and then spread it earnestly amongst their families, and “ the Polish Question in Upper Silesia ” was born.

The German Government then became alarmed and the result was the so-called *Kulturkampf*. This was nothing more nor less than an organized attempt to root out the Polish movement, and was pursued with violent and amazing stupidity along the Eastern frontier of Germany. The natural result was an intensification of the anti-Prussian feeling, and its inevitable transformation into one of national Polonism.

The Prussian official and the Prussian soldier, however, kept the Upper Silesians down by sheer weight : but nevertheless it became evident that the *Kulturkampf* was having exactly the opposite effect to what had

been intended. Half-hearted concessions failed to remedy the situation, and the Polish National Movement, weak, almost nothing at first, went on increasing, spreading from East to West, until in the end it became an almost insoluble problem for the German Imperial Government.

The war and the subsequent Revolution merely precipitated a Separation movement which was bound to come to a head sooner or later ; indeed, before the war, there had already been a series of abortive local insurrections in the nineteenth century. In 1818-1819 after the German Revolution the Polish population of the German provinces of Posen rose and drove out the Germans, and established a Provisional Government under a man named Korfanty, a Polish member of the Reichstag, destined to play a big part later on in Silesia. It must be remembered that at this period Poles had no national status as such, but were for the most part Russian, Austrian or German subjects. Posen was now free ; and Poland, as such, was reconstituted by the Peace Treaty of Versailles. Immediately this event took place the new Poland set about forcibly proselytizing German citizens and pulled every string, permissible or otherwise, to wrest from Germany the rich industrial area of Silesia.

In February 1920 an Inter-Allied Commission arrived in Upper Silesia to carry out the plebiscite which had been decided on by the Supreme Council of Versailles. The Poles welcomed the members of the Commission as deliverers, but their idea of deliverance was to put the boot on the other leg and start to kick the German on the principle of "it's my turn now !"

As the whole world knows the solution of the Polish Question was directed by the League of Nations, and their final decision pleases only the French and, of

course, the Poles. Germany lost seventy-five per cent. of the wealth of Upper Silesia and some two hundred thousand German nationals ; France secured an infant, weak Poland as an ally, and a link in the chain of encirclement she has gradually placed around Germany ; the infamous Polish corridor, cutting Prussia into two, was invented, and the insoluble Alsace-Lorraine problem of 1870 was, in spite of all the warnings of history, re-enacted in Eastern Europe. Some day Germany, France and Poland will have to sit down at a round table in the English fashion, think out the whole involved, irritating tangle, and settle it on the basis of mutual advantages and mutual sacrifices. But this involves statesmanship and, for the moment, Europe can only think in terms of politics.

By the way, who but the English could ever have thought of settling everything by the simple and entirely satisfactory process of sitting at a *round* table where all are equal, where there are no angles, and no sharp corners between man and man.

VI

Seated around the great stone fireplace in Kriebowitz these, and a hundred other post-war problems, were discussed in and out. To escape from politics is a thing that cannot happen in Silesia. Every historic fact, every ancestral memory, bristles with politics ! The advocacy of Pan-Europa ; its anti-thesis, the "sacred egotism" of the leaders and inhabitants of the new small states of Europe ; the supporters and attackers of the Monarchy ; the lamentable paucity of great men in Europe and America ; the ever-growing list of Dictators beginning with Lenin, a demon of destruction, and ending with Mussolini, a demon of construction ; half Europe

existing under dictatorship open or disguised ; Poland, Hungary, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Spain, Portugal, and of course—Russia. Dictatorship gone mad ; Communism gone mad ; Parliaments and Parliamentary Government (even in England) shaken and discredited ; the sudden rise of Hitlerism in Germany and its possible consequences—these and scores of similar problems were canvassed from every conceivable angle. Did we arrive at any conclusions ? Well, tentatively, perhaps. Generally speaking, most of us agreed that there could be no real return to peace and prosperity in Europe while thousands nay millions of people dwelt under a feeling of rank injustice ; at the same time most of us distrusted the panaceas thrust forward by the ultra vocal minorities that now seem to be growing up in almost every country. Self-sacrifice, economy, discipline, leadership, co-operation, respect for authority, real Christianity—these old-fashioned buttresses for the weakness of human nature—seemed more trustworthy and hope-filled than all the new disruptive dogmas of the great articulate !

And so the endlessly inconclusive arguments would go on. We Germans, and most Austrians, saw no hope for our countries apart from a return to Monarchy in some form or another. Personal leadership is essential to our peoples. Moreover, as an Empire and as individuals, we in our souls accept the necessity for obedience and discipline. We love order and detest ambiguity. Germany was made by personal leadership as her history proves. The Hohenzollerns made Prussia and Prussia was the real beginning of modern Germany. The Hohenzollerns had made mistakes ? But what of their successors ? Had they made none ? The Empire did not collapse because it was a dictatorship : it collapsed because it was not ! It was neither

an absolute Monarchy nor a constitutional one and had the defects of both and the virtues of neither. But we can amend all that.

Ten years of post-war "democratic" government has educated Germany enormously, is opening the eyes of her thinking people to the fact that such names as "Communism," "socialism," "democracy," and so on, are mere synonyms for weakness and disorder and that, ultimately, under all systems however devised, government rests on power, the will and ability to govern. The democratic doctrine that counting heads means stable, equitable, and successful government has been blown to smithereens everywhere. It might work in a slothful world overflowing with peace, ineptitude and plenty, but it is an utter failure in face of the post-war aggressiveness, rivalries, and perplexities of modern civilization. What great General would ever win a war if he had to take a plebiscite of his army before every fierce battle! Yet that is what modern democracy tries to do. Europe—the whole world—is dying and conference after conference is summoned, election after election is held, Party after Party holds the reins—and it all ends in disillusion and envenomed disappointment because everyone talks and no one does anything.

Germany, in particular, looks back longingly to the great epoch of pre-war success and prosperity enjoyed under the reign of William II: whatever his faults and errors, the outcome of a mistaken education, he always put his country first. That should never be forgotten. As for the Wittelsbach family who have reigned in Bavaria for almost eight hundred years, they are, one and all, adored there. Bavaria calls itself the "Royalist Republic"; the members of the Royal Family, in their representative capacity, go to every important public function. They and the members of the Government

enter the room or hall simultaneously by separate doors ; the Royal Family are seated on the right, the members of the Government on the left, with the Papal Nuncio in the middle. Every member of the Royal Family retains his or her full style and titles. The Crown Prince Ruprecht is what he always was—"our Crown Prince"—and could ascend the Throne to-morrow if he were not the last man in the world to risk prematurely upsetting the *status quo*. When Prince Leopold of Bavaria died a couple of years ago Munich, all Bavaria, mourned to a man, and he was buried like a King with Hindenburg, President of the *Reich*, as chief mourner. In the Bavarian mountains the inhabitants young and old wear silver or ivory medallions of Ludwig II the poet King. A prophecy popular throughout Germany is that as soon as a representation of the Virgin appears on a Bavarian stamp, a king will once more reign in Munich.

The feeling of affection for their princes in Coburg, in Hesse, and even in Prussia, Saxony and Württemberg is not so very different from that current in Bavaria. The Protestant Saxons, deeply tinged with Communism, as they are, gave their King, a Catholic, such a splendid funeral, amid such grief as his death could never have evoked had he not died in exile and poverty.

As for Monarchy, why it is the only thing that has saved Europe from anarchy. Poland is a Monarchy in all but name ; the Hungarian Throne is being kept warm by Admiral Horthy for the young King Otto, its rightful occupant, and the gallant and loyal Hungarian people would welcome him joyfully to-morrow. King Victor Emmanuel, with the stout help of Mussolini, saved Italy from Bolshevism. England and the British Empire never realized more clearly how essential to their continued existence is their Sovereign and

Royal House ; the day there is no King of England there will be no British Empire ; the day there is no Emperor of India there will be no India. Russia will never exist again without a Tsar ; it is merely a great bellowing whale without a head. Rumania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia, even Belgium, only continue to exist as national entities because they have a king. Germany, Austria, Hungary, France, Greece, Turkey, Portugal, Spain—every country that has cast aside a Monarchy is the prey of endless mutinies and revolutions and will never again attain prosperity until they are restored.

Officially we are the German *Reich* or state—not the German Republic. The constitution of Weimar is not sacrosanct to any of the German peoples because we were not consulted before it was framed. It was a hurried rampart of sand thrown up in the presence of an advancing and victorious enemy and, in a real sense, dictated by them.

When we are ready to do so we shall cast it aside, because it is an emblem of bondage, and we do not see why every petty little nationality in Europe should be entitled to freedom and self-determination and only the great German peoples have a constitution imposed on them from without and exist as slaves.

Whether we have the Habsburgs, Hohenzollerns, or Wittelsbachs is the business of no one but ourselves. We do not insist that the French should restore the Bourbons or the Bonapartes, although history proves that they were never such narrow and bitter foes of Germany as the various French Republics have proved to be.

The Treaty of Versailles is as inept in some clauses as it is unjust in nearly all, but, in one respect, it overreaches itself to an extent that is almost ludicrous. By forbidding Germany ever to restore its former Rulers it has made the cause of Rulers and peoples one : it

has united us as nothing else could have done. Every German schoolboy can easily grasp the fact that if a thing is dangerous to the enemies of his country, and is forbidden by them, it must be good for his country and is therefore to be diligently sought for, and at all costs and sacrifices attained.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

I

IT might well be asked why I decided to add one more volume to the flood of Memoirs that pours from the Press : I have no claims to greatness nor am I in any primary sense an international figure ; moreover, I have no “ revelations ” of any sort to foist on a public with greedy and indiscriminating appetite for such publication. But there are a lot of little reasons—one of them being the natural desire of a man separated from the life to which he was born and brought up to solace himself with some regular activity, to project somehow his human personality into the future before it becomes a thing of the past.

Moreover, there are two main reasons : first a life-long desire and effort to foster in every possible way friendship between my two countries—Germany and Great Britain : I deliberately write my *two* countries because while Germany is my beloved Fatherland, England is my foster-mother, equally beloved. I have always detested hatred, and I have seen hatred fiercely alive between my two peoples. But great men and great nations, while they may be guilty of outbursts of anger, can never be guilty of prolonged hatreds, and both Germany and England are chivalrous and great. Therefore, hatred between my own country and that of my wife must pass away, and I, with all right-thinking men, must do my little best to hasten its passing. I verily believe that the day will come when

all forward-looking parents will send their children to school in one country and to a University in at least two countries. This was my privilege, and I have some hopes that these pages may have shown what a priceless privilege it was : to Stonyhurst and the Universities of Prague and Strasburg I owe more than I can well say. Then it has also been my good fortune to know many men and many cities ; to associate with men cheek by jowl in the crowded market-place and in the great waste places beyond the seas.

My second reason for writing this book is that I want to recapture and set down as simply and clearly as I can all that these experiences of men and places have meant to me.

A third lesser reason is that when some years after the war one at last achieved leisure in which to look back, and try to salvage something precious from the wreckage of one's past, there arose in my mind an intense desire to get into as close touch as possible with the friends of my youth, to reassure myself as to their continued affection, thus recapturing, it might be, in some measure the lost sense of the validity of one's own past ; I therefore began writing to them asking for notes or reminiscences that would assist me in compiling these memoirs. They all responded nobly. August Nagel wrote from Germany :

. . . Meanwhile we have got old since 1883 ! Forty-seven years ! That's a long time and many dear friends have left us since then. . . . I see that you are again living in England and although the conditions there are no doubt not as they were, I am convinced that they are better than here. . . . I am still a good shot. Financially things are difficult but one must be satisfied if one is able to make two ends meet ; there are many who are unable to do even that. . . .

In my leisure hours, or at night when I lie awake, I often think of the old days at Stonyhurst with Fridolin, Father Moore, and all the others. " In the morning joy and love ; in the evening

remembrance." Do you remember *Connie*, the mare you bought from the postman and how I bought her from you later? Since then I have bred from her and even to-day have some of her descendants. So Jasper White is still alive and you are still in correspondence. Please remember me to him. . . . How are things in "independent" Ireland? I cannot imagine it to be a good thing. . . .

Richard Coudenhove, writing from Vienna,¹ gives a depressing picture of present-day existence in that lovely city:

. . . Here we are in full crises; Cabinet crisis, parliamentary crisis, bank crisis; as a matter of fact everything is in a crisis. Nobody has any money, the richest people make economies, let their flats, close their houses and so on. Larisch gave no dance this spring. Even our old friend Erni Hoyos has serious difficulties and worries. Our politicians and members of parliament are absolutely incapable of running a country; perhaps, because for many hundred years, their class hadn't much of a chance to learn how. I admire more than ever the Habsburg dynasty which built up and succeeded in ruling this country for about six hundred years. The present people cannot rule, and make more blunders in one week than old Franz Josef made in sixty years. First of all, with perhaps one exception, Seipel, they all fear responsibility; of course I am speaking of our bourgeois; the socialists, I regret to say, are much more clever and capable although they have only one idea: socialism—and don't care what becomes of all the other Austrians, so long as it helps socialism. Of course Germany is, perhaps, in an even worse situation, and so is the greater part of Europe; but this is no consolation at all. Everything is getting worse and worse and people call it "the world crisis." I fear it is the crisis of the human race and that the human race—at least "the white races"—are getting more and more stupid and blind, because they don't realize that if Central Europe is utterly ruined and bolshevized, the whole civilized world will crack.

I am just returning from the Colloredo's at Sierndorf where I met Princess Fanny Starhemberg who wanted to know about you. Edmund Fraser wrote to me lately and also enquired about you; he is staying at the Hotel Bristol in Paris. Toni Magnis called the other day; he also wanted news of you.

¹ On June 19, 1931.

And the state of affairs indicated by those two letters, and all the evil that may yet result ! What caused it all ? Why were we all (yes, everyone of us) so blind, selfish, unforeseeing ? I do not think the ten million dead by the war are its greatest tragedy : they at least have, in all honour, gone to their appointed home. Nor do I think the political and economic consequences of the war its most evil side : rather do I feel that the most pregnant and far-reaching disaster it entailed was the indirect one of sapping of the very foundations of the sanctity and preciousness of the home. Everywhere it has had that evil result, and, spiritually and morally, this evil is incalculable. Every man who went out to fight went forth to save the home, and the unbearable horror is that in that sense their sacrifice was vain because it is the one of the first and most priceless things shaken to its foundations almost past hope.

There is a passage about the German home (*Heimat*) from my wife's book *An English Wife in Berlin* I should like to quote here because it so clearly describes what we both feel about the war, about Germany and England, our two beloved countries. In a very real sense we wrote that book together. It was the first book of its kind to be published after the war ; it had a gratifying success. But, to us, its real function was to be that of a song of healing—the first, faint, courageous song, sung long before there is any sign of a risen sun.

Berlin, November 13, 1918.

I never felt so deeply for the German people as I do now, when I see them bravely and persistently trying to redress the wrongs of the war, for which they were in truth never responsible. The greater part of them were men fighting blindly to guard an ideal, the *Heimat*, some patch of mother earth, a small cottage in its sheltering fruit trees, ploughed fields rising on the slope of a hill

up to the dark forest of pines, maybe, or a wide stretch of flat country where the golden corn-fields sway and wave in the wind as far as the eye can reach.

This everything, that meant "home" to them, they were told was in danger, and this they went out to save. I feel that in the past I have sometimes misjudged this people, torn by the conflicting feelings of love and admiration for my own native land. . . .

This song of healing can never finally do its precious work until it is heard in every home throughout the world, and all that is meant by home is impregnably re-enthroned in every human heart. As Bolshevik Russia well knows Western civilization is based on the continued existence of the home, and she has therefore concentrated on destroying its sanctity because, if it goes, all goes. We all, perhaps unwittingly, are aiding them in their evil plans by our casual way of tolerating low films, excessive drinking, drug-taking, evil plays and books, debased art in all its forms, and by paying an excessive deference to all those whose chief aim in life is personal gain rather than service.

II

I suppose that when one begins to look back so longingly at boyhood and youth one has begun to grow old. As years go, I am not an old man but, for all alike, the war certainly added many years to one's age; the exact number depending largely on temperament and circumstances. It is a delusion of youth—and of the many writers who make hectic and deliberately unpleasant books about the minor horrors of war—that to anyone who was over forty when it started, it did not matter very much! That, of course, is sheer delusion. To those who were too old for combatant jobs, and who yet felt that they should be shouldering one, the "safe" jobs at home, Red Cross work at home or in the field,



*Fürst Pless . Fürstin Pless . Fürst Münster
Fürstin Münster . Fürstin Blücher Fürst Blücher*

GROUP AT SCHLOSS FURSTENSTEIN, SILESIA, 1921

Prince and Princess of Pless, Prince and Princess Münster,
Prince and Princess Blücher

jobs on the Staff or behind the fighting line were far from being the bed of roses so many of their war and post-war critics imagined them to be. The English well say that only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches and the Germans have a similar proverb. I often think that to the middle-aged the war was far more ghastly and wearing than it was to either the young or the old. Youth suffers ; oh yes ! But its resilience makes its suffering keen—and brief ; with old age there seems to come a numbing calm that makes its suffering far less intense than the suffering of youth—and even briefer ! It is middle age with its impulsion to look before and after that really suffers most. Therefore, like all my contemporaries in every combatant country I am older than the years I carry.

Thus I have already come to a place where I find a small uncertain happiness in looking back. And what do I find ? What does one see most clearly ? What sort of a philosophy has one won ? Just where in the past would one be again if one could ? How far was the experiment of living—one cannot alas ! think of it as an achievement—worth while ? What of the done and left undone ?

I remember, when I was shooting chamois in Savoy some years before the war, I went up the mountains at a part very little frequented by sportsmen, an old Savoyard poacher named François Perrout acting as my guide. He told me that he once saw a moraine slipping down a valley. It was a glacier that had been thawing for many years, and was suddenly, by some unseen conditions, dislodged. He knew that the ravine down which it was slipping communicated with the valley of St. Gervais, and that it was densely populated. There were three small townships scattered along the river course : he knew that these

townships were doomed, and abjectly felt his utter helplessness to attempt anything by way of warning or rescue.

In spite of this, he started to shout at the top of his voice waving his arms like a man demented, and continued shouting until he collapsed from sheer exhaustion.

Although he could not actually see the cataclysm when it eventually happened, yet he could hear the roaring of the mountain avalanche as it went thundering down the valley. The disaster which actually took place was overwhelming, burying alive all three villages and their inhabitants.

When the cataclysm of the World War broke on us suddenly with such overpowering force, I felt exactly what François Perroux had felt—the impending disaster of such overwhelming magnitude that no human power could either avert or mitigate. The driving power behind it was almost supernatural ; stupendous changes have been wrought on the surface of the earth by the various elemental forces, such as the change from the tropical to the glacial period, and the glacial to the temperate ; or, in another category, the migration of peoples from the Turanian plateau (of Central Asia), westward to the European plains ! Some similar elemental forces seemed to me to drive us into the World War : that, to me, is as near as one can get at present to the dread of its oncoming, the terror of its as yet incomputable consequences : whether anyone will ever get any nearer to its reality, and meaning, I do not know.

One's little pre-war and post-war efforts to help the cause of peace and of international friendship and understanding—had they any more use than the voice of François crying out in the mountains of Savoy ? Yes, they had ; they have ; and they will continue to

have. As a Christian and a Catholic I must believe this. The voice of François the poacher was more powerful and pregnant than the great noise made by the forces of nature let loose and hurling all in their way to physical destruction. The prayer of François coming as it did from a human soul was immortal and reverberates actively and powerfully to all eternity: the violence of the moraine crashing down the valley was only effective until it reached the place in the valley appointed as its destination by the laws of nature: but every true, instinctive, and unselfish prayer from the human heart goes straight to the heart of God, operates there eternally, fulfilling the holy purpose for which it was appointed by Him who formed alike all laws material and spiritual.

Save as a crimson page of history the World War and all its destruction, loss, agony, and sin will pass away; but not one of the thousand-million-million prayers that went up to God during those four years will be, could be, lost: at Golgotha (that is the place of skulls) the earth quaked and grew dark, the veil of the Temple was rent in twain; but the noises thereof failed to reverberate down the centuries as does the last prayer-filled cry of Him who hung upon the Cross. Believing this—and thus only can one believe and go on living—I can leave the World War and all its consequences to Him without whose knowledge not one sparrow falls to the ground or is lost.

III

Three times in my life I have looked on the world in a detached way, as if I no longer belonged to it.

Once alone at sunset in the African jungle; once on top of a mountain in the Caucasus; now at this moment, as I begin to realize that I may soon have to

leave it all. At such moments one realizes the littleness of all material things. What are we all striving for? What is the use of amassing riches?

Looking at life from the top of a mountain, or far away in the African bush, or from a sick-bed, one sees the insignificance of everything—the true significance of the one thing needful—the Peace of God.

The magnificence of a range of mountains makes me feel ashamed of the trivialities we mortals worry about. It is difficult to explain the effect those mountain heights, or the Pungwe bush flats, had and still have on one, but they seem to make one ageless, or, perhaps, it is that they preach a continual sermon of humility and peace. Those who have never stood on the top of a high mountain in the Caucasus and looked down upon the world will never understand how little and insignificant people can appear, how small men are if one stands twelve thousand feet above sea-level.

What a short time we have, anyhow, for bitterness and hatred and jealousy: what do they lead to and what satisfaction do they bring? I look back and remember with pity and amazement how I watched those who were trying to harm me, those who grudged me success, and those who were perpetually trying to injure me. What was it worth after all and what satisfaction could it have brought them? The nerve-racking years of suspense and uncertainty are so soon forgotten and only the remembrance of peaceful and pleasant times remains. Memory of bad times fades, and the outstanding landmarks are the precious moments of joy and happiness.

We are meant to be persecuted and to suffer for the sins of ourselves and others, and no amount of effort will prevent it. Once we have accepted and kissed the cross we shall find peace.

IV

What in such circumstances as those in which I find myself does one most like to dwell on and recall ?

Prominent men of their time in many countries crossed my path : Emperors, Kings, Statesmen, Ambassadors, Politicians, Artists, Sportsmen, leading Industrialists, somewhere, sometime, I met most of the celebrities of the day. I am glad to have known some of the big men who were doing the big jobs in a big way : And yet I do not know—I sometimes think I got more from simple people, unlearned, unlettered, unsung, who were doing little, seemingly trivial jobs, but also in a big way. The Washing of the disciples' feet, or Calvary Itself, is there in worth and beauty, in significance, anything to choose between them ? Who would dare to say ?

I love to dwell on my boyhood ; the Mother I knew only in the spirit ; my sisters Marie and Karolina ; my brother Gustave ; my brother Ferdinand dead and buried in that far western land. My early homes. Krieblowitz with its proud memories of old *Vorwärts* and, sweeping all around it, the great wide country of Silesia ; the magnificent Silesian mountains : the virile, Prussian people. Then Stauding and Radun : the glorious, yet wild landscapes ; the polished, cultivated Austrian culture. Prague : Vienna : London. Great, old, history-laden cities. Then Ireland with its own wayward charm and loveliness. The sweetness of the English landscape ; its cosiness superimposed on layer upon layer of history, every inch of the soil of the little island trodden deep with story. Far, remote places. The Caucasus—one of the comparatively undiscovered wonder spots of the earth. South Africa with its dead city of Zimbabwe, so ancient that none can even guess its age and yet which was so

obviously richly civilized. . . . Friendships, the best made in youth and carried all the way ; others, almost equally rich, made as one passed along. Animals, particularly horses and dogs ; hunting ; travel. Marriage. And, through all these things, and with all these things, the Grace of God. . . .

Of indoor things I have not quite such precious memories. Yet I can never forget the dim splendours of the interior of Strasburg Cathedral. Somehow, with that memory, and the memories of other great buildings such as St. Peter's in Rome, are linked wandering thoughts of the splendour of the little, common things of nature such as the beauty of a flashing kingfisher or the frail, fluttering, evanescent loveliness of a sauntering butterfly. Nor am I unmindful of what Science has accomplished for the ordinary man in my time : electricity ; wireless ; the gramophone recording for posterity the voices of the great ; X-rays ; violet rays ; radium ; flying ; best of all—I realize clearly that every new discovery of science, every extension of our knowledge of the heavens above and the earth beneath have led, and are leading, to that which was in the beginning, and to the ever more and more certain knowledge that that which was in the beginning—and which will be at the end—is God.

Respecting as I do great men of science, admiring as I do all their disinterested labours and achievements I am, nevertheless, of the opinion that sometimes some of them are mistaken in their sense of relative values : they are like Leonardo absorbed in making drains for petty Italian Princes when he might have been painting another *Forerunner*, another *Mona Lisa*, another *Virgin of the Rocks*, or perhaps even another *Last Supper* for the unending spiritual uplifting of the world.

With all these, every now and then there comes

darting into my mind little, startling memories of little lovely *human* things, exquisite, fugitive moments caught, as it were, by an artist, suspended in beauty throughout time, waiting serenely for eternity : in the Nostitz Palace in Prague a Cupid and Psyche by Canova ; a picture by von Schacken of a girl eating a peach, the bloom on the fruit and on the girl's cheek outmatching each other in tender evanescent beauty, the young mouth poised as if anticipating in the taste of the fruit the full kiss of life. . . .

V

They tell me that young people no longer "believe" in anything. That they are all what is called "advanced." What is that? Did they but realize it they can think nothing, say nothing, do nothing (good or evil) that has not already been thought, said, or done long ago.

The age of the earth who knows it and who can truly tell of the birth of the stars?

I once asked a young poet to tell me what he meant by civilization. He began "motor-cars" and I hastily changed the conversation. Are motor-cars, drains and bathrooms civilization? When, perhaps ten million years hence, some great mind writes down the history of the world will those three words stand for the contributions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to civilization? One hopes not.

In the little house in Nürnberg where Albrecht Dürer lived and worked the sanitation was of the most primitive kind ; that in the house of Mozart at Salzburg (who lived nearly three hundred years later) was not very much better—but what æons of spiritual and cultural achievement in between : in the house at Stratford-on-Avon shown to us as Shakespeare's, as in the

Cottage near Ayr in which Burns was born, there were quite clearly, no drains : nor had any one of these four great men of genius as much as a coach and horses of their own, yet all four have moved the world and will go on doing so till the last trump.

It would seem from what I hear that in these days in politics, art, music, literature and culture, movement and noise are the only accepted synonyms for advancement. A dog chasing his own tail is certainly moving vigorously. Can he be said to be advancing ? Because going round and round he is always occupied and giddy is he living a full rich life ? I wonder.

VI

Then they tell me that the youth of to-day have, to use their own language, "no use" for organized religion. Can we have a use for anything we simply do not understand ! They refuse to go to Church, for example, because the priest is not a "good" man, or because they do not like his accent. But, faced honestly, do such trivialities matter ? One goes to Church to meet God, not to revel in the ministrations of a particular priest. I am astounded by the rather stupid way in which these "bright young persons" confuse unrelated things. Meeting with God, worshipping him, are spiritual, not æsthetic, experiences, and the burning bush or the mountain-top have been His self-chosen meeting-places. Truly it is a lovely thing to worship in Strasburg or Westminster cathedrals ; but is not the roof of a tin mission hut in Africa equally holy ? All places where God is are equally holy and, spiritually, equally lovely. The splendid water from Thirlmere is conveyed to the citizens of Manchester through common lead pipes ; do those modern young people refuse to drink it because

it is not borne to them through copper or beaten bronze? I read a poem once which said :

God will come down to His Saints,
Down to them one by one,
As down to puddle, and pool, and blot
Comes down the infinite sun.

The greatest saint that ever lived was but a pool of muddy water in which was brokenly reflected the Divine image. God, as we should know, can use the humblest, most distorted, most ill conditioned to make plain His ways to men.

Do we refuse to commune with Beethoven because the instruments in the orchestra are but wood and brass, and many of those who play them for us utterly unworthy to untie Beethoven's shoe.

The way is appointed ; the Church is there to show us the true way. That her instruments, being human, sometimes prove unworthy one cannot gainsay. Yet, fundamentally, that does not matter ; and, as an excuse, it will not avail on the last great day.

CHAPTER TWELVE

POSTSCRIPT

(BY PRINCESS BLÜCHER)

I

IT seems that I must try somehow and gather together a few notes and finish my husband's book for him. We always did everything together and I therefore knew all his thoughts and plans and ideas about the book. How he hoped it would help Germany and England, reunite broken friendships, heal a little national or personal hurts, help, perhaps, towards rebuilding that new world for which we all long. I do not want to intervene personally between my husband and his readers, but I do want to put here a few impressions of him by others, let them say about him things he would never have said about himself. In this way, I think, the self-portrait he has painted will be filled out in places where his modesty left blanks.

In the autumn of 1928 we went to Birchington-on-Sea in Kent to stay at the beautiful Beresford Hotel owned by my husband's old friend Mr. Ernest Remnant. Mr. Remnant used to come down for week-ends, and what talks they had about travel, politics, Silesian landlords, and, more particularly, about the Polish-Silesian question on which Mr. Remnant was a great authority. How they laughed when he reiterated his lifelong regret that he missed the thrill of an elephant hunt in London in the

company of my husband and Prince Czetwertynski. Mr. Remnant received a message one day from the Crystal Palace, of which he was Chairman, that a large elephant had turned rogue, broken loose, and was running wild through the roads and gardens of Sydenham, crashing fences and terrifying the whole population. He immediately telephoned to my husband and suggested that he should collect Czetwertynski and three elephant guns and set out for Sydenham. However, before they could start, another message came saying that the elephant had already been shot.

These regular talks, and visits from other friends, were amongst my husband's greatest compensations for his enforced inactivity. Queen Sophie of Greece and her daughter Queen Helen of Rumania came to the Hotel and my husband greatly enjoyed interesting conversations with Queen Sophie because, like all the children of the Empress Frederick, she was a gifted woman with a fine personality. At Christmas our nieces Princess Mary, Antoinette, and Mathilda Windisch-Graetz came to stay with us and he had enormous chats with them about their old life of splendour in Austria and the contrast afforded by their life in London. As might be expected they were suffering from *Heimweh* (home-sickness) and loved to come to us.

That Christmas was the last occasion on which my husband went to Midnight Mass. There were our two selves, the three Windisch-Graetz girls, who have left their lovely home in Austria to come over here to try to bring a little grist to the family mill by giving lessons, or typewriting, and by singing. Antoinette with her lovely voice led the choir in the little village Church on that occasion. Then, kneeling close to us were our friends Prince and Princess Doria who, like everyone else, suffered greatly by the war.

For the Christmas Ball at the Hotel came two young Air Force officers, Captain Carr and Captain Dearth. Their astonishment at meeting the Windisch-Graetz girls was almost funny. These two boys had been on their way flying to Persia when their machine came down on the Danube near the Windisch-Graetz home. Captain Carr had a broken rib, so both boys were taken into the Schloss and given every care and hospitality until Captain Carr was able to travel. My husband delighted in this incident.

Then he got intense pleasure from his work translating *Unter Drei Kaisern*¹ by his old friend Count Reischach, who was Master of the Horse to the Emperor William II. Gebhard and the Queens of Greece and Rumania discussed this book with mutual interest. Very often charming letters about the book would come from here or there ; I remember a particularly delightful one from Sir Rennell Rodd. My husband felt that the translation of this and similar books all helped the cause of Anglo-German friendship. He did his utmost to get an English publisher for Hans Coudenhove's book *My African Neighbours*,² and corresponded with Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Sir Robert Donald about finding English publishers for translations of German books likely to help the cause of Anglo-German friendship and World Peace. He had a particular admiration for Sir Robert because he gave up one of the greatest positions in English journalism on a point of honour ; because he was a firm advocate of Anglo-German friendship, and because his brilliant book on the Silesian question and the Polish Corridor did so much to make these two very difficult questions understood in England and the United States.

¹ London, Constable & Co., 1927 (*Under Three Emperors*).

² London, Jonathan Cape, 1925.

My husband of course was intensely concerned about everything that was connected with his family name. In the late summer of 1929 paragraphs appeared in *The Times* and in the *Daily Mail* stating that the Red Russian General Blücher, who was Commander-in-Chief of the newly formed Soviet Far Eastern Army then fighting in Manchuria, was believed to be a grandson of the famous Field-Marshal who led the Prussian Army at Waterloo. My husband who some time previously had gone into the antecedents of this person found that he was one Galens, formerly a petty officer in the Imperial Russian Navy, who had adopted the name and style of General Blücher out of admiration for Marshal *Vorwärts* ! He therefore sent explanations to both newspapers.

My husband's illness was lightened by the interchange of letters with such old friends as Count and Countess Alexander Perponcher, Count Richard Coudenhove, Count and Countess Leo Fedrigotti, Count Toni Magnis, Prince Frederick Solms who, referring to their friendship begun in boyhood, wrote, "When a youth is beginning to feel the man in him is the time of lasting impressions" ; and many others. His health decided him to renounce Krieblowitz and Wahlstatt in favour of his brother Gustave, the two having been lifelong, devoted friends. His pleasure was great when Gustave's adopted son Kurt began to make the estates pay by his skilled and prudent management. A great source of interest and pleasure was water-colour painting, to which he had been devoted all his life ; reading was also a real comfort. Visits from congenial friends he prized immeasurably, and was touched to the depths of his nature when an old friend Idl Eichendorff came the whole way from Danzig in order to see him : It was the sort of thing people quite willingly did for Gebhard.

Of the goodness of all those who ministered to his soul and to his body he was deeply and gratefully conscious ; Sir John Thomson-Walker, and Sir Stanley Hewett, their native human kindliness never for a moment submerged by their brilliant professional status, were indefatigable.

Then, when all was done that medical skill and devotion could do, his last days and hours were sanctified by the ministrations of Father Baines and the other devoted priests who brought to him the consolations and assurances of Holy Church.

II

Here I want to put a few of the tributes to my husband of which I have already spoken : one who knew him well and worked with him says :

Prince Blücher, to my mind, was one of the outstanding examples of the true aristocrat. He was a prince in every sense of the word. With a quiet dignity he combined a charming simplicity of manner, and the inborn kindliness of a noble character. There was no trace of hauteur or arrogance about him, and he showed the same friendliness to all who came in contact with him. His lifelong servant Karl is devoted to the Prince ; indeed no one could help liking him. To work for Prince Blücher was a real pleasure. Although extremely busy, and entirely absorbed in his work, he was always very cheerful, and would often stop in the middle of dictating a letter to relate an interesting or amusing episode of his eventful life. He had an unusually wide knowledge of financial and legal matters in both England and Germany. He handled the most complicated affairs with extraordinary skill, and translated with the greatest ease the most involved and intricate legal letters and documents. And with what unflagging energy, courage and perseverance he worked, in a mighty effort to improve his financial position, and to straighten his tangled affairs, in which he found himself involved through no fault of his own. His resourceful brain framed scheme after scheme ; refusing to be beaten by adverse circumstances, the Prince worked on unceasingly, long after the

strain of his tremendous efforts was already beginning to undermine his health.

Another outstanding trait in Prince Blücher's character was his devotion to his wife. In these days, where divorce can almost be called "fashionable," it was both rare and beautiful to find such complete harmony of thought and ideals as existed between Prince and Princess Blücher. . . .

To his many fine qualities, the Prince during his illness has added yet another—a wonderful patience. . . .

A friend who first saw us in Church some time before we were introduced writes :

The Blüchers were pointed out to me one day at the Oratory and, with my first casual glance at the bearers of an historic name, I was struck by the fitness with which they bore it, but I little thought that they were to become my great friends. Prince Blücher was a fine conversationalist. Widely travelled and deeply read, he expressed thoughts, opinions and memories in a charming voice with a cultivated and flexible vocabulary. On sport he spoke "as one having authority," on literature and art with discriminating judgment, on all subjects with the detachment of a keen and searching intelligence. I last saw him three weeks before his death, serene and kind, his clever water-colour sketches of views from the windows of his sick-room in a row on the wall, his table heaped with books ; he talked of the last published volume of the Bülow memoirs, and of certain phases of religious thought that were interesting the sect-loving English. He is alive in my memory as the ideal of the *grand seigneur*.

Another friend describes his appearance even better than I could :

Already, though by no means old, his features strikingly remind one of the great Marshal *Vorwärts*, with the narrow face, prominent aristocratic nose, stern eyes and dark hair. His quiet manner and determined character, free from all pride and prejudice, denote an authoritative, serious outlook on life. . . .

One who was with him towards the end found that "he had the features of a Rameses, the typical, authentic aristocrat, reserved and dignified, who would rather go to the stake than own he had been

beaten ”: another saw him as “ absolutely detached from the world ”; yet another declared that “ he had the most beautiful soul I have ever had the honour of ministering to.”

III

A few sentences from one or two of his dearest friends written to me after he had left us, and then I must end: from his cousin Zdenko Lobkowitz. . . . “ I remember everything as if it were yesterday. I have before my eyes the moment in the year 1870, in Eisenberg where we were spending the summer with my grandmother, when we received the news of the death of Gebhard’s mother at Lucca. I was twelve years of age, he five. I should like to assure you how well I knew Gebhard and that I loved him as a brother. . . .”

Count Magnis wrote: “ The tie between us has never broken, nor even changed. . . .”

It is my wish that this record should close with a few brief extracts from my husband’s diary. They give in his own words his thoughts and feelings as he neared the end, and will therefore appeal to all his friends. Nor am I entirely without hope that such simple sincerity may find a welcome amongst those who never personally knew him.

January 1930. The day I returned from the Nursing Home I found a wire waiting for me saying that judgment had been given in my favour in the last of the many family lawsuits. Thereafter I felt mentally at rest.

July 1931. Looking back over my illness I still see it as a time of comparative rest and peace—few worldly worries, and the remembrances and kindnesses of so

many relations and friends touch one deeply. I find myself so much in unity with nature, and, as I lie by the window watching the sea, I look back on my life as if it were also a vast expanse of water, and wonder and think : and at sunrise, when one feels so alone with nature, one pictures the world in all its marvellous loveliness. . . .

August 1931. For the last few months my wife and I have watched the sunrise together, watched it from this bedroom window from which we can see a long expanse of sea and a stretch of land ; the variations of these sunrises have become of tremendous interest to us both, and we become fascinated as we gaze. Nothing can be more impressive on a bright summer morning than to watch each well-known point rise into view, gradually emerging from their veil of evening mist. Apart from the loveliness of the sunrise itself, the hour has become for us both a time of peaceful talk and undisturbed reflection.

My wife knows that I always awake just before sunrise, and knows that I shall be disappointed if I do not find her sitting by the open window anticipating the moment when she and I will wait for the sunrise together. Sometimes, I do not for a few moments let her know I am already awake, and I watch her sitting there silently, the cool summer air of dawn blowing on her dark hair. And her face wears such a terribly sad and pensive expression that I wonder to myself is that sadness because of troubles passed, or is it sadness at the dread of what the future holds for her. I know directly I speak she will brighten up, and with a smile she will look towards me with an anxious inquiry as to how I am feeling, and then together we will watch the sun rise slowly over the hills in the far distance, and the calm and assurance of all

quiet things will bring peace and courage to us for another day. . . .

We have had much happiness, and many good friends, loyal loving relations, many kindnesses done and given. We forget all unhappiness. Now on these quiet sunlit mornings we often breathe a deep prayer of thankfulness for the joyous years we have spent together. . . .

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